

**WARNING
FROM THE INVISIBLE
SUPERNATURAL**

**PLOT, CRIME, MYSTERY
AND CONSPIRACY**

Eleanor M. King



Class CT 275

Book K5A3

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Eleanor Manuel King.



James W. King.

WARNING FROM THE INVISIBLE —SUPERNATURAL

Plot, Crime, Mystery and Conspiracy



— By —
ELEANOR MANUEL KING
Also known as
NELLIE MANUEL KING.

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PREFACE.

Readers:—

This is my first endeavor to compose and write a book for publication. My object for so doing, is for the protection of my husband, myself and others whose lives and property are in danger. I have been advised by a few who have some knowledge of my true story, that it will awaken no small amount of interest in many of my readers and will, no doubt, be beneficial as an educator, as well.

To get a right understanding of all of my story and evidence combined, the *scenes* and *sketches* must be kept in mind as they are related and explained, and carefully compared with the evidence; for it is a case of mystery. There are names of individuals and families mentioned, who I do not suspect of any crime or conspiracy, who it so happened, apparently, to come in the chain of events of my life, whose mention is to show how my suspicions were aroused, how my knowledge and evidence of the case came about. Some of them if alive and can be found, if honorable, could be witnesses to some part of my true story. Some of them have so far proven themselves to be honorable and deserving of praise.

Any and all contained herein as related according to my own knowledge and experience, is all true according to my memory, knowledge and belief — without exaggeration.

Eleanor (and Nellie) Manuel King.

AFFIDAVIT.

STATE OF WASHINGTON }
COUNTY OF KING } ss.

WITNESSETH:

We the undersigned severally and each for himself being first duly sworn, depose and sayeth that we have heard, read, and seen the original of certain letters, statements, newspaper accounts, and affidavits, compared with the copies of the originals, and certify that the wording was the same.

All the said Letters, Statements, News Paper accounts and Affidavits at the time of the above comparison were in the possession of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. King.

Signed and Duly Acknowledged
this 22nd day of May, 1912.

D. M. COX
E. O. ARNOLD
C. M. SHEA
ABE NEEL

STATE OF WASHINGTON }
COUNTY OF KING } ss.

This is to Certify, That on this 22nd day of May, A. D. 1912, before me G. F. Gray a Notary Public in and for the State of Washington duly commissioned and sworn, personally came D. M. Cox, E. O. Arnold, C. M. Shea and Abe Neel, to me known to be individuals described in and who executed the within instrument and acknowledged that they signed and sealed the same as their free and voluntary act and deed for the uses and purpose therein mentioned.

WITNESS my hand and official seal, this 22nd day of May, 1912.

G. F. GRAY,

A Notary Public in and for the State of Washington,
residing at Auburn, Washington.

I.

WHO WERE MY PARENTS? WHAT BECAME OF THEM AND OTHERS?

I understood and have remembered from a small child, that I had belonged to a couple who had the care of me. I was, no doubt, their only living child, as there were no other children with us. I was so small while with them, they carried me in their arms. They were affectionate—like fond parents to me. I loved them, and love is not so readily forgotten as passing friendship. Though they disappeared from my sight when I was not more than three years old, I did not forget them. They were gone—missing! Why were they gone, what had become of them, were questions in my mind. I grieved for them days, weeks, months and years. They never returned to me in visible form. Being too small to form any idea as to what had become of them, having that perfect confidence that a child has in natural parents, I expected their return day by day and lived in hopes of meeting them again. The woman who raised me, denied to me all knowledge of the absent ones I longed to be with. At their disappearance, all faces with very few exceptions were strange and new to me.

There were scenes with a little conversation, that have remained pictured in my memory, that were true; they are necessary in the way of explanation and in searching out the mystery; though do not be misled as to the order in which they took place, any more than they will explain themselves, or will be explained by the evidence brought out; for I was too young to know their order or to connect events when they transpired.

SCENES OF MEMORY—LINKS IN A CHAIN OF MYSTERIOUS EVENTS.

SCENE I.

Two women were walking and conversing on a nice, clean, even street of a town or city, where were slate-colored buildings and picket fences—a picture in my memory. One said to the other:

“So this is———.” The name for some years was retained in my memory—only a syllable now, that is: “All.”

One of the women was carrying me in her arms during this scene, when I remember also that one of them said to the other:

The sun is going down—it is getting late—we must hurry.”

SCENE 2.

A man and woman were sitting on the same seat of a two-horse wagon or carriage; the latter held me on her lap; we were alone traveling in the country—a valley; were descending to the bank of a river, where I remember that in their conversation they mentioned the Platte river. The river we then came to was a full river, whose banks at the water line were lined with tule, there being no trees near us that I remember. On the opposite side of the river was a level, long, wide field, covered with small stacks of new-mown grain, that extended to a range of hills. Our team was driven onto a ferry that conveyed us across the river to the field.

SCENE 3.

I was with the couple riding in a two-horse wagon or carriage, sitting on the woman's lap, traveling in a rocky country, a high plateau, that surrounded a valley to our left, giving the valley below the appearance of a hole in the ground, covered with brush. The road we were traveling was hard, uneven, leading through small brush, some tall bushes and large rocks scattered here and there. I have no knowledge as to the location of this place.

SCENE 4.

I was with the couple in a two-horse wagon or carriage, traveling on a level country between two ranges of hills where I saw no house, where the road was clean, level, even, and the soil was red. I was sitting on the lap of the woman, as they conversed about the color of the soil, and well remember of him saying:

"All of the soil in this part of the country is red."

The grass was dry and dead; a place barren of shrubbery—only what appeared like bushes or scrub-oaks, were thinly scattered over one range of hills from where I viewed it. There are a number of localities where the soil is red in the state of California, though I have no positive knowledge as to where this scene was located, having never traversed it the second time that I remember.

SCENE 5.

I was with the couple again; they were occupying the same seat of that I remember was a covered, two-horse carriage; the woman holding me on her lap. I gathered from their conversation as impressed in memory, that we were in a part of the country new to one, if not both of them. We were alone, where I saw no house, in a wild, mountainous country, were descending into a trough-like canyon, at the bottom of which flowed a stream of water, which we crossed on a small bridge. A short distance after crossing the bridge I remember the man said to the woman:

"We will soon be there."

The road we were traveling led straight ahead over rises of several hills that were narrow and terrace-like, to a high, rock snow-capped range; the grass was dry and dead, there was no shrubbery—no more than what appeared in the distance to be a bush or small tree now and then at wide ranges apart over the hills. When we had reached the highest range of hills, between us and the base of the snow-capped rock range, was a small mountain stream with bushes along its edges, excepting where the road ran through, that the horses waded, that was a very short distance from the entrance of the gap. The gap was a wonder, with perpendicular walls that must have been hundreds of feet in height, and too narrow for one team to pass another at a time. I noticed and remembered there were several large, moss-covered

rocks near the entrance, leaning against one of its moss-covered walls. We were viewing the gap that the couple were conversing about, while the horses liesurely walked. It was here, I remember, the man called to me by the name of Nellie.

The gap suddenly widened to our left, where, at a short distance our front view was obstructed by a large rock cliff; between this and one of the walls, the road from where I viewed it appeared narrower than any place I had observed. Here, I well remember of hearing the woman say:

"I see some heads peering round yonder rock. Do you think they can be Indians?"

To this question he replied:

"I don't think they are."

I began to cry, understanding from what I heard them say, that those behind the rock were dangrous; and remember then a little of their conversation. He said to her:

"Our only chance that I can see, is to drive rapidly round the rock—maybe we can pass them."

The horses were then started on a lively run, when he said to her:

"Hold fast to the child—don't fall out."

When the horses were running, I remember of falling and lying on my back, feeling something like water running about my ears, that probably was blood; remembering there was no water here that I could fall into, as the scene is impressed in memory; then some one lifted me up. This is all that is retained in my memory of the gap.

SCENE 6.

A man and woman were walking in an oak grove; she clung to one arm while he carried me with the other. I understood from their conversation, as impressed in memory, that we were near some house, which we were on our way to, and here remember the man said to the woman:

"We will soon be there."

I noticed and remembered then, that her head did not come above his shoulders; all that I remember of this scene.

SCENE 7.

I was with, what appeared to me then, to be a large gathering of people on a grassy commons, at the base of a low hill, viewing

soldiers on parade, on the hill, where I saw fences and houses near us in another direction, having no remembrance as to who I was with during this scene. Later, when a small girl, I saw and recognized the place of this scene in the near vicinity of the town of Napa, called Napa City, in Napa County, state of California. Near the spot of this scene was later erected a school building, that was named "The Oak Mound School."

SCENE 8.

I was in a house looking out of a front window as the sun was going down, when a man in a farm wagon drove up to the front gate with a load of furniture and heard him call for someone to come out. A woman and man was then with me in the same room, when the latter went out and helped carry the furniture into the room where we were, and I saw the two men drive away together. Another woman then came into the room where we were, who first inquired about me, saying to the one with me:

"And is this Lena?"

To her question the other neither said yes or no, but answered:

"We are going to call her Nellie—her name is Nellie."

They were both examining the furniture, as though new to them. The one who came last, said to the other:

"When the furniture is re-cushioned and re-varnished, it will look as nice as when new."

I recognized this furniture or had seen some like it before it came to the house that evening; the cushions were worn—evidence that it had been in use. This furniture was nice and expensive; the frames were, to the best of my knowledge, of black ebony, carved in acorns and acorn leaves.

SCENE 9.

I was in the same house where the load of furniture was brought, described in Scene 8, with a number of women who were admiring clothes of mine, they said, "were so nice and beautifully made." They were also admiring a little white dress I wore then, the skirt of which was tucked with graduating tucks to the waist, the memory of which remains quite plain in my mind to the present time.

SCENE 10.

We were in a two-seated, two-horse carriage that was standing on a small eminence; were viewing a green, tule, grassy, watery valley. Two men occupied the front seat; a woman sat on the back seat holding me on her lap, the only ones occupying the back seat that I remember. As it was impressed in memory one of the men was a stranger, or a stranger in that part of the country, where the other was showing and giving accounts of the valley to him. We were close to two rivers that met, where one flowed into the other. One of the men in conversation mentioned the names of both rivers; only one was retained in my memory, and that was the Sacramento.

SCENE 11.

I was lying on the floor of a house close to the ground, looking out of the front door; a woman sat near me in a rocking chair; we were alone and all was quiet. The country in front of me as I viewed it, was vast plains; the only elevation that I could see was a short distance from the house that formed a low, long hill to my left, that terminated a little to my right, as it appeared: there was a stream of water at the base of the hill, an overflow from some creek or river. The only house I could see in any direction excepting the one I was in, was what appeared to be an old weather-beaten house that stood on the hill, facing the brow, a short distance from my left; a one-story house, having a door in the center and a window on each side, in front; the side that I could see, had neither door nor window; this house had been painted or whitewashed at some former date, that had then nearly disappeared from it. I could see no shrubbery or trees; there had been grass on the plains in its season, that was then dry and dead. To my surprise, there suddenly burst upon the scene about six hunting dogs, running around the house on the hill, jumping and biting at it frantically, as though desperate to rescue one or more from some tragedy within; though I neither saw any person nor heard any sound from the place—only the barking of the dogs, that I remember. During this excitement, there came rushing into the house where we were, a woman inquiring of the one sitting in the rocking chair near me:

"Do you know who lives in that house on the hill and who those dogs belong to barking around the house?"

The other replied:

"They're Wilder's folks—Wilder's folks always keep dogs."

This is all I remember of this scene. More mention will be made of the place of this scene of a later date.

SCENE 12.

I was standing alone in a yard looking through two opposite doorways of a barn containing hay; saw a wicked-faced man sneaking along on the opposite side, acting as though he had done mischief, or was contemplating mischief of some kind, whose face and actions caused me to feel afraid. I saw and recognized this man at another place later, who I at a later date learned was a Mexican; though no more of this scene remains in memory.

SCENE 13.

As impressed in memory, there were four of us in a lamp-lighted room; a man sitting in a chair, whose face at this place I did not retain in memory; a woman sitting on a lounge; a woman sitting in a rocking chair holding me on her lap, whose face I retained in memory for several years, one I had traveled with, one like a fond mother to me. I understood from their conversation that we had been traveling and had arrived at the same house that evening, remembering the one on the lounge said to the one holding me:

"Let me lay the child on the bed, so you can rest; you must be tired after your long ride."

"No," said the one holding me, "I don't think she will stay away from me."

The one on the lounge annoyed us by requesting every few minutes, it seems to me, to lay me on "the bed," pretending to be solicitous of the welfare of the one holding me. Once I fell asleep and awoke in time to find myself on a bed as one was leaving the bedroom and closed the door. I could hear them talking in the next room, and anxious to be with the one occupying the rocking chair, caught hold of the bed clothes, letting myself down by sliding (I was too small to get off the bed any other way) hastened to the one occupying the rocking chair.

"I didn't think she would stay away from me," she said, looking pleased that I had not; lifted me again on her lap and clasped her arms around me tighter than before. I loved her too much to forget her, though I was less than three years old. The impression she left in my heart and memory was, that she was a sweet, dear little woman; the first and only one I could remember like a mother to me. What can be more to a little helpless child than a fond and loving mother? Readers, she disappeared that night—she never returned to me again in visible form. To describe my consternation, grief and suffering from her loss, is more than I can attempt to do. I listened and watched anxiously as a little child does for its mother's return, day after day, living in hopes that she would return. With arms around me, I listened to her voice and the conversation until I remembered no more that night. Readers, this must have been my mother—I cannot think otherwise, and will, therefore, name her in this book, My Mother.

SCENE 14.

As impressed in memory, it was the morning after SCENE 13, I awoke, finding myself alone in a room, on a bed with all my clothes on, with a quilt spread over me. I knew the house, slid off the bed and hastened to find My Mother, whom I expected to find. Opening the door to the adjoining room—to my surprise, there stood a taller, larger woman than My Mother, who had no resemblance to her, only she was a white woman, with what appeared to be short, thin, curly faded black hair, having no lustre, whereas My Mother was a small woman, who had long, light-colored hair; was also a white woman, with a face much pleasanter and I thought better looking than this woman—a stranger; and in the room where I had expected to find My Mother; nevertheless, I recognized her face to be that of the one I had last seen talking to My Mother in the lamp-lighted room. I inquired of her for the absent one I loved—My Mother. To my astonishment, this stranger denied all knowledge of the absent one and others I was doing my best to describe to her in my childish way, expecting she would interest herself to find My Mother for me.

"You are going to be my girl now," she said.

I talked very earnestly to convince her that I was not her girl, that I belonged to the woman I was inquiring about, pleading with her to find the absent one for me. Her only response to any and all of my questions was:

“You’re going to be my girl now.”

I stood, gazed at her smiling face, a smile that I hated; listened to her sentence that sounded cruel to me, like stabs to my heart, when she repeated:

“You’re my girl now.”

From fright, grief and aggravation, I cried and screamed for the absent one, until I well remember the stranger gave me a slap—something entirely new to me, when I from fright tried to make my escape from her, running through the front door-way that was open and rolled down the steps, being too small to run down them. This is all that I remember of this scene—one that made a lasting impression in my memory that time has never effaced. This scene is not only true—it was one that caused me to remember my second meeting with this woman; to hate her in my heart and to remember that she was not my mother—nor like her.

SCENE 15.

It was in the same house where I missed My Mother, with the same mean woman I found the following morning; was standing in a chair crying, broken-hearted, crying for My Mother who had not returned, while this woman was combing my hair. A man entered the room, she said to me:

“This is Dave.”

Being pleased to hear the name, expecting to see one that I knew, was surprised and disappointed, when looking up, finding the man was a stranger—one with a face I disliked—a dark-faced man, too dark to rightly be called a white man.

The woman then said to him, that I remember:

“Dave, I wish you’d take her out for a walk. Do try and pacify her—I’m tired of hearing her cry.”

This stranger then took me out for a short walk on the same block, where we entered a yard and talked with a woman on her door-steps, who did not invite us into her house. Some of their conversation I remember as follows:

"Where did you get the child?"

Dave replied:

"She's my little gal."

The woman laughed at the idea and replied:

"You can't make me think that child is your's. Where've you kept her? This is my first to see her. She has no resemblance to either you or your wife."

Then she laughed again—a peculiar laugh—that I remembered. It was no laughing matter to me; knowing this man as a stranger, and that I belonged to people who were gone. Why they were gone, what had become of them, was more than I could then form any idea of.

SCENE 16.

I was in a room with two women; the name of one was Mrs. McVey, the name of the other at this scene is disconnected in my memory, though well I remember that it was during, or near this space of time, that I heard the name Mrs. Upham, often—so often that I have always remembered it. As impressed in memory, Mrs. McVey had called with her little girl—my size—to the same house to visit, where her little girl and I were sitting on the floor playing with toys; when one asked me to give my favorite toy, a little wheel, to Mrs. McVey's little girl; against this Mrs. McVey protested, saying:

"I pity her, because she is an orphan—I feel so sorry for orphans! I think all should be done that can be done, to help her to forget her misfortune."

To this remark the other one replied of me:

"I think she will outgrow it, and will forget it in time."

The names Mrs. Upham and Mrs. McVey ceased to be mentioned in my hearing prior to the year 1867. Who they were, where they lived, where I was during this scene, is more than I remember or have since found out; though on account of the place of some other scenes, I think probably it was somewhere in, or not far from Napa County, California.

SCENE 17.

I was at the old house (for it was an old one), where I had missed and lost My Mother and with the woman I found in the

same house the following morning, whom I tried to run away from and rolled down the steps; this woman had taught me to address her as "Laura." The same man was there mentioned in SCENE 15, whom she had taught me to address as "Dave." I later learned that this man was her husband. I had been away from this house, having arrived that day or the night before, at the time of this scene.

It was a warm summer day; Dave and I were sitting in the yard, when a stranger to me came and inquired of Dave:

"Where's the men now?"

To this inquiry Dave replied:

"They're down on the plains with the cattle."

This was all that was said by them that I remember and the man took his departure. Soon after he had gone, Laura came around the corner of the house and complained to Dave that "Fido had been sucking eggs." Fido was a little, yellow pet dog of mine. Dave said:

"I'll break 'im of suckin' eggs!"

I then saw a piece of iron in his hand with which he grabbed Fido, cruelly and unmercifully beat him to death in front of my face. I screamed and pleaded with him to spare my little dog, to which he paid no attention and against which Laura made no protest, she being the cause of it. I caught a glimpse of the smile on her face that I hated—that I later learned was the smile of a fiend. I remember no more of this scene. This is the first that I remember of seeing Dave's brutality. I was too horrified and grieved over the loss and cruel death of my dog to forget the occurrence.

SKETCH 1.

I continued to reside with the couple who taught me to address them as Dave and Laura, in the same old house where I missed and lost My Mother. I later learned that this old house was located at a lower end and thinly populated part of Napa City, Napa County, California, and it also came to my memory, that I had known this house when a couple carried me there in their arms; when the front entrance to the house was through an oak grove; when the place was for the most part situated in an oak grove; that an addition of two rooms had been added to it since then;

that all this was prior to when I had so unfortunately seen and met the couple who had taught me to address them as Dave and Laura. The front of this place I remembered since I saw this latter couple, had always faced the Napa River, that was near the space of 80 feet from the front fence to the river bank; the yard around the house then comprised two lots that were covered with fruit trees; in one corner of the then front yard was a story and a half barn. When I first knew this place, there were no houses or fences near it.

I had only resided with Dave and Laura a very short space of time when I saw and recognized a Mr. Frost, whom I had seen at some other place and prior date. He called to see Laura at intervals near together several times, on business, apparently, though Dave was never at home that I remember when he called at the old house, when he signed what appeared to be, as impressed in memory, legal papers of some kind for her. When he had made several calls, I saw him no more, neither knew or heard where his place of residence was, and his name ceased to be spoken altogether in my hearing. I was so small when I last saw him call at the old house to see her, that she, in all probability, thought I had forgotten all about him.

This Mr. Frost, as I remembered him, was neither a tall nor short man; his hair and whiskers were dark and streaked with gray: his eyes were dark and bright—one of quick movements; he was lame in one knee or foot, walked with a cane and limped while walking.

SKETCH 2.

It was in the morning near the month of January, for the shrubs and trees had not yet taken on leaf; the grass was wet and green; it was not summer weather. Dave, Laura and I were in the front room of the old house by the Napa river, when we heard raps on the front door. Dave opened the door, where a tall, thin, large-framed man with black hair and whiskers, a dark face, with a little dark-faced girl standing by his side—both strangers to me; though Dave and Laura knew them. Dave almost shouted as he shook hands with the man:

“Hi are ya George! When did ya arrive!”

To this question the dark-faced man replied:

"We arrived last night."

When Dave had invited him in, and he had shaken hands with Laura and exchanged some conversation, their attention turned to us two little girls; when they told me the little dark-faced girl was my "cousin May;" that the dark-faced man with her—an entire stranger to me—was my "Uncle George." He was dressed in American clothes, spoke English, though he was not a white man, whatever he was. I was a light-complexioned white child and had lived with white people prior to when I saw and knew Dave and Laura. The little girl and I were the same height and I well remember of the dark-faced man saying his little girl was "three years old," said he thought we must be about the same age, because we were the same size, and there could be but little difference in our ages. I understood by their conversation that not any of them knew my exact age. Dave told George he wanted to talk to him on business, when Dave, George, May and I went out for a walk a short distance from the house. They were all strangers to me, and being anxious to know about people I was compelled to live with, I eagerly listened to their conversation some of which was retained in my memory. They were talking about cattle selling, in which men by the names of Hiram and Harrison were aiding them, who they said were their brothers. Dave, when speaking of Hiram, abbreviated the name, saying Hi, though George, when speaking of the same person, always said Hiram. This was my first to hear the names Hiram and Harrison, being new names to me then, and was my first to hear that the stranger I was taught to address as Dave, had brothers, namely, George, Hiram and Harrison; my first also to hear that I had a cousin May.

Soon after this call—it might have been the following day, Laura took me with her to call on one she told me was her sister Lucy, and was my aunt Lucy. This was my first to see and meet Lucy, that I had any knowledge of. She was a stranger to me then. Laura proved to be very dilligent and particular to have me address and speak of them as uncle George, aunt Lucy and cousin May, though very neglectful of me in many other matters that would be to my welfare and interest. Lucy was what is called a white woman. At a later time I learned that she was the

wife of George and the mother of his children. May was dark like her father, and resembled him.

I was the only child with Dave and Laura when I first resided with them, though I was comparatively a stranger with them, when a boy, who must have been not less than eight years my senior, if not more, arrived at the old house after dark one evening. He was new to me, and according to the way he talked and acted, I was new to him. He was a white boy, though not as light complexioned as I was. He talked with Dave and Laura as though acquainted with them before meeting that evening. Soon after his arrival, Laura said to him:

“George, we’re going out to spend the evening and you must take care of her till we come back. Try to pacify her and don’t let her cry.”

I was continually fretting and crying for My Mother and others missing.

George, as I remember, endeavored to do what he could to amuse me that evening, asked me what my name was and various other questions that I have forgotten. At some of my answers George laughed. There being doubts in my opinion that George was acting properly by laughing, I inquired why he laughed.

George replied:

“Because you’re such a funny little girl.”

Dave and Laura taught me that this boy was my brother George represented me to be his sister.

SKETCH 3.

Dave took me up town one day to his blacksmith shop, where I saw a number of dark-faced men, who I then thought must belong to the same kind of people that he and uncle George did, because they were dark like they were. Some of them came out of the shop and asked Dave who I was, to which Dave replied:

“She’s my little gal.”

The men laughed as though it was a joke, greeting me friendly.

While we were standing on the sidewalk in front of the shop, a man on horse-back drove up to the sidewalk and spoke to Dave, who Dave cursed and swore at, threatened to beat to

death, because he said he was drunk. His name, I learned and remembered from their conversation, was Net Cottrel.

SKETCH. 4.

Dave came home one day and complained to Laura:

"I'm so worried I don't know what to do. The Court requires me to give the children's correct ages. I don't know 'em, and I don't know what to do about it."

Laura said in reply:

"I'll look in the green bible—they might be there."

Dave and Laura spoke of George and I as "the children." We were the only two that lived with them then and not having knowledge of any other children they were interested in, I understood as a matter of course, that he referred to no others than George and I.

A small Jersey cow and a mare they called "Jule" was brought to the place. I recognized them both and had seen them at some former date and place that I could not then recall to memory. They also had with them a large, gilt-edged, green-backed bible, that was the only one I ever saw in their possession—one that I never saw either of them read. Whether they found the ages of George or me recorded there or not, was more than I learned.

SKETCH 5.

When I first resided with Dave and Laura in Napa City, their only intimate friends and associates whom I knew, were a family by the name of Church. Mrs. Church and Laura often visited each other. The Church family then resided in a two-story house that stood off by itself at a far end of the town, very nearly in line with the lower end of a bend in the river, that I at a later date heard spoken of as Jack's Bend. Between Jack's Bend and residence, later, there was a tannery erected, where quite a number were employed.

Mr. Church was a small man, who resembled a Mexican—he might have been a Mexican. I liked this Church family; Mrs. Church was a motherly kind of a woman and Mr. Church, when we found him at home, would dance me on his knee, when I would try to pull his whiskers; we were the best of company and

I was always glad to be with Mr. and Mrs. Church while they lived in Napa. I do not remember of any one of this family ever speaking a cross word to me. They had then a daughter and sons grown. Laura often took me with her to their home to visit, where I listened and learned from their conversation, being anxious always to get information in regards to My Mother and other absent ones. During these visits I learned from the conversation of Laura and members of the Church family, that Mr. Church and sons were aiding Dave with cattle on the plains and were helping him sell them, though I neither knew nor heard them say at any time what plains they referred to, or to whom the cattle belonged to. Their back yard then contained piles of cattle-hides and was strung with lines of beef they were drying.

I remember that George at this time was going to school and was drawing maps.

This Church family then as I knew them consisted of, namely:

	Mr. M. J. Church
His wife,	Mrs. Church
Their son	Lorenzo Church
Their daughter	Lodema Church
Their son,	George Church
Their son,	John Church
Their daughter,	Susie Church
Their daughter,	Maria Church
Their daughter,	Amanda Church

Later, a woman visited with them in Napa, who gave her name there as Mrs. Ellsworth, who was said to be a sister of Mrs. M. J. Church.

SKETCH 6.

From all I remember, I must have given Laura no small amount of annoyance, fretting, crying and asking her about the absent ones. Her face was the last I had seen and recognized with My Mother and the only one I knew of who I had seen talking with any one of them. I, therefore, thought her to be the only one who might have any knowledge of them. I would tell her about a man and woman I had known, and described places I traveled with them, asking if she had ever seen them or the places I described.

"Yes," she would say, "You was with Dave and me when we was crossing the plains. You fell out of a high-chair onto a kettle and got hurt. You was delirious for a while and when you come to, you forgot us and thought you had been with somebody else, and you've imagined it ever since."

George told me also that he knew nothing about the people I was telling him about

Laura said she thought I would be better off at school, and George took me to school with him to the "College Institute" of Napa County, at some date during the year of 1800. My teacher then was Miss Dixon, who taught the smallest children of the school.

I was too young and fretted too much about the absent ones to know what was expected of a scholar at school, to sit quiet in my seat like the other scholars, and was therefore a nuisance at the school. I waded in water and over wet ground gathering wild sorrel, that I carried into the schoolroom to eat and give to the other scholars during school hours; where I pulled off my shoes and stockings when wet and uncomfortable, that I then thought proper and right. I afforded too much amusement for the other small scholars in school, and the teacher decided it would be best to allow me to play in the yard most of the time. The principal of the College then was a Mr. Turner. He with his family, that I knew, resided in the school building. It was a school for boarders and day scholars, ranging from seven to twenty-five years of age—or more. The teachers were kind to me at the "College Institute," Mrs. Turner, the Principal's wife, often taking me into her sitting-room, where she dried my clothes when wet. Older pupils often asked her why so young a child as I went to school. I have heard her reply to this question:

"The only reason I know of or can think of, is that they want to get out of the bother of taking care of her at home. They told me she was seven years old when they brought her to school, but she is no larger than my little Annie, and does not look or appear to be a child more than four and a half—not over five, at the most"

"No," said some of the larger scholars, "she does not look to be more."

Dave took me with him to see the closing exercises of the school, when I remember of wearing the little white dress described in SCENE 9.

Dave took me walking a number of times, showing me to people and telling them:

"She's my little gal."

One day we returned home from a walk, when he notified Laura that he would not "be seen out with me again."

Dave said very earnestly to Laura:

"It won't do. People laugh and have too much to say. I don't like their way of laughing. I don't propose to be made a fool of. And I've made up my mind to run things to suit myself, after this. I'm afraid the way you're managing things you'll git us in trouble."

The SCENES and previous SKETCHES all took place prior to the year of 1867.

SKETCH 7.

According to circumstances and what I heard Laura say later, Louis, a son of Dave and Laura, was born sometime during the latter part of the year 1865, in the same old house by the Napa river, Napa City, Napa County, California. There can be no doubt or question that Louis was the natural son of Dave and Laura, and there was all to indicate from Dave's actions, that he was his first child. I well remember the first time I saw Louis. It was after dark in the evening when Dave brought him into the kitchen to show him to George and I, looking pleased and proud. Smiling, he spoke boldly:

"What do ya think of my boy—he just arrived?"

"George," he said, "he might be hungry—git some milk and warm it! Give me a spoon and I'll see if he'll drink a little milk!"

An infant was a curiosity to me then and I was anxious to see Dave feed the infant. When Dave had spilt several spoonfuls of milk over its mouth and clothes, he said:

"I guess he aint hungry. I'll carry 'im back to Larry."

After Louis' arrival, George and I found it necessary when Dave was at home, to be very cautious about all we said and did that might disturb, annoy or excite Louis, particularly about going near or making any noise that Dave could get excuse to say

we annoyed or disturbed Louis; for Louis, apparently, was the only child in existence to Dave from the time he entered the home until his departure. Fortunately for George and I, this ruffian and bad man was often absent from home for days and weeks at a time. When he did put in an appearance, it was generally in the evening, after dark, and he was liable to burst forth at us any time with profanity that filled the air of the house of his presence.

SKETCH 8.

We moved from the old house by the Napa river into a new house on Third street, opposite the Court House Square, Napa City. There was one vacant lot then between our residence and the corner of Third and Brown streets. On this corner stood a story and a half, unpainted building, having the appearance of a livery stable, then used for a blacksmith shop, where Dave's business was to carry on blacksmithing and cursing. Laura later told me Dave was no mechanic, couldn't make two things alike to save his life; always hired a competent mechanic and got false credit for work done.

Dave was a strong, well-muscled man—one who could wield a mighty blow with a sledge hammer; he appeared out of place, at large; he possessed small, round eyes, situated closer together than average—on the alert as though watching for someone, or lest some searching party might purposely or accidentally discover him. Dave inquired of strangers who came to his shop:

"Hi are ya, stranger? Where are ya from?"

If the stranger said he was from most any state other than Vermont, Dave would stand a little straighter and boldly inform him:

"I'm a Vermonter! I'm one o' the 'Green Mountain' boys!"

Dave kept a gang of men in and around his shop called Mexicans—his helpers, witnesses and associates.

Dave became the proud father of another son, born in the Third street house during the year of 1867, whom he named Caesar, but Laura re-named him Augustus.

A Mr. Leach had a small shop next to Dave's blacksmith shop then, where he was making wagon wheels for Dave.

On Main street, Napa City, a short distance from Dave's blacksmith shop, was a small shop that was run in the name of Dave's brother, George, where wagon wheels were said to be made or repaired. According to remarks I heard from Laura in some of her angry and uncautious moods, some older and more experienced heads than mine was then, might infer, that neither Dave nor his brother George grew weary from hard labor in either of their places of business—in other words, were 'blinds.'

THE WICKED-LOOKING MAN.

Dave's blacksmith shop was the place where I later saw the man described in SCENE 12. He appeared to be one of Dave's most trusty aids. Dave and Laura spoke of and addressed this man in my presence always by the name of Frank Cripe. The last and only place I remember of seeing him after SCENE 12 was in or near Dave's blacksmith shop, 1867.

From all appearances, what I heard them say, and heard Laura say later, Dave could neither read nor write his name during and prior to the year of 1867. When residents of the Third street house I was often present when Laura wrote blacksmithing accounts in a book for him and at times when he wanted information from his accounts, would get the book or tell her to get it and read accounts for him, indications that he could neither read nor write. It was during the summer of 1867, when making out bills for him, that I heard him say more than once to Laura:

"Be sure and sign my name from now on, 'David A. Manuel.'"

This was when and how I learned that he had the surname of Manuel, having known him by no other name prior to this summer than Dave. I then recognized the name that had brought back to memory that I had seen and had known a David Manuel at some time prior to when I knew this couple who had taught me to address them by the names, Dave and Laura.

It is natural to like to be with those you like or love, who are congenial to your nature; to wish to be with them, to think about them when absent, to be interested in their welfare—particularly when you are being held like a troublesome prisoner, wondering what your fate will be from day to day. Incidents and occurrences of love, grief, wonder, fear and disappointments

are more impressible in the memory when in the extreme, than those of passive mood. My experience with Dave and Laura were to the extreme. There were incidents, occurrences and parts of conversation accurately retained in my memory from a small child, that the average person could not so accurately remember and describe. I was, from the first that I saw Laura, mistrustful of her to some extent, and most of the time afraid of her to some degree, learning to study her face and disposition, her changeable moods, words and remarks now and then—questionable, as to their true meaning or what she meant by them. I was more afraid of her at first than of Dave; but the more I saw and heard him, the worse I found him to be; until the short time I was a resident under the same roof with him, he grew in my estimation to be the most brutal, profane and dangerous person I could imagine—defenseless child that I was. I was small and young looking, for one of the age Laura represented me to be, though she no doubt had an object in misrepresenting my age. However, I learned more and more as I grew older, that she often contradicted her accounts, often told truth combined with error in a manner as to baffle, deceive, that often gave false and injurious impressions. Some said it was difficult for her to remember what she told last; nevertheless, I learned that she could tell some accounts straight, year after year.

I was anxiously expecting some absent one would appear and take me away from Dave and Laura. I neither thought nor could realize that I had seen them for the last time. I thought it queer that this man I was in the custody of, had the same name as the missing David Manuel, was puzzled as to what had become of him. The most intimate friends of this couple, the Church family and Lucy and George, addressed them in my presence as Dave and Laura, so that I do not remember of hearing the name Manuel while with them prior to the summer of 1867. Being more or less afraid of them I had no more to say to them than necessary, only when inquiring for the absent ones. It appeared conclusively that neither of them suspected or detected how much I might understand or remember of what I saw or heard.

We were residents together in the Third street house only during the year of 1867. It was then that I was a silent and only witness to several interviews apart, that took place mornings at

the kitchen door as breakfast was over when Dave was leaving the house to go to the shop. I cannot be certain as to the month, though from what I remember, it was summer, and I think July or August, when I heard the last one. Some parts of their conversation that was repeated during these interviews I well remember, that were as follows:

Laura looked anxious and troubled when she called for Dave to wait at the kitchen door, where she inquired of him:

"What are we going to do about that land back there?"

Dave had an uncertain and troubled expression on his face when he answered her question:

"I'm lookin' every day for a letter. I think we ken coax Chan out here. If we ken git 'im out here—we ken fix 'im. I think we ken do it all right—without there bein' too many questions asked. We ken make up a little story that'll satisfy the public."

Another interview—Laura followed Dave to the kitchen door—anxiously demanded of him:

"What are we going to do about that land back there? I'm so worried—I can't rest night or day."

Dave looked fierce and troubled, glared at her and the floor alternately, paused to consider—answered:

"I'm as much worried as you! We sent letters—but we've got no answer yet. I'll git the men together and see what ken be done."

Another interview—Laura rushed excitedly to overtake Dave at the door—demanded of him:

"What are we going to do about that land back there? Have you heard from Chandler Manuel yet?"

I particularly noticed and remembered at this question, Dave's face took on a more ugly and deliberate expression than before—answered:

"I got the men together; we talked the matter over thoroughly; we all agreed on one thing: We've got to git Chan out here to save ourselves—there's no other way it ken be done. We ken make up a little story to satisfy the public."

To this final and last proposition and conclusion, Laura agreed; it appeared to be satisfactory to her. Dave's face then took on a more pleased expression, looked bolder, stood a little

straighter and gave information that caused Laura's face to look more encouraged, when he announced:

"We fixed up a letter and sent it this time that I feel pretty sure'll bring 'im. I've sent for Hi, and we're all on the lookout to see he don't git here without our knowin' it."

This was also good news to me then, for I recognized the name, Chandler Manuel; had heard the name Chandler abbreviated to Chan, understanding that Chan meant Chandler; that when Laura said Chandler Manuel and Dave said Chan, they meant one and the same person, namely, Chandler Manuel. My memory was at this time and place recalled to my understanding then, that Chandler Manuel belonged in some way to the absent ones I longed to be with, though this was the first time I had heard the name spoken since I had found myself in the care of Dave and Laura; therefore, the expected arrival of Chandler Manuel, as I understood, was the best and most encouraging news to me that I had heard since finding myself with them, feeling confident and certain that when Chandler Manuel called to see them, he would take me away from them. I was too little to understand plots of crime or its causes, supposing it was necessary for them to talk to Chandler Manuel and get his consent for them to sell some land located somewhere East that he was in control of, not having any thought of their doing him harm, not knowing any cause, or understanding the meaning or their expressions when they spoke of coaxing him out to California.

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

Understanding from the conversation of Dave and Laura that Chandler Manuel's daily arrival was expected, I anxiously looked day after day to meet him. As impressed in memory, it was very soon after I heard the last interview of Dave and Laura in regards to him, when an incident occurred that was new to me, as follows:

Laura and I were in the dining room when we observed an elderly man, apparently, with white hair and a long white beard, pass the window to the kitchen door steps, went to the door that was open and knocked. Laura's eyes and actions were like one afraid he would see her. Concealing herself behind the dining

room door, she told me to go to the door and "see what the man wanted."

The stranger said he had been walking, was tired, and asked if he could sit on the steps to rest and eat his lunch? Laura then came to the door and told him that "he could sit there if he liked." From his coat pocket he took a small package, seated himself on the door-steps and began eating his lunch. He acted restless, only eating a few mouthfuls, when he handed me a tin cup requesting that I get him a cup of water, which I brought, from which he drank. The stranger did not resume his lunch, but surprised me by placing a hand on my head, which brought Laura to the door; with startled glances she watched and listened to the stranger pronounce a blessing on me. Turning to Laura he inquired:

"Whose child is this?"

To this question she replied:

"She's my child."

Pronouncing a curse on all who wronged me, he said to her:

"Take good care of her lest a curse fall on you."

He then took his departure without saying another word. For several days after his call, Laura was more silent and appeared to be meditating more than usual.

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

I well remember that George and I were residents of the old house by the Napa river, and think it was prior to the year of 1867—I know it was a short time prior to, or after that year, when George and I were standing a short distance from the old house, when a man met us, whose face I thought I had seen at some prior date; I know I had seen a face that resembled his. George knew him, apparently, for he greeted him with:

"Hello, Jeff! Here's Nellie, Jeff!"

Then the man whose name and identity I could not recall to memory, smiled and said:

"How do you do, Nellie?"

This stranger to me then, had a very earnest expression to his face and sound to his voice, while he conversed with George.

"George," he said, "won't you tell me where your father is? I would like very much to see him—I must see him. When will he be at home?"

George replied:

"No, I don't know where he is, or when he will be at home. I don't think it will do you any good to talk to him."

The stranger asked George if he couldn't see his mother. "I would like to talk to her," he said.

To this George replied:

"I feel sure it will do you no good."

A few days later, the same man met us on the same corner, when their conversation was very much the same—only more intense, the stranger pleading with George harder than before, to give him some idea as to how and where he could get to see his father and mother? George remaining firm, said:

"It won't do you any good to talk to them. Take my advise and keep away from them."

A disappointed and sad expression came to the stranger's face. I thought I remembered there were tears in his eyes when he left us—that was the last time I saw this man, that I can remember. I noticed there was a resemblance between his face and mine. When he was gone, I inquired of George as to who he was (?) to which George replied:

"His name is Jeff Chandler."

I did not at this time understand the meaning of the words father or mother, did not hear the words mentioned, as George addressed the couple we lived with as Dave and Laura; the same as I was taught. My curiosity being aroused, I inquired of George the meaning of father and mother (?); who the man meant, when he asked to see his father and mother.

George replied:

"He meant Dave and Laura Dave and Laura are my father and mother."

I asked George why he didn't tell the man where he could find Dave and Laura? ?

"I didn't want him to see them," said George.

This man, George told me, was Jeff Chandler. He was a white man, a little above the average in height; was rather broad shouldered, though not fleshy; his eyes were blue and hair brown; he was neatly dressed and gentlemanly appearing.

SKETCH 9.

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER WAS COMMITTED.

While daily expecting the arrival of Chandler Manuel, I became the silent and only visible witness to a conversation of Dave and Laura, at sun-down, during supper hour, most of which I remember, that was as follows:

As Dave was being seated at the supper table, Laura inquired of him:

"How is the man getting along?"

"I don't think ther's any need to worry," said Dave, "I feel pretty sure he'll never come too to tell his name. We ware on the outlook for 'im when he come in the shop, whare he got a blow on his head that felled 'im to the ground. He never spoke or come too after he fell. We took everything off of 'im; we changed his clothes an' put workin' clothes on 'im; we then sent 'im to Frank Rainey's and sent for a doctor."

Laura's face, actions, giving Dave troubled and inquiring glances, aroused him. Dave continued:

"The doctor come and examined his head and said the man's skull was crushed and he couldn't live. The doctor said he had no hopes the man would ever come too to tell his name or give any account of 'imself."

Laura frowned and looked displeased at Dave. Dave endeavoring to re-assure her, proceeded:

"More'n that: I left a trusty man—I know I ken trust, to watch 'im. And I know if he does come too, he can't do nothin' without my knowin' it—I come pretty near knowin' what I'm talkin' about."

A relieved expression came to Laura's face, and Dave apparently taking courage continued:

"Harrison acted nobly—stepped right up and took all the blame on 'imself to save the rest of us—and you know we're as guilty as he is. I put 'im on my best mare, give 'im money and victuals. And I feel pretty sure he's in safe quarters by this time and the officers won't git 'im."

No regret for this premeditated, planned and brutally executed murder was expressed, by either of them. To the opposite, Laura's face took on a fiendish smile that showed too clearly

with Dave's actions and explanations, that her greatest fear and anxiety was, that the man might regain consciousness long enough to make his name and identity known. When Dave had satisfied her there was no danger of his making himself known, her face took on a smile of satisfaction.

Neither of them mentioned or alluded to the murdered man's name identity, the object or cause of the crime during this interview. Neither of them said or talked as though Harrison, Dave's brother, was the one who struck the fatal blow that resulted in the man's death. I took it as a matter of course that Dave was the guilty one, thinking it would be so much like him to have struck the man on the head with a sledge hammer. The Frank Rainey's that Dave spoke of, was a hotel situated on the block opposite Dave's blacksmith shop on Brown and Main streets.

It was years after this interview before the thought entered my mind, that this murdered man, in all probability, was Chandler Manuel, not knowing any cause for his murder, and on account of the way I was raised. Understanding from what Dave said, that Laura, his brothers and others were as guilty of this crime as Harrison was, that they were in danger on account of it, fearing they would also murder me, should I give them any provocation, I reasoned and considered that I could do no good by telling what I had heard, understanding that the murder was well known in Napa County; that the murdered man's name was not known there; that his murderers were their own witnesses, who could refute any and all that I might know or say on the subject; supposing that my word would not be taken on account of being so small a girl and having no one to verify what I had heard and knew. From the first to the last time I saw Laura and some years after, this interview or what was said during it, was not mentioned by me to anyone. I neither saw the name Chandler Manuel in print, saw it written or heard it spoken that I can remember (myself excepted), since I heard Laura speak it for the first and last time in conversation with her husband, Dave (the account of which is given in SKETCH 8), until some years after I had seen her for the last time. I was too frightened to move, speak or to let on as though I understood any part they were talking about, for fear they would kill me; had learned during my residence with them up to this time, that they were doubtful and dangerous char-

acters—small as I was. I therefore began to learn to be secretive, to keep for the most part that I knew, saw and heard of them a secret, for my own protection; being among strangers, without friends to my knowledge, entirely dependent on those who had me in their care—at their mercy—not knowing what my fate might be from day to day, hoping, anxiously watching that some one of the absent ones I longed to be with, would come and rescue me from them. What could a little child do in my position?

Why and what did they take off of the murdered man? Why did they change his clothes and put working clothes on him?

Why were they so cautious and anxious to conceal his name and identity and not so careful to conceal the murder?

Why were they particular to put working clothes on him?

Was he a laboring man?

Why were they “all as guilty as Harrison was?”

Does not Dave’s own statement show that this was a pre-meditated, planned plot of crime and conspiracy, the true motive for which gave them more concern, worry and anxiety than to have the murder known(?) for which, they apparently had no remorse.

Did they take from their victim money, deeds to land or other property?

Did they take from their victim papers relating to gang plow patents that proved to be valuable?

People emigrating from the East to the West during the 50’s and 60’s were in the habit of bringing with them pictures of relatives, deeds to land and property—if they had any,—money jewelry and other valuables and family relics. It is my opinion that this murdered man very probably carried with him papers of some kind to gang plow patents and other valuables, that were taken off of him before he was taken from Dave’s shop; some of which he passed over to Laura for safe keeping; although the first I knew or heard of this murder was when I listened to their conversation at the supper table, during or near the month of September, 1867, that proved to be a very eventful and memorable year to me.

Why was it necessary for Harrison, Dave’s brother, to take all the responsibility of the crime on himself to save the rest of them, if they were not guilty and implicated in the same

crime? The said Harrison Manuel and said brother of David, George W and Hiram C., became a fugitive for this crime and has never been apprehended for the same, as I was later informed by authorities on the subject.

SKETCH 10

After I heard the conversation of Dave and Laura about the murder committed in Dave's blacksmith shop, I was present twice, that I remember, when Laura was questioned by persons about the murder. By comparing her story with that of Dave's, related in SKETCH 9, is evident that she was representing the same murder that Dave was describing, though it shows how she told a story to baffle, deceive, to conceal the name and identity of the murdered man; to throw off suspicion as to the true cause and motive for the crime; to make it appear that the murder came about unpremeditated—like Dave had said prior to the murder when speaking about Chan; that they could "make up a little story to satisfy the public." It also affords an illustration of how Laura told truth with error to deceive and give false impressions as it suited her purposes. The account that I heard her relate of the murder was as follows:

"A stranger, an Irishman, who had been working on a thrasher, out in the country, came to the blacksmith shop of my husband, David Manuel. He said he was out of a job, needed money, and asked if there wasn't something he could do around the shop to earn a little money until he got another job?

Some of the men-folks put him to work cleaning up the shop. He was a quarrelsome man, and Harrison, my husband's brother, was quick-tempered. They got to quarreling over the work, when Harrison, in the heat of anger, struck the man with a shovel, harder than he thought, with no intention to kill. When Harrison saw the man fall, and saw he didn't come to, he got scared for fear he had killed him, and fled for parts unknown to us."

Laura was questioned about the murdered man's name, place of residence, where and by whom employed while working on the thrasher? She persistently answered to any and all of these questions to the sum and effect:

"He was a laboring man and an Irishman. His name, who he was and where he came from, I know nothing about—only what the men-folks told me. He was a stranger to us; his name no one seems to know. He told the men-folks he had been working in the country on a thrasher—that's all we know about it."

SKETCH 11.

A few days after this murder in Dave's blacksmith shop Laura complained to Dave about his "going around with Mrs. Ellsworth and spending money on her that she needed." This Mrs. Ellsworth, according to the way they talked, was the said sister of Mrs. M. J. Church.

One evening Dave accused Laura of "passing papers to gang plow patents," over to George, that he had that day discovered, very much to his aggravation and loss, though not the least hint was given that they were the true originators of them. I was impressed by listening to their conversation that Dave had only just discovered how valuable they might prove to be. They began then to quarrel nightly about Mrs. Ellsworth, "papers to gang plow patents,, and "deeds." Some of Dave's expressions were oft' and intensely repeated during these quarrels that Laura had me to hear. I clearly remember language of Dave in regards to papers to gang plows, as follows:

"They're mine! Do ya understand? They're mine! Because I got 'um fust! And you've robbed me of 'um! You had no right to pass them gang plow papers over to George! You've robbed me of 'um!"

I never heard them mention "papers to gang plow patents," or anything about patents, until a few days after I heard Dave give an account of the murder committed in his blacksmith shop to Laura. During these quarrels, Dave said to Laura:

"You'd better let me take Nellie and dispose of her—so she'll give us no more worry and trouble"

To this proposition, Laura would not consent, and privately warned me to keep away from Dave, not to ask him any questions or answer any question he asked me; that when he asked me any questions, to say: "I don't know," which I obeyed. "He hates girls," she said, "and you must stay close to me when he's

around. If he strikes you, he's liable to kill you, or cripple you. He's a bad man and can't be trusted."

I liked their two little boys, Louis and Augustus. The thought of hurting or doing them any injury, had not entered my mind; though Dave had become so ugly and dangerous to me, that I was afraid to get near him or to get near his children, when he was present. Dave threatened to kill me several times during these quarrels, when Laura would say:

"You miserable wretch! If you attempt to lay your hands on her—I'll have you put behind the bars—where you belong!"

Dave apparently thought there was danger of her carrying out her threat, this being the only thing she could say that prevented him from laying hands on me. One blow from his fist would have been enough to have killed me then and there. Dave accused Laura of being treacherous; of working against his interests. He would exclaim:

"I can't trust you no longer! I'm afraid you'll ditch the whole of us!"

These quarrels grew more intense as they progressed nights in succession, filling the air of the room with the sound of angry threats, profanity, etc., making nights hideous for us. Fortunately, I did not understand many of his words and expressions. The final and last of these quarrels Dave demanded of Laura:

"Larry! You give up them deeds! I won't trust you no longer! And I mean what I say! Do ya hear!"

Laura refused to surrender the deeds. Then Dave sprang out of his chair like an infuriated animal—gave her a slap across the forehead and she fell to the floor; where he stood glaring at her, then at me. Thinking my last chance to escape him had come, I fell against the wall, giving screams of fright in succession—horrified—thinking he had killed her, and would kill me. To my surprise and relief, I saw him bring water and bathe her face and head, reviving her to consciousness. As she yet lay on the floor, Dave bending with clinched fists, demanded of her:

"Larry, if you'll give up them deeds, I'll let you go; but if you refuse, I'll fix you right here!"

Laura knowing what he was, that it was her only chance for escape, said "Yes." Dave, raising her to her feet, demanded of her:

"Larry, show me where you've hid them deeds."

She told him they were buried under the house. I saw them go out of the house and return; he with a long buckskin purse filled with money, which he divided with her; she with a bundle from which she handed him some papers.

"Is them the deeds?" he asked, not attempting to read them but rushed out of the house, as though hurrying to find some one to read them for him to be certain they were the right papers.

As soon as he had taken his departure, Laura led me out on the sidewalk in front of the house, where Mrs. Mudgett, a next-door neighbor, met us, inquiring what the trouble was?

"I heard screams and thought some one must be getting hurt," she said.

Laura denied to her there had been any trouble, or any one hurt; though she admitted that I had screamed, and in explanation, said:

"She's such a nervous, excitable child, that she is liable to scream any time, and at most any thing."

It was a dark night, and it appears conclusive to me, that Laura went out on the sidewalk, so that in case any one came to inquire the cause of the trouble, they would not see the evidence of Dave's brutality on her face, that might lead to his arrest, or too many inquiries as to the cause. Mrs. Mudgett only remained with us a few minutes, when Laura led me into the house, where she grabbed Augustus in her arms, who was near the age of six months, leaving Louis asleep and alone in the house, apparently, catching hold of a hand to hurry me along, we made a hurried flight to the residence of Dave's brother George and her sister Lucy. The boys all at some time after this night were residents with Dave. This night I am thankful to relate, terminated any and all of my time as a resident under the same roof with him.

THE BIRTH OF WALTER—MY FIRST AND LAST MEETING WITH HIRAM'S WIFE.

It was during the first part of the year of 1866, when Laura took me with her to see the infant son of aunt Lucy and uncle George, who they informed me had "arrived the preceding night,"

who they named Walter and called Wallie. During this call, I saw sitting in their kitchen a black-haired, black-eyed woman, who reminded me of the man I had seen in SCENE 12. She gazed at me wickedly, I thought, and did not once attempt to speak to me. I heard other members of the house say she was Hiram's wife. Though they said Hiram was the brother to George, Dave and Harrison, that George was my uncle, not one of them ever told me that Hiram or his wife were my uncle and aunt; that they ever sent any word to or inquired after me—no word from them or Harrison ever came to me—no more than if I had never heard of them, and I never heard any one say what Hiram's wife's name was up to the present day;—strange and myterious behavior for people who would be my uncles and aunt, according to their own false accounts. From this time to the autumn of 1867, I had neither seen uncle George or any member of his family; never once heard mention of their whereabouts during this time.

SKETCH 12.

It was during or near the month of November; Laura was standing in the doorway, waiting for uncle George to come home and met him at their front gate on Grant Avenue where they had a short interview. Being curious to gain some knowledge of what they were saying, I walked slowly near and past them and chanced to hear some of their conversation that interested me so much that I remembered it, as follows:

Laura inquired of uncle George:

"George, what are we going to do about that land back there?"

Uncle George replied:

"I think we can persuade Shaffer and Barnett to go there and hold the land for us, to answer all questions to satisfy the public I think they can do it."

I had heard expressions like these prior to the murder committed in Dave's blacksmith shop, when Dave and Laura had their interviews about "Chan," or Chandler Manuel. Taking the brightest view of the matter, I thought probably that Shaffer and Barnett were going to look after the land so that Chandler Manuel could come to California; this revived my hopes of meeting him; though I did not hear them say where this land was located, that was such a worry to them.

CHRISTMAS DAY OF 1867.

It was Christmas morning of 1867—one to be remembered. May, Walter and I had hung our stockings on the back of a chair in the kitchen Christmas eve, and were enjoying nuts and candies found in them. Augustus was a baby then, creeping on the floor, partaking of cookies, a liberal share of which he had daubed on his clothes. Prior to and after this Christmas morning, Laura had been careful and cautious, giving me strict orders not to enter aunt Lucy's parlor—not to go into the hall where the door to the parlor was, saying the parlor was only for callers, and not for children. This I thought strange and unreasonable, having noticed that I was the only member of the house who was entirely excluded from the parlor, causing me to be more curious to see what was in the room.

When breakfast was over, the occupants of the house were in a rush to get to the parlor to see what presents Santa Claus had brought for May and Wallie, the beloved daughter and son of uncle George and aunt Lucy. In their enthusiasm, I apparently had been forgotten for the time being, and followed after the others to get a glimpse into the parlor from curiosity—like most any child would do under the same circumstances. My eyes were attracted by the black ebony chairs and sofa, carved in acorn leaves and acorns—the same, no doubt, I had seen brought to the old house by the Napa river prior to then; as the woman had said: when re-cushioned and re-varnished, they looked as nice as when new. (Described in SCENE 8.)

The sight of the furniture had revived my memory and heart to absent ones. Unobserved apparently, I quietly slipped away, hid in the yard and wept for them. I had learned by sad experience, that to mention or allude to them meant threatenings and punishment to me; for Laura continued to deny all knowledge of them to me. I had managed to get over my crying spell by the time May called me to come and see her new doll Santa Claus had brought her. She was pleased with her presents, kept telling me through the day about the good Christmas dinner we were going to have, that was to take place in the evening. "George is going to eat dinner with us," she said, referring to Laura's eldest son and my said brother. This news pleased me,

for I wished to talk to him to find out how he was faring and getting along with Dave, his said father; feeling sorry because he resided with such a dangerous man. Louis, I thought, would be safe with him, knowing that Dave liked him and would do him no harm intentionally.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

It was after dusk; the table was prepared with luxury very tempting to look at; the dining room door was open so that I could see them gathering there for the much-talked-of Christmas dinner. This is the first Christmas I remember—one that made a lasting impression in memory and heart. I saw May, Wallie, aunt Lucy, uncle George in Company with George, enter the dining room, all receiving my said brother George like a welcome guest and relative. I had not, prior to this occasion and no more than twice after, during my residence in the same home, been permitted to eat at table when uncle George was present, though I neither knew or guessed why. I was hungry, having had nothing to eat since breakfast more than nuts and candies, though May and Walter had several lunches since then, May had encouraged me all day—no doubt in good faith—to think I was going to eat dinner with them, uncle George included. I was seated in the kitchen where I could see through the doorway to the dining room during this scene, was expecting to be invited to the table with the others, when, to my surprise, Laura came quickly into the kitchen and whispered to me:

“There’s no room at the table for you, and you must sit quiet where you are until we are through eating, before you can eat dinner.”

More to my surprise, Laura closed the kitchen door behind her, leaving me alone, without a light. I had not seen George since Laura left Dave, and did expect that he would have done as much as to walk into the kitchen and say, Hello, Nellie, how are you! Or at least, that he would inquire about me. George did not speak to me that evening; if he inquired for me, I never heard

of it. I could distinguish their words in the dining room with the door closed only when they spoke louder than ordinary, and heard them praising their good things to eat, the mention of Santa Claus and the presents of May and Wallie; whereas, I had been given no present—Santa Claus had not remembered me—no more than the nuts and candies found in my stockings before breakfast. I felt slighted, disappointed and very badly treated; was real hungry for a substantial meal, as I had often been since we came to live with aunt Lucy and uncle George. The sight of the black ebony furniture in aunt Lucy's parlor had revived memories of the absent ones, their care and affection for me, their good-natured faces, etc. The contrast between them and Dave, Laura, aunt Lucy and uncle George, was comparable to day and night. To be with the absent ones would be more to me than Christmas dinners and all else, then. My thoughts were so sad and intense, that the fact that I had lived with, had belonged to others, before I saw and knew the said and alleged Manuels than of Napa, was impressed in my memory to the extent, that no argument, no deception or time has effaced. Thoughts of my sweet absent Mother and her loss came; how I did long to be with her! I had tried my best to be quiet as Laura had told me to be, for she was then the only one I looked to for protection and help; before I could realize—my anguish could not be suppressed—I burst out crying and sobbing. Regretfully and truthfully I announce, that Laura heard, came and led me out of the kitchen, out doors, where she jerked me along into the windmill building a short distance from the house, where she whipped me over the back and arms with a piece of bailing rope, with which she tied and left me there. Though Laura had a white face, she was at heart as cruel and deceitful in her schemes and plots as some of the Mexicans she was in league with. I might have been asleep or unconscious, however, I well remember that Laura came, lifted me up, partly carried and dragged me into the kitchen and dining room, up the stairs, undressed and put me to bed without anything more to eat since breakfast than a few nuts and candies. When I awoke the morning of December, 1867, I observed and have remembered, there were black and blue marks on my arms, from the unreasonable and wrong whipping Laura gave a much wronged, heart-broken, defenseless child.

I RECOGNIZED A WATCH-CHAIN AND RING I BELIEVE WAS WORN BY ONE OF THE ABSENT AND MISSING ONES.

I noticed, recognized and have remembered a watch-chain uncle George was wearing—like some I had seen worn by a missing one—one who had been dear to me. Child-like, though no doubt correct in my opinion—for the circumstances warrant my believing so—they were the same, I thought, I had seen the missing man wear. Though too young to realize or to correctly guess how George got possession of them, I was decidedly of the opinion there was something wrong; that uncle George had no right to them. My thoughts were so intense on the subject, that I remember some of them to present date. They were: I wished I were a strong man long enough to compel him to tell me how he got the watch-chain and ring. Where the absent owner of them was. No one I knew then had a right to any of his belongings only myself, I believed; though not a word or any allusion to the articles that had belonged to absent ones, came from my lips—no more than if I had not seen or recognized them. My experience with Dave, Laura, Lucy and George, had brought me to the conclusion that I was not only liable to be killed for mentioning the subject, but it would do no good. These were the only ones I saw or knew then I thought might have knowledge of the absent ones.

MYSTERIOUS ACTIONS AND BEHAVIOR.

I noticed and remembered instances when George, Lucy and Laura turned suddenly, gave startled glances, like they were frightened; though I neither knew, saw or heard mention of what it was they were startled at.

There were days, weeks at a time, when I did not see uncle George. On some of these occasions, Lucy and Laura said when I was present, that he had gone to San Francisco on business. Uncle George sometimes returned home with boxes of candy, though he never at any time during my residence at his home himself offered me anything to eat. He would give Wallie candy and May a double portion, tell her to divide her portion with me.

One evening after dark, when supper was over, when uncle

George had been absent from home, aunt Lucy and Laura carefully locked all the doors to the house, closed the shutters and drew down the blinds, excepting a half lower shutter and blind of a window in the kitchen, obscure from the street; chairs were placed close together, where Lucy, Laura, May, Wallie and I sat like a bunch—very little being said.

I was impressed by the faces and actions of Lucy and Laura that they were afraid, though the cause was not mentioned in my hearing. After some minutes Lucy threw up her arms and gave terrified screams. Laura caught her hands, endeavoring to quiet her, said:

“It was George’s face you saw at the window, Lucy—there’s no reason to fear—It is George come home, Lucy—It is George, Lucy—It was George you saw—George’s come home.”

Laura unlocked the back outside kitchen door next to the window where Lucy had seen the face; the one where the half lower shutter was left open and the blind up; she opened the door and uncle George stepped into the kitchen. When they had quieted Lucy’s fears, I was sent to bed, and heard no more explanation or mention of this mysterious occurrence after.

SKETCH 13.

During the spring of 1868 Laura took me with her to the same old house by the Napa river, where we had resided before the year 1867, before Laura had left Dave; before the murder was committed in his blacksmith shop. Laura said she would clean it up, then we would move in. This house had an addition of two rooms then, five in all. During this visit to the old house I saw in all the rooms excepting one, and saw no furniture—no more than some matting on the same bedroom floor, that was the same room where I awoke in the morning and found myself alone with all my clothes on; found the woman I then knew as Laura; where I missed and lost My Mother. In this same bedroom was a pile of books on the floor in one corner, and shelves in another corner containing books. While Laura was in the kitchen washing windows I sat on the floor of this room looking at the books. I found tin-type pictures of some kind in one of the books, some of which were pictures of people I had seen prior to when I

knew the couple who taught me to address and speak of them as Dave and Laura. A picture case among the books attracted my attention; this I examined and opened. It proved to be a picture of one of the missing ones I had thought of and missed, at the sight of whose picture a thrill of hope came to me—like one beholding the face of a relative they have perfect confidence in, for my understanding was then, that the original of this picture was a member of a family who had me in their care before I knew Dave and Laura. As I said before, I was too young and small to understand plots of crime and their causes. I felt so glad at the sight of the picture, believing the original to have been in the same house, because I had found his picture there; having hopes that he would make his appearance and deliver me from being with Dave any more, from Laura and her said relatives. While meditating over the face of the picture, recollection came to my mind that this was no other than the picture of David Manuel I had known before I saw and knew Dave, Laura's husband, who then, I had learned, had the same name as the missing man. Then I thought of the name Chandler Manuel, wondering why he had not made his appearance as I had understood he would, from what I had heard Dave and Laura say in the Third street house. Yes, I remembered as I had been taught, that David had a brother by the name of Chandler Manuel; that they both belonged to the family I did, before Dave and Laura got me. I was suddenly startled by hearing Laura's voice close to me, inquiring:

"Whose picture have you got there?"

Feeling pleased and having more courage than usual, I promptly replied:

"It's David Manuel's picture."

"No, that aint the picture of David Manuel," she said. "You stop and think how Dave looked when we lived by the blacksmith shop, and you'll see that don't look like him."

"I know it's not him," said I, "but it's David Manuel's picture—I know him."

I looked up, saw Laura staring at me with a frown on her face.

"You've made a mistake," she said. "It's Harrison Manuel's picture, Dave Manuel's brother—the man that committed murder in Dave's blacksmith shop. They're all bad men. I didn't know

there was any of his pictures around the house; give me the picture and I'll burn it up."

She then snatched the picture from my hands, told me to go out in the yard and play; locked the bedroom door, so that I could do no more exploring in that room. I was not only disappointed at losing the picture, but angry, believing that no one had a better right to it than myself; though I found Laura too severe and dangerous a person to contend with when I saw a frown or the smile of a fiend on her face. I therefore found a place in the yard where I was hid from her view, where I shed tears of grief for the absent ones and hated Laura more. I could well remember then of having known the original of the picture by the name of David Manuel; that his face was white, had no expression or resemblance to Laura's husband Dave Manuel, who had a dark face and was black-complexioned. The Harrison Manuel I had heard them speak of, I had not seen or known, to my knowledge, and the missing David Manuel had left too favorable an impression in memory to think for a moment, that he would be guilty of such a crime as I had heard Dave, Laura's husband, give an account of to her, committed in his blacksmith shop in 1867.

The picture I had then found of the missing David Manuel was that of a light-complexioned white man; a full, smooth, healthy-looking face, a robust person, according to the picture, and one at least twenty years younger than the David Manuel, husband of Laura. There was a good-natured expression to the face—one that was not pock-marked; his clothes looked dark in the picture; the vest looked to be of black velvet, from which hung a gold watch-chain; the picture was of a sitting posture, taken to the knees; it was not an ordinary tin-type, and was a Daguerreotype, to the best of my knowledge. The frame of the picture case was, to the best of my knowledge, of dark brown mahogany; the backs were of velvet, that were much faded; the corners were trimmed with brass ornaments.

During all the time we resided with uncle George and aunt Lucy, neither of them slapped, whipped or scolded me. Uncle George seldom said more to me than "How do you do, Nellie?" I lived in the yard most of the time and played with May. Laura was careful and cautious to see to it that I gave them no

unnecessary annoyance or expense, and they were easily annoyed, so that I avoided their company as much as I could. I got along peacefully with May and Wallie, who apparently were pleased with me then as a cousin. Christmas Day was the only time Laura slapped or whipped me while at their home. She whipped me because she felt quite certain that I was crying for the absent ones, which worried and excited her more than all else I did. Lucy and George were selfish, untalkative, unfriendly towards me, not offering or seeing to it that I had enough to eat.

It was during or near the month of April, 1868, when Laura, Augustus and I moved into the old house by the Napa river, where George and Louis came to live with us. The night Laura left Dave and the Third street house, proved to be their final separation, and I have no doubts was the means of saving my life—for awhile, at least. Laura knew that she could not safely reside with him any longer, and to get away from him was a real necessity with her.

When we first moved into the old house in the spring of 1868, Laura taught me that she had a sister living in Aurora, Kane County, Illinois, named Maria Thompson and the mother of Flora and Germane Thompson; that Maria was my aunt; Flora and Germane were my cousins. It was at some date during the same spring when Laura took me to the train with her where we met uncle George, aunt Lucy, May and Wallie; who greeted me more friendly than before, saying they were all going to Aurora, Kane County, Illinois, to visit Lucy's sister, Maria Thompson, with her son and daughter Germane and Flora. They all bade me good-bye, and boarded the train south. It was the latter part of the summer or autumn of 1868, when Lucy, May and Wallie called to see us at the old house, saying they had just returned from their visit to Aurora, Kane County, Illinois.

SKETCH 14.

During the year of 1868 I recognized the same house where Dave talked to the woman on the door-steps with the peculiar laugh, an account of which is given in SCENE 15. This house was located in the same block as the old house, a short distance from it. In this same house during the year of 1868, there resided a family

by the surname of Ritchie. Mrs. Ritchie had the same kind of a voice and laugh as the woman who talked to Dave on the door-steps, and I think was the same one. Mr. Ritchie was a carpenter and built them a residence adjoining the same place, on a corner of the same block, facing Grant Avenue. As I knew this Ritchie family they were, namely:

Mr. Milton Ritchie.

Mrs. Jane Ritchie.

Their son,James Ritchie.

Their son, John Ritchie.

Their daughter, Emma Ritchie.

Their son, Henry Ritchie

Their daughter, Effie Ritchie

Later, I learned of other families who their daughter Emma informed me, were related to them, some of whom were, namely: A Mr. Pratt and family; a Mrs. Finlay; a Mr. Silas Ritchie and family; a Col. Ritchie and family; Lawyer Pond, of Napa City, the only Lawyer Pond I knew or heard of in Napa City.

Emma Ritchie, their eldest daughter, was one not less than five years my senior. I remember of taking a drive with Emma that must have been not later than the year of 1868, to a place called Sebastopol, where were a few small, one-story, wooden houses on a flat—is all that I remember of the place. A short time later, I went with her and her cousin to visit some of her relatives living on a ranch, that was located in the upper part of Napa Valley, so Emma informed me; though as to my own knowledge, I have no positive certainty as to where these two places were located. There are places called Sebastopol in several Counties of the State of California, namely: Butte County, Nevada County, Sacramento County, Sierra County, Sonoma County, Tuolumne County. This Ritchie family were acquainted with, and were apparently friends to Laura, as far back as I can remember them; though I do not think they knew or had any correct idea in the extreme, as to the kind of a one she really must have been.

DID MY MOTHER COMPOSE AND WRITE THE MANUSCRIPT?

I cannot be certain as to the year, though it was during, or near the year of 1868, when I first and last saw Laura with an extensive amount of written manuscript fastened together in book form, which she wrapped and tied in my presence, then turning to me commanded:

"Nellie, I'm going up-town, and you must stay here and watch the house till I come back."

Then I saw her leave the house in the direction of town with the manuscript—was the last I saw of it. She never gave me any explanation as to how she got it, where she got it, who the writer and composer was, or what she did with it. I do not now remember why or how, however, the fact or idea was impressed in my memory some way, that the manuscript was composed and written by My Mother, that I last saw Laura carry from the old house. After this incident I was at the Ritchie home one day, when Laura came and said she had just come from up-town, when Mrs. Ritchie inquired of her:

"Say, Mrs. Manuel, did you get your book finished?"

"Yes, I sent it away today," Laura answered.

"By express or mail?" asked Mrs. Ritchie.

"By express," said Laura.

Mrs. Ritchie looking Laura straight in the face like one doubtful, laughed heartily—a peculiar laugh, reminding me of the laughter I heard from the one Dave talked to on the door-steps.

The red came and went from Laura's face, her actions were too apparent to my notice then to be forgotten, for I understood or thought I understood, that "the book" Mrs. Ritchie spoke of, meant no other than the manuscript I saw Laura carry away from the old house with her. When Mrs. Ritchie observed Laura's face and actions, no more mention of "the book" was made in my presence.

LAURA'S CARE OF ME WAS UNLIKE A MOTHER OR FRIEND.

When we were residents at the home of uncle George and aunt Lucy, Laura kept me neat, my hair combed; but when we moved into the old house in the spring of 1868, my nice clothes had been worn out or had disappeared; my under garments were made of flour sacks, my dresses and aprons of dark calico. Laura was very particular that I should make her no unnecessary work or expense, or cause her any unnecessary trouble or worry. My hair was often uncombed, my clothes unclean, my face and hands unwashed—worse than any little girl I observed in our part of the town; so Mrs. Ritchie and Emma noticed and spoke of it, who taught me to comb my hair and to wash my face and hands. Mrs. Ritchie notified Laura one day while I was present:

“Say, Mrs. Manuel, we heard that Dave got permission from the Court to call and see the children. If Nellie's not kept neater, he's liable to use it as an excuse to get her away from you.”

After this, Laura was more particular about keeping me neater for a while. “If Dave tries to coax you to go and live with him, you tell him no, you would rather live with me, and don't let him get near you unless you are close to me,” so she instructed me. “He might grab you and run away with you. If he didn't kill you—you'd be better off dead than to fall into his miserable clutches—he's a bad man and can't be trusted with you—he hates girls.”

Dave called at the old house and talked to me twice, in Laura's presence, that I remember; tried to persuade me to go and live with him. I was afraid, and all I would say was “No, I would rather live with Laura.” Laura secretly made arrangements with Mrs. Ritchie to conceal me when Dave was seen coming to the old house. Though I neither told of this arrangement, or let Dave see me go there, he accused the Ritchies of interfering with his family affairs, and one day when I was in their house and their eldest son James was in the yard, Dave came to the fence where he was. Mrs. Ritchie, Emma and I were frightened when we saw him talking to James, knowing that James would stand no chance against Dave's strength; and it was safe to guess they were having angry words; that Dave was using

utterances that would look queer in print. We saw Dave attempt to climb their fence and saw James at the same moment draw a revolver and take aim at him; then we saw the ruffian Dave get down from the fence, start in the direction of his shop, watching him until he had disappeared from our view. This act of James apparently was a "settler," to our great relief; and so far as I have knowledge, terminated Dave's calls to the old house on the pretext of being interested in my welfare and wanting to find out if Laura was taking proper care of me—a farce to the extreme.

SKETCH 15.

It was during or near the year of 1869, when our home was made lonesome by the absence of Laura's little boys, Louis and Augustus, who she told me the Court had taken away from her and given to Dave. They were her children and she had a natural mother's interest and feelings for them and often shed tears over their absence. There were occasions when she acted like one distracted, when she would go about the house talking to herself, making gestures with her hands, like one pleading their case in Court.

There was a gulf between Laura's heart and mine—too wide to be bridged over; yet I disliked to see her weeping and in trouble. I thought she needed sympathy and would try to do and to think of something to say to comfort her. I, too, missed the little boys, was hungry for sympathy—felt lonesome, neglected and friendless. I had ceased to mention the absent loved ones gone I longed to be with; neither spoke of them or alluded to them—no more than if they had passed out of my memory altogether, whose mention had caused Laura no small amount of annoyance and anger towards me. Sometimes I would find her weeping and would weep with her—weep for those I had lost, that Laura apparently attributed to my sympathy for her and the absence of her boys. It was good fortune for me if she thought so.

"That miserable Dave Manuel!" she would exclaim. Then I would say, "Don't think any more about him, Laura, he's too mean to think about. Evidently I had touched a small place

somewhere in her sympathy, that caused her to be more talkative and her treatment of me to take on a form of that which is called friendship. She became interested enough to make two rag dolls, furnishing them with china heads and clothes, which she presented on Christmas days. I appreciated them, though George gave me some annoyance by occasionally hanging them in trees, from which he derived amusement and laughter.

There were dates ranging from the spring of 1868 to 1870, when Laura related and rehearsed to me little by little accounts of some who she taught me were her relatives; she also gave some accounts of her husband and a few of his relatives. After this time she changed her course and became reticent on the subject. Some of her accounts were unquestionably false, as can be seen from my own accounts in SCENES, SKETCHES and evidence; there appears also to be some truth in them. What she taught me in regards to relatives therefore, is questionable.

Laura, I learned later, was one of a gang of conspirators; what she taught me, when considered, may be of some value in aiding to search out the mystery and conspiracy. It is, therefore, necessary that I give an accurate account of that she taught me, which, when combined, will form a story that will give in her language as near as I can remember it, as follows:

LAURA'S ACCOUNT OF HER RELATIVES AS SHE TAUGHT ME.

"My father once lived in Michigan and moved to Illinois, where he bought a ranch some twenty-five miles from Aurora, Illinois; Mother died when I was young; Father wouldn't marry again, so us children was left without a mother, and we had to keep house for our father and get along the best we could; Mother was Scotch, and father was of Pennsylvania Dutch. He was a Methodist and sang songs before breakfast. There was nine children of us."

Laura never told me her mother's given name, or her maiden surname. Their names as she taught me, were:

Her father,Mr. James Griswold.
 Her mother,Mrs. Griswold.
 Their son,Amos Griswold.
 Their daughter,Maria Griswold
 Their son,Riley Griswold.
 Their daughter,Maranda Griswold
 Their daughter,Laura Griswold.
 Their son,Isaac Griswold.
 Their daughter,Lucy Griswold.
 Their son,Leander Griswold.
 Their daughter,Ellen Griswold.

THE ACCOUNT OF LAURA'S MARRIAGE AS SHE TAUGHT ME.

"I was fourteen years old when I got acquainted with Dave Manuel. He was then just twice my age. He coaxed me to run away from home and marry him against my father's will. I was advised not to marry him and was told he was a scoundrel before I married him. I made a mistake by not taking people's advice.

We went to the town of Aurora to procure a marriage license and was refused, because it was known there that I was not of age. We got word that my father was on his way to overtake us to put a stop to our marriage and we had no time to lose; so we crossed the Fox river at Aurora into the next county, where we was not known, and procured a marriage license there without any trouble and got married there.

"We was married several years before George was born. George was born in Illinois. We had a boy older and one younger than George that died when they were babies; and they was better off dead."

THE ACCOUNT OF LUCY'S MARRIAGE AS LAURA TAUGHT ME.

"My sister Lucy come and made us a visit when George was a baby. George Manuel, Dave's brother, come to our house and made visits then and that's where Lucy got acquainted with him. I coaxed Lucy to marry him because I thought she would be

better off to have some one to take care of her and to support her. I was to blame for her marrying him, and that's why I put up with George Manuel and try to get along with him, is on Lucy and her children's account. Lucy likes to be aristocratic and have her children raised aristocratic; and she couldn't do that if she had to earn the money to support them herself.

A few years after Dave and I was married, Lucy came to our house and was married in the same place to Dave's brother George. Lucy and me both made mistakes when we married them, though George has tried to make something out of himself and is a good provider for his family. That's more than Dave's done for me. I think sometimes the old scoundrel's insane by spells, and may not be accountable for all he does and says."

THE ACCOUNT OF THEIR TRIP TO CALIFORNIA AS LAURA TAUGHT ME.

"Wages was small in Illinois, and when we heard of the gold excitement of '49, Dave and me wanted to go to California; and when Lucy and George got married, we all put our heads together to see how we could connive to get across the plains. Lucy and George came ahead of us to California by steamer. Dave and me raked and scraped everything we could get together and started for California in an emigrant train. When we reached Missouri we was out of money and stopped there to earn money to buy supplies with, before we could go any further. It was in the winter time and the snow was over the ground. Times was bad and Dave had a hard time to find work to earn money. It got so bad that Dave made fiddles and played for country dances till the snow was off from the ground, to keep us from starving. The war broke out in 1861 You was born in the same year, in the State of Missouri. When we got enough ahead, we joined an Illinois emigrant train, bound for California. The Indians, gorillas and jayhawkers was bad, and nearly one whole emigrant train was massacred by the Indians.

George was then a boy seven years old, and rode most of the way across the plains on horse-back. By the time we reached California, our money and supplies was about gone, and before

we could reach Napa, Dave and me had to earn money. I got a chance to hire out as cook and keep house for a rich cattle owner on a ranch at a place called Carson, near Nevada; and I got Dave a place to work on the ranch.

When we found George and Lucy, we found them with a little tot a year old. That was your cousin May

When Dave and me had earned money enough, we started for Napa and arrived here in the summer of 1862—the same year we had the big flood and went to house-keeping in the same house we're living in now."

LAURA'S ACCOUNTS OF HER SISTERS AND BROTHERS AS SHE TAUGHT ME.

"My brother Amos came to California in 1852, where we lost trace of him.

My sister Maria married a man by the name of Thompson, and has two children named Flora and Germane; and they live in Aurora, Kane County, Illinois. Maria is your aunt and Flora and Germane is your cousins.

I never knew what become of my sister Maranda.

My brother Riley is married and living in Aurora, Kane County, Illinois. His wife's name is Maggie, and they have two little girls.

My sister Ellen was employed in the 'Elgin Watch Factory' for some time. She is dead now. She died when she was twenty-four years old.

Leander, my youngest brother, went to the war, and we've never heard from him since.

My father, James Griswold, is living on his ranch some twenty-five miles from Aurora, Illinois."

I never saw Laura's parents, or any of her brothers and sisters, that I know of, excepting Lucy Manuel and her brother Isaac Griswold; the latter of whom will receive mention in Sketches to follow.

SKETCH 16.

THERE APPEARED IN NAPA CITY, NAPA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FOUR MEN, NO MORE, AND NO LESS, WHO BECAME KNOWN AS THE FOUR MANUEL BROTHERS.

These four said and alleged Manuel brothers became known as David Manuel (who also became known and was represented on Court Records as David A. Manuel, who was one and the same man, and was one too dark to rightly be said to be a white man—as dark as some Indians). Another of these said brothers became known as George W. Manuel, one too dark to be a white man. Another became known as Hiram C. Manuel. I never saw him to my knowledge and cannot describe him. The fourth one became known as Harrison Manuel, who was said to be unmarried when he disappeared at the time of the murder in his brother Dave's blacksmith shop, and was the one accused of the murder. I never saw him to my knowledge and cannot describe him.

Laura's accounts that she taught me were most always truth mixed with error, which no doubt she had a purpose or object in telling, and was about the Manuels as follows:

"There was four of the Manuel brothers," said Laura, namely:

"Dave Manuel, Hiram Manuel, George Manuel Harrison Manuel."

"Does Hiram live in Napa now?" said I, to which Laura responded:

"Oh—he got up and left here. It's a disgrace to be related to any one that commits murder, and Hiram left here because Harrison murdered the man in Dave's blacksmith shop."

"Do you know where Hiram is living now?" said I.

"No, I don't," said Laura, "and I don't care enough about him to try to find out. Why should I? I've no interest in him since I got rid of Dave."

Laura taught me as follows:

"When Dave, Hiram, George and Harrison was boys, their mother died. Their father was a one-armed man, but powerful in strength; he could do more with his one arm than most men with two. There was every appearance that the family lived well—had

plenty to eat and to wear and money to pay their bills; though the old man had no visible means of support. It was a mystery to people how and where he got his money. Some thought he had been a pirate, and had money or a treasury hid somewhere by which he supported his family. He would disappear every once in a while and would never give any account of where he went or why he went away. There was people followed him to try to find out where he went when he left home; but the old man was too smart for them, and when they followed him about so long, he disappeared—to their surprise, and they couldn't tell or guess how he gave them the slip."

"Do you know where Harrison is living now?" said I.

"No," said Laura, "we don't bother ourselves to try to find out. He's disgraced us enough."

Another interval and Laura continued her story as follows:

"When the boys was all men-grown, their father married again and against the boys' will. They didn't like the notion of having a step-mother; and one day when the snow was on the ground and she was sitting by a window sewing, they made snow balls and threw them at the window, that broke the window and scattered particles of glass into her face. Their father was enraged at what they had done. When he had picked the glass out of their step-mother's face, he went out, got him a good-sized club, and with his one arm drove them all off from the place with the club. When the boys needed money, had no home and no one to do anything for them, they got wild and sometimes went on raids of plunder. They were all once bad men, though George has tried to make something out of himself and is a good provider for his family."

Laura told me they had one sister, whose name was Susan I never heard one of them say what the first names of the four Manuel brother's parents were; not one of them ever mentioned or hinted to me that they had ever lived in the State of Vermont, excepting when we lived in the Third street house by the blacksmith shop, I heard Dave there on several occasions say:

"I'm a Vermonter! I'm one o' the Green Mountain boys."

SKETCH 17.

THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE. WAS IT THE VOICE
OF MY MOTHER?

It was a quiet summer day, during or near the year of 1869. I was a small girl, was sitting near the edge of the Napa river bank a short distance below the old house, meditating over former scenes in memory, incidents and occurrences; the picture of the missing David Manuel, Chandler Manuel, My Mother and others who were absent and gone—all came to my mind, wondering if I would ever see them again and what had become of them? I wondered why Laura had told me the picture of the missing David Manuel was that of Harrison, Dave's brother, remembering that I had seen and known the original of the picture as David Manuel. I felt so lonesome and sad; how I longed to be with My Mother!

I resolved to try to learn to do all I could to make myself competent to earn my own living as soon as possible, expecting by so doing to get away where I would no more see Laura, Dave, aunt Lucy and uncle George, hoping to meet some day the absent ones I longed to be with, or to find out what had become of them. I was decidedly of the opinion that uncle George had no right to the watch-chain and ring that had belonged, I thought, to one who had been dear to me; that Laura had no right to the manuscript I thought had belonged to My Mother; that, Aunt Lucy and Uncle George had no right to the black ebony furniture I had seen in their parlor, was my decided opinion. I was not allowed to play with other children, I listened to the sad cooing of the mourning doves in the oaks near by; they sounded as though we were mourning together. Suddenly I was startled, feeling a glad thrill from the sound of a voice, that sounded close by, that spoke my name "Nellie," very distinctly. Thinking some one of the absent ones I longed to be with had come for me, with a glad expectation of finding the one, I sprang to my feet and turned to clasp my arms about them, when to my astonishment there was no person that I could see in any direction. The idea of not meeting the one who had spoken to me was too disappointing to consider then, and anxiously I searched and gazed up and down the river bank to find the one from whom

the voice came, when no one was to be found. Returning to where I heard the voice, I seated myself again to meditate over the strange incident, when I was suddenly startled by hearing my name "Nellie," spoken distinctly the second time—only a little louder. Again I sprang to my feet to look for the one who called me, when I heard my name "Nellie," spoken the third time, that sounded from the water in the river below—a wail that had the sound of distress and grief; at which I shook with grief, burst out crying and sobbing. Some strong influence of the unseen then came and drove me from the river. At this same place during or near the year 1869 I remember of seeing a steamer named "The Old World" clearing the river of snags.

I went home from the river to the old house—the same old house where I missed and lost My Mother—found Laura in the kitchen.

"What's the matter with you now?" she asked.

Knowing that it would not do for me to mention or allude to the absent ones—why(?). I have explained before. The only explanation I gave her was:

"I was on the river bank and heard some one call me, and cried because I couldn't find them."

I noticed and remembered Laura's face when I gave her this answer, that frightened me for the time being. She stared at me with a look of horror—the red all left her face. Then I asked her if she called me?

"No," she said, "that old Dave Manuel will be getting hold of you yet, and you won't live long to trouble anybody if he gets his clutches on you. I think you're hungry and ought to have something to eat. Come and I'll make a cup of tea for us."

While we sat in the kitchen drinking tea and eating cookies Laura told me stories about Indians and places she saw crossing the plains from the East to California. No more mention was made by us of my experience at the river that day, and she kept me away from the river for a while.

SKETCH 18.

WERE THEY SEARCHING FOR ME?

Several times apart I remember women called at the old house when I was a small girl and interviewed Laura in regards

to me. From all that I heard, understood and remember, they appeared to be in search of some child. Some of their questions and answers were so often repeated that some of them during their last interview that I had knowledge of remained in my memory, as follows:

"Whose little girl is this?" one inquired.

"She's my child," Laura promptly replied.

"She does not resemble you, does not resemble your boys. Who does she look like?"

"She looks like her father—she's the picture of her father," said Laura.

"What kind of a looking man is her father?" one asked.

"Oh—he's a short, thick-set man; hair light brown, eyes like her's, features like her's," Laura replied.

"How did she get the scar in her eye-brow?" asked one.

"She fell out of a high-chair when a baby and cut it on an iron kettle," replied Laura.

"Who does she get her kind of hands and feet from?" one asked.

"Her hands are like her father's, He has exceptionally small hands for a man, and small feet," Laura replied.

"How old is she?" one inquired.

"If I was seven years old, Laura would say nine; if I was eight, she would say ten; if I was nine, she would say eleven—that is, according to what they said my age was, and from what I can remember, which if not correct,, could not be far from it.

They never agreed with Laura about my age—I remember. One said:

"What! That child that age? Impossible! She appears in every way to be a child at least two years younger."

"Well, I ought to know her age," Laura responded.

"What is your object in misrepresenting the child's age?" asked one.

"I have doubts of your whole statement," one said.

They both appeared to be angry when they left the old house. I neither knew or guessed during the last interview who they meant, when they said "her father," for I knew no one then as either father or mother.

When Laura described the man she told them was my father, she did not describe her husband, Dave, one of the four brothers, whose face mine did not resemble in the least, who neither had small hands or hands shaped like mine.

SKETCH 19.

During the year of 1869 Laura devised and taught me a story, most of which, I knew then to be false. This she did to deceive me as to my true parents and relatives, what became of them and what had belonged to them. This story she manufactured from what I had told and asked her about missing ones, some, if not all of whose faces were yet in my memory when she told me the story; so I knew that most of this story was untrue; that was as follows:

‘ You was born in Missouri, on the 10th of February, 1861—the same year the war broke out.

The place you remember of going through the mountains with the man and woman, was when you was with Dave and me. You don’t remember George then because he was horse-back, and didn’t ride in the wagon with us.

The places you remember when you was riding with the man and woman, was when we was crossing the plains. You was with Dave and me then—you was little—only a baby.

The place where you thought you fell out of the wagon and felt water running around your ears, was when we was going through Echo Canyon; the wagon nearly tipped over when we was crossing a little stream of water and spilt some of our things in the water. You was wrapped up in some quilts. At first we thought you was drowned; but Dave jumped into the water as quick as he could, and pulled you out; only your head was a little wet. Dave and me got along together until we had children; then our trouble commenced; he hated you because you was a girl—he hates girls. You was more forward than my boys; you could run around and talk plain when you was nine months old, and none of them could talk at that age.

The way you come to get the scar in your eye-brow that people ask about, was when you fell out of a high-chair and cut it on the edge of an iron kettle. You had fits after you fell on the kettle and was delirious for a while. We was afraid you would die and we would lose you. When you come too, you didn’t know

us, and you've had strange and crazy notions in your head ever since. I've tried hard to break you of them and get them out of your head; for by telling such stories to strangers, you're liable to get us into trouble; because they wouldn't know why you told them. I've humored you on account of your getting hurt and you've been hard to raise. You're all the girl I ever had, and I've made a fool of you."

The above is as Laura related it to me, and is a true sample of how she would relate truth mixed with error, to baffle and deceive, which can be seen by the same and other accounts. At a later date, when Laura and I were visiting at the Ritchie home one day—without their knowledge of my being in hearing distance, Laura was telling Mrs. Ritchie that she had never seen a high-chair; that George Manuel had just bought one for Wallie, and she was going up to their house the following day to see it. At her remarks, Mrs. Ritchie laughed heartily.

From the fact that I was at least three years Wallie's senior, this was an acknowledgement from Laura that I could not have been with her when she said the scar in my eye-brow was caused by my falling out of the high-chair and cutting it on an iron kettle. According to knowledge, I was not with Laura when an infant; though the first that I remember of seeing the scar in my left eye-brow was when Laura had me in her care; that was proof of my having been hurt, and no doubt unconscious for a while. Though the scar is not now very noticeable, the bone is indented, showing that it was a dangerous injury, and that I in all probability, required the best of care to prevent my death at the time; this was not all—it does not appear reasonable to me as I knew Laura, that she would, or could have given me this necessary care.

WAS LUCY'S NAME SYLVIA?

It was during or near the year of 1869, when I heard and remembered the following:

Mrs. Ritchie came to the old house early one morning, was having an interview with Laura and her eldest said son George, when I chanced to walk into the kitchen before it was ended and heard Mrs. Ritchie say to George:

"George, I notice you have an S. in your name—George S. Manuel. What does the S. stand for?"

George and Laura both looked and acted confused and perplexed at Mrs. Ritchie's question. George kept his eyes looking downward to the floor, as though at a loss what to say. Laura gathered her presence of mind, came to his rescue and answered for him:

"The S. stands for Squire—George Squire Manuel; said Laura.

At this explanation, Mrs. Ritchie gave one of her peculiar laughs and said:

"George, I think if you will tell the truth, you will say your name is Sylvester, named from your aunt Sylvia."

"We're going to have his name Squire—George Squire, is his name," replied Laura.

WAS THE SAID HIRAM C. MANUEL LUCY'S BROTHER, AND NOT HER BROTHER-IN-LAW?

I do not know the year, though I was a small girl, when the first incident I am about to relate, took place. I did not hear Aunt Lucy speak of any of her brothers-in-law as though interested or she had any liking for them in particular, with but one exception; however, when I saw and heard her speak of Hiram, her voice took on a sound like one glad, the expression of her face being even more noticeable. One incident in particular, I remember, when she called at the old house one evening near dusk and announced in a glad tone of voice and face aglow:

"Laura, I've got good news to tell you! Hiram's at our house—Hiram and his wife both! They're going to live with us now, for a while—and Hiram's going to work on one of the steamers here."

There were other incidents later apart, I remember, when Lucy called at the old house and announced to Laura, with that glad voice and face aglow, that I had previously only noticed when she spoke of Hiram:

"I've been up the Valley on a visit all day, Laura, and have just come from there!"

"Then Laura would send me away from the place on some errand, so they could talk without my hearing what was said.

On one of these occasions I heard Lucy say she had taken May and Wallie with her when up the Valley on a visit. They were all careful and cautious about not letting me hear who they visited up the Valley; would not so much as hint it in my presence.

I was for the most part like a captive;—one in whom my captors took no interest as a relative. It was too apparent to me, that their interests, pleasures and family secrets were apart from mine; like a stinted and objectionable boarder, I was annoyed and grieved at their manners and treatment of me; their actions, the expressions of their faces, a word, an expression, a sentence, dropped now and then, puzzled and caused me to be apprehensive as to what they might mean. I did not get from them I think, what the law would have required, had the truth been known. I found the adults to be mean, unfeeling, deceitful and treacherous with me always to some extent. They were always, ranging to various degrees strange and mysterious acting and talking as I knew them from a small child.

WAS THE SAID AND ALLEGED HIRAM C. MANUEL, ONE
OF THE FOUR SAID MANUEL BROTHERS,
ONE AMOS GRISWOLD?

The year I do not know, though I remember I was a small girl, when one—a stranger to me, called at the old house and had some conversation with Laura about one Amos Griswold, that surprised and attracted my attention to an extent that I remembered some of it to the effect as follows:

The woman notified Laura:

“You spoke about having a brother who came to California in early days, you lost trace of. I believe I’ve found your missing brother. His name was Amos Griswold, was it not?”

“I had a brother that came to California in 1852, by that name,” said Laura.

The woman continued:

“Well, there’s a man by that name now employed on one of the steamers here. The name is odd—for that reason there’s a big chance he’s your missing brother.”

The expression of Laura’s face, her answer, were visibly clear to me that she was not pleased with the news the woman had

brought to her. She asked various questions about the one Amos Griswold, that I do not remember, then said:

"No, he couldn't be my brother. The one you describe wouldn't be my brother. My brother's not that kind of a looking man."

The woman argued:

"Yes, but years in a rough country some times changes a person. Let me arrange a meeting between you—he might prove to be your missing brother after all."

"No, we were told my brother went to the mines, and we believe he died there, because we could get no trace of him after he went to the mines. No, I don't want to meet the man you describe—I'm sure he wouldn't be my brother. My brother was no such a looking man as you tell about," said Laura in a decided voice.

The woman looked surprised and puzzled—abruptly left the house.

SKETCH 20.

THE RUFFIAN DAVE—MISS CHARLOTTE BROWN.

When Dave got their two boys, Louis and Augustus, into his custody, he procured nurses and a home for them with a Mr. and Mrs. Brown, of Napa. They had residing with them a grown girl, Miss Charlotte Brown. Though I was not acquainted with, and never spoke to either of them, I sometimes passed them on the streets of Napa, when I was told who they were, and knew them in this way by sight. Miss Charlotte was said to be the step-daughter of Mrs. Brown, and the daughter of Mr. Brown. Miss Charlotte was young then and wanting for experience and proper advice, apparently, was young enough to be Dave's daughter. She was tall, stately and slim; a face that was of a light brown shade, hair and eyes of the darkest brown shade. When in a passive mood, the expression of her face was rather pleasant, I thought, and did not appear to me to be vicious or criminal—maybe to be pitied, were all the truth known. I was surprised and felt sorry for her when I saw her with Dave, considering the kind of a ruffian he was, and the reputation he must have had in Napa, from the short time I was a resident with him. Dave and Miss

Brown frequently took buggy-rides past and in hearing distance of the old house, where Laura, George and I were then the only occupants. When speaking of Charlotte's said step-mother, Mrs. Brown, Laura spoke of her as "hook-nosed Brown."

Was Love blind(?) or was there money and property to tempt her(?) or was there both? On several occasions, that I remember, while Dave and Miss Brown were riding by the old house in a buggy and Laura was in the yard, Dave shouted to Laura ruffian-like:

"Hello! Hello—Larry! How's the Widder! How's the Widder!"

Miss Brown, apparently, thought Dave cute, and felt proud of her conquest; for at his shouts she broke forth into laughter that terminated into hysterical giggles, as she swayed to and fro twisting her handkerchief between her teeth; that justly, aroused Laura's indignation, who hurried into the house, at the sound of Dave's shouts and her laughter, slamming the door after her. Sometimes they caused Laura to give utterances that would appear out of place in some daily newspapers.

Later, the alleged David and David A. Manuel and Miss Charlotte Brown, both then of Napa, were married. Dave had them a residence built on the vacant lot on Third street, next to his blacksmith shop; where their eldest son, little William—called Willie, was born; also a daughter, Dave named Fannie, the same name as his horse—so I was informed by those who had an opportunity to know more about them at this time, than I did. Miss Charlotte Brown, it appears, had also an S. in her name—Mrs. Charlotte S. Manuel. Dave was allowed more privileges in his blacksmith shop that was located in the best part of Napa City, than any ruffian character I had knowledge of during all my time in Napa City—a place of profanity, and in one instance a place of murder. This is too well known to be disputed, by any and all who will tell the truth;—this is not all—was there no more than one murder committed there?

SKETCH 20.

It was during or near the year of 1869, when Emma Ritchie said to me:

"Say, Nell, I believe you could write a story, if you tried."

"What kind of a story?" said I.

"Oh, any kind, just make up a story and write it," she said. "You write a certain amount of it and I'll help you to correct any mistakes in it. Mother says she believes you could write one if you would try."

Though a small school girl then I could read, write and spell to some extent. I wondered why that Emma and Mrs. Ritchie got the idea that I could compose a story. I had heard Laura telling Mrs. Ritchie about some of her travels and Indians she saw while crossing the plains from the East to California, at which I frequently heard Mrs. Ritchie laugh aloud. Supposing Emma and her mother simply desired some amusement, I concluded to endeavor to be equal to the occasion, and so started a story that I gave the title of "Ella Mansion and the Indians," that probably would have been more appropriately entitled: "Ella Mansion and the Mexicans."

Several days after, Emma inquired: "Nell, have you commenced your story yet?"

"Oh yes. I have written several pages," promptly came my response.

"Good!" almost shouted Emma. "What's the name of it?"

"Ella Mansion and the Indians," I replied, sober-faced.

Emma laughed aloud, giving no explanation for the cause, when she had read what I had written, and encouraged the continuation, by saying:

"Write some more, Nell—you're doing fine. I told you you could write a story if you tried, and this proves it."

Being impressed with the idea that my writings were affording some amusement, I was encouraged to press on, and several days later was sitting on the side steps of the porch at the old house with paper and pencil in hand, absorbed in thought, writing my story, supposing myself to be the only person about the premises, when, alas, however, my eldest said brother George, suddenly hove in sight from around a corner of the house, giving me no chance to conceal paper and pencil.

"Hello, Nellie," he said, "What are you writing?"

"Only practicing," said I, "just seeing if I can make up and write a little story."

George stood smiling, trying to persuade me to tell him what it was about, which information I refused to reveal, saying, "Wait till I write some more, then maybe you can help me out on it."

Not suspecting George of treachery—he made a quick grab, taking all that I had written, placing it in a coat pocket, abruptly walked away without any apology or explanation for his ill-mannered and strange act—not so much as one word—that proved to be the last I saw of it. Thus ended "Ella Mansion and the Indians." After I had explained to Emma how it all happened, she was very indignant, or pretended to be, over the affair, saying:

"Well, wasn't that a mean and queer way for him to act? Now what do you suppose he did that for?"

"I don't know any more about it than you do. I guess he likes to tease me and thought he was doing something cute," said I.

"Well I'll promise you there would be trouble if one of my brothers acted like that with me," said Emma. "Mother was saying the other day, that your mother acted queer about not wanting you to learn anything and go in company like other girls. I'm glad my mother don't act that way with me; but don't mention or even hint to any one about what I've said, will you, Nell? You might get both mother and I into trouble by repeating anything we say about your mother's not treating you right."

"Are you my friends?" I inquired.

"We are trying to be, Nellie," she said, sympathetically.

"Then I will be careful about repeating anything that might cause you trouble," I promised.

Neither of them said any more to me in regards to the unfinished story that George had taken from me, why he took it, or why I did not write another?

WAS "HETTA" OR "THE BROKEN HOME," THE CONTENTS OF THE MYSTERIOUS MANUSCRIPT I LAST SAW WITH LAURA? WAS MRS. RITCHIE AND EMMA AWARE OF IT?

I do not know the year, although I remember that it was after I saw Laura with the mysterious manuscript and after George had deprived me of "Ella Mansion and the Indians," when

(3)

Emma appeared at the old house one day and announced to Laura and I alone:

“‘Say, Mrs. Manuel, I’ve got the ‘New York Ledger;’ the story of ‘Hetta,’ or, ‘The Broken Home,’ is in it, and I thought both you and Nellie would be interested in it. I’ve brought the ‘Ledger’ over for the express purpose of reading it to you and Nellie.”’

So Emma read it to us and continued to bring the ‘New York Ledger’ every week and to read to us the continued story entitled, ‘Hetta,’ or, ‘The Broken Home,’ until concluded; omitting to read any and all other articles in the same paper, keeping each paper in her hands and carrying them away with her. A few days after this story had been concluded, Emma brought other papers containing some short stories that she insisted upon my reading, to which Laura very unwillingly gave her consent. When I had read them, Laura firmly refused Emma the privilege of bringing any more for me to read; her excuse being, that I was too young to read stories.

“Say, Mrs. Manuel,” interposed Emma, “Why don’t you take a town paper, or some other kind of a paper so that Nellie can learn something about what is going on and be like other girls? It don’t cost much.”

“There’s so much scandal in town papers I don’t want her to know about,” said Laura. “I think her school books will be all the reading she is in need of for awhile, at least.”

If Laura was a subscriber for any newspaper during our entire residence in Napa City, I did not know of it. If she read any of the Napa City or County newspapers at home, she concealed the fact from my knowledge. At later dates I would ask her to take a town paper so that I could read it, from which her response came very much the same on each occasion to the effect:

“I don’t have any need of a paper. If I want any news, I can go to Ritchie’s and read their paper. Mrs. Ritchie can tell me most of the town news before the paper comes out in the evening. Lucy finds out what is going on in town. Between the two of them, I get more news than I could read from the town papers. And you don’t need to know about people’s business or what is going on in town. You cause me too much expense and trouble as it is.”

SKETCH 21.

HOW, WHERE AND WHEN, I FIRST MET ISAAC
GRISWOLD

It was at some date that I do not now remember, between the years of 1868 and 1870, when I first met the said Isaac Griswold, the said brother of Laura, Lucy and Mrs. Maria Thompson. The way our meeting came about, was one day near the hour of 10 a. m. Laura and I were alone in the sitting room of the old house, when I was startled by seeing a stranger, a man about six feet tall, broad shouldered, white face and rosy cheeks, open, without knocking, the door of the sitting room that led from the kitchen, as though perfectly at home. He first stood scrutinizing my face, then inquired of Laura:

“Is this Lenore?”

Laura neither said yes or no to this question, but replied: “Her name is Eleanor, but we call her Nellie, because it is a nickname for Eleanor; besides it is an easier name to speak, and we like it better.”

There was then a puzzled expression in the stranger’s face, and he repeated aloud the names Lenore, Eleanor. This was a peculiar circumstance that attracted my attention, though no explanation was ever given me as to why this stranger asked if my name was Lenore. From this time on, Laura taught me that my name was Eleanor; though she and others continued to address me by the name of Nellie, and I became known as Nellie Manuel.

Laura introduced the stranger and I, saying: “Nellie, this is my brother, Isaac Griswold, I have told you about, who has just come from Illinois and is going to make his home in Napa. He is your uncle Isaac.”

The stranger took my hand, saying: “I think we will like each other when we get acquainted.”

Laura explained to her brother Isaac: “She’s been ailing for several days and won’t eat anything. She’s more trouble to raise than all my boys put together. My boys aint particular about what they eat, or how they eat it; but I’ve made a fool of her, because I’ve been afraid I’d lose her.”

“Can you think of anything you can eat?” asked the stranger.

"I am real hungry—hungry for pickles and green onions," I said, and was pleased and surprised when I heard him promptly reply:

"Pickles and green onions you shall have, if I can get them in town."

"No, Isaac," objected Laura, "she's got a weak stomach. I wouldn't think of feeding such stuff to a well person—let alone one that is sick. She don't know what is good for her to eat."

"I think when a sick person craves any particular thing to eat, that it is good for them, and I will go now and see if I can get the pickles and green onions," said Isaac.

True to his promise, Isaac returned with a bottle of pickles and several bunches of green onions, which I very much appreciated. This was not all—Isaac was acting like one who had some friendly interest towards me, and I was hungrier for a real true friend who I could talk to, than all else; some cheerful company to say kind and pleasant words; for I had been loved before I saw Laura. Laura's company was distressing to me when ill. I exclaimed when Isaac placed the pickles and onions on a chair by me:

"Uncle Isaac, how good you are! I like you already. Sit here and share them with me; they will taste so much better with good company."

Uncle Isaac smiled, looked pleasant and replied: I wouldn't mind having some of the onions, if I had some bread and butter to go with them."

Laura brought bread and butter and while we dined from the chair, he told me of his wife Katie and their two little children then in the State of Illinois, who he said he would send for in a short time. Isaac also informed me that he had a sister then living in Aurora, Kane County, Illinois, who had a son and daughter with her, named Germane and Flora. I found Isaac to be congenial company and often thought of the contrast between him and his sisters Laura and Lucy. His wife and children arrived in Napa, where they were guests of the alleged G. W. and Lucy Manuel, for several weeks, at the termination of which they occupied one of their tenement houses, situated in the same block of their residence, that was near the Steamer Landing, at the end of Brown street. Isaac's wife and I became friendly, and I was taught to ad-

dress her as Aunt Katie; to address Isaac, as Uncle Isaac. They were the only family of my said and alleged relatives whom I visited at Napa, after their arrival. Isaac Griswold became known in Napa as a brother of Laura and Lucy Manuel; a brother-in-law of the said and alleged G. W. Manuel; the ex-brother-in-law of his sister Laura's former husband, the said David A. Manuel, and uncle to their children. Isaac Griswold, to the best of my memory, gave me no information about his home in Illinois; did not mention to me the names of his ex-brother-in-laws, Hiram and Harrison Manuel, their wives nor children. There was no mention from him in my presence that I remember, of any of his sisters and brothers, excepting his sisters, namely: Laura Manuel (who was later known as Laura C. Colburn), Lucy Manuel, and Maria Thompson, of Aurora, Kane County, Illinois. The murder committed in the blacksmith shop of his ex-brother-in-law, David Manuel (also known as David A. Manuel), was not mentioned by Isaac in my presence. The same Isaac's family the last I heard of them at Napa, consisted of, namely:

Himself, Isaac Griswold.
 His wife, Katie Griswold.
 Their daughter, Edna Earl Griswold
 Their son, Dewitt Griswold.
 Their daughter, Hattie Griswold.
 Their daughter, Katie Naomi Griswold
 Twins, who died when infants.

SKETCH 22.

Opposite and below the old house along the Napa river bank were overhanging oak and live-oak trees, and an open country to an enclosure called Jack's place; this bank for the most part was high and steep, but there were several cozy nooks that were pleasant places to sit and fish during spring and summer. Opposite the old house was an overhanging live oak tree, to which from two to five skiffs were continuously tied or chained during daytime. On the opposite side of this narrow river that was called Napa creek above the Steamer Landing, were grain fields extending to the foot hills. I often played, fished and ran along the river bank described, where it was caving more or less during the

rainy reasons, where there was danger of children falling in; for this reason I seldom met children there. Laura did not so much as once caution me about falling in, and gave me every chance to get drowned; later, she cautioned her boys Louis and Augustus about falling in the river and sometimes punished them for going to the dangerous part of the bank that I frequented. This was not strange or unreasonable, for she was their natural mother, and therefore had a natural mother's interest in their safety and welfare, whereas she was neither a natural mother or true friend to my health or interests as she wished people to think—a role she was not playing well enough to escape criticism from a few, to my knowledge, who had some chance to observe in these particulars.

It will appear from my accounts and evidence herein when concluded, that during the last half of the '60's, there appeared in Napa City and County, State of California, four men, both represented and representing themselves to be brothers, by the names of David Manuel, George Manuel, Hiram Manuel, Harrison Manuel; That, three of these brothers added initials to their names during the year of 1867, namely: David A. Manuel, Hiram C. Manuel and George W. Manuel: That, these three brothers and wives, accomplices in their plot and conspiracy, all appeared in Napa City by the surname of Manuel, after others by the same surname had disappeared, who were white: That, two of these said and alleged Manuel brothers, namely, David A. Manuel and George W. Manuel, were decidedly not white, were as dark as Mexicans, were aided and protected by them, and were known or thought by some personally acquainted with them, to have been full-blood Mexicans: That, the same David Manuel both represented himself and was represented by some accomplices, to be both David Manuel and David A. Manuel, to Courts and on Court Records; That, this same David Manuel was a pockmarked man when I first saw him in the old house by the Napa river with his wife, who taught me to address them as Dave and Laura, and not to call them father or mother: That, during the '60's, '70's and '80's, the personal identity, whereabouts and resident location of one of these brothers, namely, Hiram C. Manuel, of Sonoma County, State of California, was carefully concealed from my knowledge: That, these four said Manuel brothers and wives of three of them, combined with others from the loss of my parents and their offspring as time

went on, to conceal the true identity of my missing, murdered parents and relatives, who came to California and disappeared: That, they combined to conceal the true ownership of property from me, that had belonged to missing relatives: That, by so doing, they have not only robbed me of parents and relatives I knew, but have so managed affairs with Courts by false testimony and witness, as to rob me of my inheritance from relatives. When a small child, Laura's nature was so repulsive to mine, that sometimes, when I forgot and would be sitting in a corner of the room studying her face, general appearance and stirring up my recollections, suddenly I was brought to a realization of my mistake, by seeing her frown, glare and call out in a sound of voice that forcibly jarred me:

"Nellie, do turn your eyes away! Don't look at me that way—it gives me the creeps! Why don't you go out in the yard and play? It's a better place for you—you stay in the house too much." This I obeyed at once.

Later she would say: "You must stay at home to see that the place ain't ransacked while I'm gone."

Sometimes I would complain of staying there alone, for fear Dave or some one of his aides might be lurking about the place or near vicinity when they learned that Laura left me alone; then she would reply in words to the effect:

"There's no need of your being afraid of that old Dave Manuel. He's been notified to keep out of this yard, he's got no business here now, the Court has decided that, and he's too cowardly to come here without permission, for fear the law might take hold of him. I've warned him that I'll have him put behind the bars if he attempts to come into this yard without my permission or an order from the Court; and the old scoundrel's too cowardly to attempt it now. So you've got no cause to be afraid to stay here alone and look after things till I come back. I won't stay away after sun-down, and I may be back earlier."

Laura warned me a number of times to the effect:

"When you're off by yourself where there's no houses or people near, you'd better be on the look-out to let no one get near enough to get hold of you, and you'll do well to look out for strangers; for old Dave Manuel or some man he'll have hired, is liable to be prowling around or hid somewhere watching for a

chance to nab you, if they see they can do it without their being caught or suspected. If they didn't kill you, you'd be better off dead than to fall into their hands; and as bad as that old Dave Manuel is, he's upheld by a gang who makes it hard to prove anything against him in the Courts."

Having a horror of Dave, I was generally alert and practiced running on the open commons in the southerly end of town to prepare myself to more readily effect an escape when I saw a stranger or any doubtful approaching in my direction when off alone where there was no protection. However, during all our time of residence in the old house by the Napa river, after James Ritchie drove Dave away from our neighborhood with a revolver, I have no recollection of having seen or heard of his being near the same house or in the southerly end of town, excepting when he drove by in a buggy accompanied by Charlotte Brown, to whom he was married soon after. It will appear that these four said Manuel brothers and wives of three of them, with their offspring and other accomplices, have been for years and are yet carrying on a conspiracy that had for its foundation, murders—not murders in any right cause, in self defense, provocation or necessity. As appears, they preferred plunder as their occupation. Two of these four brothers wanted white women for wives, got them—a violation of the laws of nature to begin with. Expecting their offspring to turn out extraordinary, giving them opportunities that were entirely denied to myself, they found them to be inferior in form, features and intelligence to both parents, and I know that both Lucy and Laura often shed tears over their mistakes in marrying out of the white race. Their children were naturely sloven, indolent and selfish towards their mothers—their best friends, who enslaved themselves waiting on them and trying to bring them up to the standard of average white children. There are brown and black bear, both distinctly bear. They roam and live in the woods together, in the same climate, under same conditions, yet there is no trouble among them because of color, for each chooses mates of their own color. Other animals and birds do likewise. How about the human form? I have seen no improvement in the offspring of the brown and white races of human form, and both brown and white parents are most invariably disappointed with their offspring. Why not brown and white races be equal to the

animals in these respects? Why be unreasonable, immoral and persecuting to each other, you of human form, because you are brown, white or black? Each can improve their own kind without treachery and bloodshed, if you will try. Their plot began no later than 1865, as will be seen, has continued and is yet going on; by which the lives and property of other people are endangered. I have been misrepresented by them in Courts and on Court Records by false witness and my life continuously in jeopardy from them and their accomplices. This alleged David and David A. Manuel, of the four, with his wife Laura, have falsely claimed me to be theirs; to conceal the true identity of my parents and relatives, to dispose of me and rob me out of my inheritance, as will appear, from missing relatives, who have been missing since I knew them.

Laura, as will appear, had designs of her own individual interests apart from other members of her gang in retaining me with her, and prevented her ex-husband the alleged David Manuel, one of the four, from getting me into his custody, with a view to disposing of me herself, to retain or get into her possession land, that I was the true heir to.

It is not reasonable to suppose what many can be witness to, that I, a fair complexioned white child, could have been the natural daughter of the said and alleged David Manuel, one of the four, who had a skin as colored as most American Indians, with hair and whiskers as black as an Indian, with features and characteristics the reverse of mine, who never did treat me like his own children, never made me a present, or contributed anything towards my support and threatened to kill me, meaning what he said, that such a man as this could have been my natural father? More—I had neither form, features or characteristics like his wife, Laura C., and did not resemble any of their children.

Several times, I remember, Laura informed me during the years of 1868-1870, that she had been attending Court, trying to get a divorce from Dave; sometimes she would tell me she had spent the day with Lucy; sometimes she omitted all mention as to where she had been, what doing, or whom she met. I was too prudent and cautious to inquire; her actions and facial expressions on some of these occasions being signals of danger; though I never noticed any indications of either she or the other said

Manuels I knew, being under the influence of intoxicating drinks or drugs. They were, to my observation, temperate to the extreme, in these matters.

An out-of-door life was mine during summer school vacation days and for the most part a solitary one, along the river bank or among the tall corn, trees, bushes, vegetation tame and wild, in search of beetles, insects, leaves etc., which I gathered to pass the time and amuse myself with, in the yard surrounding the old house. I found after vigilant watching when Laura was absent from home, that the verdure in the yard obstructed my view to such an extent that I could not determine with any definite certainty from the house or yard, as to whether or not any person came in the front or back gateways, or climbed over the fence; with no mention of the fact to Laura; sought and found a vantage place in a corner of the back part of the yard, farthest from the house, where I could climb the cross-board fence and make my escape in case of danger; here, also some of my time was spent in needle work and meditating about scenes and recollections of some persons I remembered and missed, whose loss brought tears to my eyes. Laura tried to persuade me there was no danger of Dave's entering the yard; yet when I thought of the kind of person he was, I did not see how she could be so positive on this point of view, and came to the conclusion that my chances for escape would be better from the yard than the house. We had very few callers, and it was a rare case that any person called to disturb or relieve my solitude. Fearing to disobey Laura's orders about being careful that no one came during her absence and "ransacked the place," I did by spells, become venturesome and uncautious enough to search the yard and house once, sometimes oftener, a day, to see if anything was missing or disturbed by some invader who could, without difficulty, have entered unobserved by me, no matter how faithful my efforts in this particular might have been. It was on some of these occasions that I met with some wonderful, mysterious warnings and experiences, which proved to me that I had some invisible friend or friends, who at times, by warnings, prevented my being murdered when small, helpless and defenseless, when young and ignorant to the awful designs of a murderous conspiracy that I was ignorant of. Being naturally healthy, cheerful, busy, disposed to try to make the best of my chances and

dispel gloomy thought, I did sometimes almost fancy myself free from danger like other girls appeared to be, and was venturesome for one of my circumstances. Laura diligently saw to it that I was given no opportunity to learn of plots of crime and their causes; therefore, I was more ignorant on these subjects than average girls of my age, and did often ask myself the question: "What have I ever done to cause Dave or any other person to desire my death to the extent that they should be continuously seeking a chance to accomplish my murder?" The most that I had heard Dave say as to why, was when he said to Laura soon after the mysterious murder was accomplished in his blacksmith shop in 1867, to the effect:

"Larry, you'd better let me take Nellie and dispose of her, so she can't cause us any more trouble. I think you're makin' a mistake by keepin' 'er and you'll regret it some day if you don't let me git rid of 'er. She's liable to git us all into trouble yet."

I often thought of these expressions and would like to have known all that Dave meant by them, for I did not observe that I was any more expense or trouble to take care of than their boys. I will relate an experience that took place in the year of 1869 or 1870—I do not now remember the year exact:

It was after 12 p. m., on a quiet summer day, when I went from my vantage place in a corner of the yard to see if anything had been disturbed in the house; saw that the front door was wide open as I had left it, and without fear or apprehension of danger from within, having no thoughts of it, I ran boldly, uncautiously up the front steps and fell sprawling, face downward to the porch, from which I sustained no injury to speak of, though the cause I could not account for, being exceptionally sure and fleet-footed—I did not stumble—my feet for an instant did not move—I felt no touch—it was no less than a mysterious fall. However, it was a preventative of my dashing full speed into the house. Soon rising to my feet I walked across the porch to the door instead of running across it as I had often previously done without falling or stumbling. When in the act of stepping into the room, instantly, I was seized with a fear that caused me to stop as abruptly as though I had come against a wall, and I felt the presence of some power invisible to my eyes, by whose influence in a flash of time, I understood that I was in danger from some individual hidden

in the house, with murderous intent; who was in anticipation of my arrival therein; that my chance for escape was to retreat with all speed possible to my vantage place in the yard, climb the fence with no delay, flee from the premises and conceal myself for the time being. Instantly I turned, crossed the porch, went down the steps, through the yard with the ease of one floating through air, all performed in silence—yet feeling no touch—from the time I reached the door of the house until I climbed the fence and ran away as directed to a place of concealment, where I sat and wondered in meditation, feeling comforted; believing I had one, if not more friends, though invisible to my eyes, who had accomplished my warning and rescue from murderous hands within the house. The fear and dread of returning to the house had left me by the time Laura's arrival was expected. When I saw her turn the last corner near home, I was on time to meet her from the opposite direction, when she came through the front gateway, when she greeted me with the question:

“Nellie, has anyone been here today since I've been away?”

My response came promptly without a tremor of voice:

“I've seen no one here today.”

We walked together to the side door of the sitting-room that was in some previous time the front entrance to the same old house when it faced an oak grove, where now stood houses and fences. As Laura was about to step into the front room, being in the lead, she suddenly stepped back with startled eyes and her face had turned ghastly. She stood silent for a moment or so, when we heard the sound of footsteps on the front steps and porch coming towards us, that proved to be those of Emma Ritchie, greeting Laura with the request:

“Say, Mrs. Manuel, won't you let Nellie go home with me, take supper at our house and stay all night? The folks are going out to spend the evening. Someone's got to stay there. Nellie could be company for me while they are gone.”

The startled expression then went from Laura's eyes, and the red returned to her face, accompanied by a voice expressive of gladness, as she answered unhesitatingly:

“Yes, Emma, she can go with you. Come in a minute, till she's ready to start.”

Being pleased with the invitation, I very soon accompanied her home, where we spent an enjoyable evening together, and she came home with me about 9 o'clock in the morning. Not a word of mention came from Laura to me of what caused her face to blanch, her eyes to look so startled, where or how she spent her evening and night during my absence from home, I did not inquire. Several other times at intervals apart, I was unexpectedly shocked with fear, by which I instantly understood there was danger of some kind awaiting me in the house, and immediately took my departure from the premises. Fifteen years or more had elapsed before the thought dawned upon me to reveal these wonderful warnings and rescues by the supernatural—mercies and kindness shown to a little wronged, helpless, defenseless, broken-hearted—in truth— orphan girl, though ingratitude was not the cause. The reason was, all thought of revealing them was taken from me by a power wiser and stronger than myself, who was friend or friends unseen by natural eyes.

SKETCH 23.

This SKETCH will be miscellaneous items, illustrations of facts, to show when linked with other SKETCHES and SCENES, how the true identity of my father, mother and other relatives was concealed by Laura and others; that Laura was a secret enemy to my rights and interests; that by false excuses she premeditatedly schemed with others to conceal and to prevent my developing the gift to some degree that nature had given me from birth—vocal and instrumental music, as well as other attainments whereby I could have been self-supporting and free from Laura and other alleged relatives I knew.

I did not discover for a certainty, where, when and how the acquaintance of Dave and Laura came about with Mrs. Ritchie and family, of which I heard no mention; yet it was a foregone conclusion with me that Mrs. Ritchie was no other than the woman Dave talked to on the door steps having the peculiar laugh, who disputed Dave when he told her I was his "little gal." Scene 15.

Altogether, there were quite a number of times throughout our occupancy of the old house by the Napa river when both Mrs.

Ritchie and her daughter Emma called and requested of Laura my presence at their home over night, to which Laura readily gave her consent; however, the strangeness of these incidents were, that they were the only persons with whom Laura would consent to my remaining over night without her being present, which appears as though Mrs. Ritchie was her confident and trusted friend in this matter. I also recall several incidents of my accompanying Emma Ritchie out of Napa County after the year of 1867, while a very small girl; the strangeness in these cases being, that all allusion to these facts or the names of these places ceased altogether to be mentioned by them in my presence; as though they had some object in concealing them.

Mrs. Ritchie and Emma were among the first to advertise me in Napa City as the daughter of Laura and the only sister to her boys. The way this was brought about, was by their alluding to Laura as my mother, and her boys as my brothers; also by my being taught to address the alleged G. W. Manuel and wife as uncle and aunt and to speak of their children as my cousins; by addressing and speaking of Laura and Lucy's brother, Isaac Griswold, his wife, his children, as uncle, aunt and cousins; thus acknowledging and advertising them to be my relatives.

After the Court gave Dave his two boys, Louis and Augustus, he no longer permitted them to address him as Dave, and taught them to address him as Pa-Pa; yet they continued to address their mother as Laura, during our time in Napa. After we left Napa, Laura taught her children to address her as Ma. I continued to address her as Laura, and never at any time did she ask or as much as hint that it was her desire for me to address her as mother, or in any word to that effect. Her eldest said son George continued also to address her as Laura, when I was present.

By order of the Court, Louis and Augustus were permitted to visit us frequently in daytime, when on many occasions, after due cautioning about seeing to it that they did not fall into the river, Laura trusted them in my care for rambles down the river and sometimes we went fishing. The boys appeared to think as much of me as they would a sister, and there was all to indicate then that they had been taught and believed me to be their sister; I being the only girl in the family of Dave and Laura from the first to the last, while a resident with them, the only one said

to be the full sister of said George, Louis and Augustus Manuel; both in Napa and other places in the State of California, while I was with them.

Every now and then Emma Ritchie did inquire of me:

"Say, Nell, why don't you call your mother, Mother? It sounds disrespectful to hear children address their mother by her given name, and there is George, Louis and Gus, they too, call her Laura. People think it strange, and make remarks about it. You ought to all turn over a new leaf and call her Mother; so people won't say you treat your mother with disrespect."

My final explanation to these questions was in brief:

"Emma, Laura does not wish me to call her mother, and would not allow me to. She says it would make her feel too old, to hear George and I calling her Mother."

"Well—if that aint the queerest thing I ever heard of! Nell, you must be lying to me. It don't sound reasonable!" Emma exclaimed.

I responded: "Emma, I'll tell you what to do, to satisfy yourself whether I am telling you the truth or not. You ask Laura if she would like to have me call her mother, when I am present. I would like to hear her reply."

"It's a go, Nell, I'll do as you say. She must be a queer woman," said Emma.

At the first opportunity when we three were present, Emma inquired of Laura: "Say, Mrs. Manuel, why don't you have your children call you Mother? It sounds queer to hear them all calling you Laura. If Nellie would call you Mother, I don't think you'd have any trouble to get Louis and Gus to say Mother. You know there's considerable difference between the ages of George and Nellie; George is older than me. It sounds disrespectful to hear your children calling you Laura, now don't it, Mrs. Manuel?"

Laura's face flushed, she appeared confused and hesitatingly answered: "No, Emma, I would rather Nellie would call me Laura; it would make me feel too old to hear Nellie calling me Mother. When George and Nellie was small, Dave and me taught them to call us by our given names, because it would make us feel too old to hear them saying Mother and Father, and Louis and Gus learned it from George and Nellie."

Laura was not liberal with me at any time, when and where it was not absolutely necessary to carry out and to cover plot and conspiracy to evade law and detection—to use some of their phrases: “To satisfy the public; to prevent there being too many questions asked.” If Laura was at any time liberally disposed aside from her own children, her sister Lucy and family, her brother Isaac Griswold and family, I saw no indications of it throughout our residence in Napa City—she concealed the fact from me, excepting the Ritchie family. She was, to my observation, liberal with them. Whatever the cause or reason for her so being with the latter, was more than I was aware of. I simply mention this particular to illustrate my case—for it is a case of mystery; not that I was in the least displeased with any and all Laura gave and loaned them that I was aware of, they were our most intimate neighbors, our most frequent callers and visitors, our only continuous friends in Napa City from the year of 1858. Emma Ritchie was the only girl with whom Laura permitted my exchanging calls and visit with, or going out of the county with continuously that I remember, during our entire time together in the County of Napa; thus noticeable and questionable, however it came about.

Nature endowed me with love of music, strong lungs and a voice fit to be developed into a singer of some degree. My memory has retained from a little child when less than three and a half years old, some fragments of incidents when I was with some man—a musician, who stood me on a table to sing for him with the accompaniment of his violin, the little song entitled: “There is a Happy Land.” He might have been my father. These incidents are disconnected in memory with other occurrences, yet they are evidence with other reasons that from my birth I possessed natural requirements necessary to develop into a vocal and instrumental musician. Music was charming and life vacant and incomplete to me without it. Of all accomplishments, my first most ardent desire was to practice and learn to read both vocal and instrumental music, the harp being my favorite of any single instrument to accompany the voice. I relate these facts to illustrate my case. Every little while from a small girl I coaxed and tried my best to persuade Laura to let me take music lessons, whose usual response was to the sum:

"I'm too poor now to pay for your music lessons, I expect to have some more money before long, then maybe I will have enough to pay for them; but I can't afford it now."

While I was a small girl, she put me off in this way, making it appear that she was willing that I should have the lessons, poverty being her excuse. Continuing at school, I there learned from scholars white, colored races of various mixtures, some of wealth, some of moderate wealth and some whose parents earned their living by days' labor, who possessed neither house or lot they could call their own, all interested to some extent to have their children learn what they could about music, many of whom could never be singers, had no love for instrumental music and complained because they were compelled to practice their music lessons; whereas, I could have learned to play most any kind of a musical instrument without a teacher, though I was ignorant to the fact then. I learned also that some young people, some older and younger than myself, sang in concerts and musical entertainments and received recompense for the same; that some young men and women earned their living by teaching both instrumental and vocal music. I contrasted the vast difference of most natural parents with their children with the kind of a person Laura was to me, how different aunts and uncles treated their nephews and nieces to what my alleged Manuel relatives were to me, began to realize and to regret more and more that I had been so unfortunate as to have met them. Nevertheless, I was determined and persevering, saw possibilities that with any kind of a fair chance to become acquainted with certain people of wealth and influence, they would, very probably, help me out of my difficulties, so that I could earn the necessary wherewith to pay for my music lessons until I could travel and earn my own living by music; then I could get clear of Laura and her gang, was my delightful contemplation. Seeing that others of less natural musical degree, had done so well as to become teachers of music, I thought surely there ought to be some kind of a chance for me, if I persevered. How I did wish that Laura would allow me to have acquaintances and friends—only good enough to allow me some of the privileges so commonly extended to other girls of both wealthy and poverty-poor parents! Laura taught me nothing at home that would aid my personal advancement in knowledge or in the

most ordinary duties of civilized life. She did not permit me to visit with any person or family who kept any kind of a musical instrument in their home and would not under any circumstance rent or buy one of any description for me. I asked Laura to let me take several piano lessons on trial, my secret object being to let some musician of influence hear and give his opinion of what I might be capable of, thinking his influence might aid me.

"No, I can't afford it now, though I may be able to in a short time," came her usual response.

I learned more and more that Laura obtained money somehow or somewhere to spend on herself and boys, while I was held like a stinted boarder and night lodger in the home. I could not feel resigned to give up the music lessons, and the idea dawned to my mind, if I could learn to do some kind of work I might earn the money to pay for the music lessons without lingering for Laura to furnish the money; so with the music lessons in view, I tried persuading her to allow Emma Ritchie to teach me how to do general housework, cooking, etc., thinking I might earn some money during school vacations, that Laura had hitherto compelled me for the most part to while away in solitude; so I began in a manner as follows:

"Laura," said I, "just think how Emma Ritchie helps her mother. Won't you let me help you? I think I am stout and old enough to cook and do the housework for us—it would make it easier for you and you would have more time to go visiting and calling. I think Emma will show me, so that I can learn without your being bothered to teach me."

Laura really looked startled at this request, gave her answer decisive and to the point: "Why! What has struck you now—all of a sudden? There's only three of us, George don't eat here when I'm away, you live on cookies and fruit most of the time when I'm gone—there aint much cooking to be done. You live out of doors and don't dirty the house up when I'm away, and what little house work there's to be done, I prefer to do it myself. I don't need your help and won't tolerate your musing and slopping around the house learning to cook. You can learn when you're older."

I held private consultation with Emma on the subject of cooking. She volunteered to teach me to cook and to intercede

with Laura on the subject for me. Some of their conversation in brief will give a more correct idea as to what Laura was and how she was with me on the subject of learning how to do any kind of work, than I could describe, showing plot, design and false representation with other accounts.

Emma said to Laura: "Say, Mrs. Manuel, why don't you let Nellie do the housework? It would make it easier for you. I'll teach her to cook if you will let her come over to our house when I'm cooking."

"No, Emma, she'll stay in doors too much if I allow her to do housework and learn to cook. I've had a hard time to raise that girl—I must keep her out of doors in open air till she's stronger," came Laura's deceitful and designing response, giving Emma a meaning glance, that I guessed was to give the impression that I was somewhat inclined to insanity, from other gestures and remarks I had on previous occasions heard and seen.

Emma looked puzzled and doubtful at Laura, as though at a loss to guess her meaning, why she objected to my doing cooking and housework, replied:

"Why, Mrs. Manuel, I meant it for Nellie's good. She said she would like to learn, and I'm willing to teach her with your consent."

"No, Emma, I don't want her to learn," came Laura's usual response.

A few days later I chanced to meet a girl near my size who informed me that she was then on her way to the home of Mrs. Bush, late of San Francisco, a teacher of needle work, crocheting, tatting, etc.

"I am taking lessons of her," she said, "why don't you get your mother to let you take lessons? It don't cost much—only twenty-five cents a lesson."

This put another idea into my head as to how I might earn some money to pay for music lessons. I went home and resumed my effort to get Laura interested in fancy work and asked her for twenty-five cents to pay for one lesson in tatting. "Only one lesson," I pleaded, "only twenty-five cents."

"I can't afford the money now," she said, "I'm tired of your asking for money to learn something. You go to school, you

have your school books—I'd think they ought to be enough for you for awhile, at least."

A few days after this incident found me standing on the river bank in front of the old house where the boats were tied, wondering why I could not find out who the boats belonged to, when I observed a Mrs. Wheeling, a near neighbor of ours, standing at her back gate beckoning to me. I contrived to slip around to her back gate without Laura's observation and was invited into her house. Mrs. Wheeling was kind and motherly-like to me, one whom I could have loved and respected as a mother. When we were seated, we had a friendly interview and took a liking to each other. She kindly explained to me the danger of walking and running too near the river bank—she sounded like a real mother.

"It must worry your mother," she said.

"I have no reason to think my going to the river bank ever worries her in the least, about falling in," said I. "She has never once mentioned the subject to me that I remember, and I feel quite sure I would remember it if she had."

"There is danger of your getting drowned—it is a dangerous bank and river," she said, "it worries me and it worries others, to see you there alone so often."

After explaining to her that I understood the danger of the river bank and would be very cautious when I went there—noticing a neat-looking tidy trimmed with tatting made from wrapping cord, I said to her:

"How pretty that tatting looks on the tidy. How glad I would feel if I could make tatting like that. All in the room looks so neat, home-like and cheerful, it is no wonder to me that you like home."

Then kind Mrs. Wheeling volunteered to teach me, giving me a lesson before I left her house. After three lessons and some practice, I succeeded in making the kind of tatting she taught me. This was all done without Laura's knowledge, and we agreed to keep the fact a secret for the time being.

Laura was opposed to my learning to sew or to do most anything by which I might earn money, particularly anything that I liked to do or had natural ability for. She could not prevent my singing at school with other scholars, though she saw to it that I was prohibited from singing or performing at school

exhibitions where or in any manner that I or my voice could attract any attention from the audience or visitors who chanced to be present. I wrote compositions at school, but to attempt to write any kind of a story or composition at home, was out of the line of Laura's allowances so far as I was concerned. I never knew or heard of any one of her children from the first to last attempting to write any, or say they had any desire to. Through the influence and persuasion of Mrs. Ritchie and Emma, Laura consented to my practicing to make button-holes and sewing quilt-blocks together.

"Mrs. Ritchie," I said one day, "why do you suppose Laura allows me to attend school?"

At this question Mrs. Ritchie broke out into one of her peculiar laughs, replying: "Because she is compelled to—that's why."

Laura forbade me visiting or calling on girls with whom I became acquainted at school and forbade my inviting them to call or to visit at our home, saying:

"Lucy associates with the shoddy aristocracy of the town and I don't want their company and I can't afford to entertain them. They only come to see what I've got in the house, what I've got to eat, then go away and talk about it."

SKETCH 24.

MYSTERIOUS AND EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCES.

There is an enclosure called Jack's place pleasantly located on an L-formed wind of the Napa river called Jack's bend, at a southerly termination of Napa City, Napa County, California. This place during the '60's had no other enclosure near it, and the whole presented an appearance that was pleasing. This yard contained a vegetable garden, small vineyard, orchard and decorations; a white, one-story house, that stood at its north end about twenty-five feet from a high steep bank of the river, that was fringed in a long line with a variety of wild trees intermingled with bushes and foliage that covered the side of the steep bank, meeting the tule at the water's edge; along this line of trees and bushes was a foot-path leading to the back door of the house. The river served for a fence on one side and the south end of this

place; the north end and the other side was enclosed by a high, sharp, unpainted picket fence to the edge of the south bank where a short cross-board fence was joined to keep out cattle at low tide.

A little scene, some of which is yet vivid in memory, is my first recollection of Jack's place, that occurred at some date during the first part of the '60's; before I remember of meeting the couple who taught me to address them by the names, Laura and Dave. The walkways at the front and sides of this house then were profusely lined with a variety of flowers. A concourse of people was in the yard by the house talking of the beauty and fragrance of the flowers and admiring the place in general.

WAS SHE MY MOTHER?

During this occasion I was walking in this flower garden with a woman who was leading and amusing me with the flowers; for I was a little child then. Although her face and the certainty of her identity has since gone from my memory, there remains an impression of her during this scene—a something I cannot explain, that causes me to think that she was no other than the person I have named herein My Mother, who disappeared from the old house by the Napa river, that was situated about half a mile north of Jack's place, though not so near the river.

At some date near the early '70's, this Jacks family vacated their home on the bend and occupied a new residence on Grant Avenue, near the residence of my alleged uncle and aunt, Mr. G. W. and Lucy Manuel. Their place at the bend soon became occupied by a family who were acquaintances of the Ritchie family. One evening at sunset, Emma Ritchie invited me to accompany her to Jack's place on the bend, saying she wished to see a friend there, who was going to move away the day following; so to the bend we went. A young lady in her twenties met and greeted us at the front door, invited us into the parlor, where she and Emma had a social chat for about twenty minutes, I being for the most part a silent listener, when some conversation took place to the effect:

Said Emma to her friend: "I don't see why you want to move away?"

"We are suited with the place—all but for one thing; we cannot use the dining room," said the lady.

"What is the matter with the dining room?" Emma inquired.

"There is something about it—we cannot explain, or account for," said the lady. "We feel a queer sensation when we go into the dining room. At first, we felt it very little; but the strange sensation kept growing stronger each time we entered, until we could not use the dining room at all. We talked the matter over and concluded that the sooner we could vacate the place, the better, and we are going to move all out of the house tomorrow."

"Is this the positive truth?" Emma asked, her trembling voice and wild eyes betraying her fear, at the surprising news.

"It is the truth," her friend replied.

I had begun to feel very uncomfortable at the announcement, wondering what it could be in the dining room—at the same time noting the expression of Emma's face—that seemed to say: I wonder if there is any danger of "the queer sensation" getting into the parlor? As though to get out of the house as easily as possible without alarming her friend, Emma turned to me and announced:

"Say, Nell, it is getting dark already. I'm afraid to cross the commons after dark with just you alone, and we had better be going before it gets any darker." To her friend she said:

"I'll be down tomorrow and see you before you go away."

After a few sentences, we bade the young lady good-evening and hastened away—in fact, we ran most of the way home. My curiosity was very much aroused to know more about the cause of the "queer sensation" in the dining room, often wondering about it afterwards; and, strange to relate, the thought of mentioning the subject had no place in my thoughts, for years to come. I think the same was true with Emma, for she never mentioned or alluded to the same subject, that I ever heard of, not even to me. This was the first and last I remember of seeing any part of the interior of this house.

Tenants came and went from Jack's place on the bend. When the house had all appearance of being vacant, the one and only gate at the front of the house was securely fastened with a chain and lock. Every now and then during my practice of running, when a small girl, I went to take a look at this place, gazing

through the high picket fence at the wild trees and bushes that grew along the high bank at the opposite side of the yard; they were fascinating to me, for I did like to explore the river bank. At times when the whole place had every appearance of being vacated, my mind was fully made up to climb over the short cross-board fence at a south corner of the yard, that was over the water at high tide, and the farthest distance in the yard from the house, cross the yard at the south end and explore the high bank where the trees were, when, suddenly, I thought of the "queer sensations" in the dining room of the house, that Emma's friend had told us of, and impulsively deserted the premises at once. Twice a little later, I ventured a few steps into the yard at the far corner described, when, impulsively, I reclimbed the short fence and ran away from the place as before. My final venture in Jack's yard proved to be a strange and extraordinary experience, that was as follows:

It was on a quiet Sunday, summer day, I think during the year of 1871, when I chanced to take a solitary stroll—that is, solitary so far as I was aware—to the far corner of Jack's yard, where the bank was low and void of bushes and wild trees; where a clear view could be had, there being only a thin line of tule at the water line at high tide. A tannery and some buildings appertaining to it, was then near by, where quite a number of persons were employed, was silent and apparently deserted, this day being Sunday. The long block at the side of Jack's yard, was at this time fenced, containing two or more houses at its north end.

There was some excellent looking fruit in the Jacks orchard, nevertheless, I had not been susceptible to its temptation until this day; for we had no doubt as good, and some perhaps better, in our yard surrounding the old house. It had been some little time since I viewed this place, the house at the upper end that was once white, looked weather-beaten, unoccupied and forbidding; the wild vegetation had grown up in the orchard, that I observed appeared unbroken, undisturbed, and the whole place appeared altogether forsaken and uncared for. I was some older at this date and thought myself stronger than when I last ventured into this yard.

About equal distance of the south end of the yard and several feet from a low, steep part of the river bank, in a cozy little

spot, stood a June apple tree, loaded with fruit, presenting a scene beautiful to behold and tempting to the extreme. Impulsively, I climbed the short cross-board fence and was soon gathering fruit from the tree, then seated myself on the ground underneath with back turned towards the house and face towards the river. I had only enjoyed the delicious June apples a few minutes, when a wonderful surprise greeted my ears. "Nellie!" sounded a voice I had heard when a little child that gave me a glad thrill. Quickly rising to my feet, I hastened and looked over the bank expecting to see and meet the person who spoke my name; but to my astonishment, no visible person was in view of my gaze in any direction, and there was no place where they could cenceal themselves along this bank or in the near vicinity. I stood wondering where the voice came from, when suddenly an awful fright seized me, as though some one was about to kill me; then came like a flash, an impression from some invisible power and influence not made known to me, that some dangerous individual was approaching in my direction in search of me. From this impression I was caused to understand that I had no time to lose and to effect an escape, must reclimb the cross-board fence and run as rapidly as possible to the open commons that was between this yard and the block where the old house of our residence was situated. For about a minute's time the fright I had experienced was so weakening, that I could not move or speak, immediately after which, I felt free and stronger than before. Heeding the warning, I ran—how rapidly, I do not know. I was climbing the cross-board fence, from the top of which I leaped over an inlet of water to the ground; a feat I had not accomplished before, or would not thought of attempting. I had no more than touched the ground than I regained the use of my feet and was running at first, when came my wonderful experience. I was being rapidly conveyed through the air near the ground, though I felt no touch, saw no apparition. When I came to the center of the commons I stood on the ground and took a searching view in all directions, wondering how it had all been accompliced and by whom? I wondered where the voice came from that spoke to me and who the individual was, that was in search of me? Not a person was visible to my eyes anywhere. Soon regaining my usual composure, I walked home undisturbed, meditating. Another strange feature

of the occurrence was, that all thought of revealing this extraordinary experience, did not once occur to my mind—not for years to come. Thus ended my adventures at Jack's place to the present date.

SKETCH 25.

A CONTINUATION OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS ALONG THE LINES OF MYSTERY AND CONSPIRACY— ALL TRUE, AS I RELATE THEM.

Napa City, is situated in the beautiful Napa Valley, along the Napa river, that was for the most part during my time there, built on one side of the river. At the upper part of town, on the opposite side of the river, on the County road going towards the cemetery, was a settlement of people of the dark shade and black-complexioned variety, known as Mexicans, Indians, some intermingled, who called themselves Spanish, from which the place derived the name of Spanish Town. Many of these people very much resemble my alleged uncle, the alleged George W. Manuel and his brother Dave, in facial color, features and expression. The climate of Napa Valley is moderate and contained many orchards and vineyards of excellent fruit, both in and out of the town of Napa. At the foot of Brown Street is the Steamer Landing, near and south of which is a long, three-cornered block, next to the river bank, that I was taught was owned by my alleged uncle, George W. Manuel, where the bank is high and steep to the water's edge; there being a roadway between this bank and the same block. At a southerly corner of this block facing Grant Avenue, was the residence of the alleged G. W. Manuel and family, that was their residence from the first to the last that I knew them while in Napa City. This extensive block was later filled with houses and lots, all said to be sold or owned by Mr. G. W. Manuel; that amounted to a fortune within itself. Some of the families that I knew by sight during my time in Napa, occupying tenement houses on this block, were, namely: Capt Wines and family; a Mr. Shaffer and family; a Mrs. Parker and family; Isaac Griswold and family, and others I did not know.

A large brick building was next to the steamer landing, where later, Laura, Lucy and others said that G. W. Manuel was engaged with a Mr. Ellis in the warehouse business. Mr. Ellis very much resembled Mr. G. W. Manuel in size, form, facial

features, expression and color—enough, in fact, to have been his brother, though I never once heard it said, or so much as hinted, that they were any near relation. This Mr. Ellis was a brother-in-law to Dr. Pond, of Napa City, who controlled or owned a drug store on Main Street, Napa, where George S., Laura's eldest son, was employed. A building on Main Street, Napa, where wagon wheels were for a while made or repaired in the name of G. W. Manuel, a residence that stood on one or two lots, on a corner of Fourteenth and Castro streets, Oakland, Alameda County, comprised all the land and houses in the State of California, that I heard any mention or hint of, that was said to belong to the same G. W. Manuel, his wife or children, until the year of 1900.

I had learned to make the tatting with thread as well as with wrapping cord that Mrs. Wheeling taught me, and one day chanced to meet Emma Ritchie on a street by the block where we resided, when I announced:

"Emma, I have actually learned to do something—strange as it may sound to your ears."

"Why—Nell! You don't mean to tell me!" almost shouted Emma, "What is it?"

"Yes, Emma, it is true; here is a sample of my work."

"Well—goodness gracious, Nell, whoever taught you to make tatting?" came her inquiry.

"Our good neighbor, Mrs. Wheeling, taught me," I said, then I explained how it came about.

"You need a shuttle to wind your thread on, Nell," said Emma, "Why don't you get your mother to buy you one? They don't cost more than ten cents; you could get along much faster. I wouldn't have the patience to make it, myself."

She don't know I can make it. You know she is not in favor of my learning, and I am afraid she won't buy it for me," I explained.

I'll go with you to her and I think between the two of us—if we stay with it, we can get the money to buy the shuttle," was Emma's response.

Laura was surprised when we showed her the tatting, was displeased, and gave me strict orders to keep away from Mrs. Wheeling. It required much coaxing before Laura would consent and

furnish the ten cents necessary to procure the shuttle, which was finally handed to Emma, saying:

"My sister Lucy likes tatting to trim her clothes and May's with. I prefer to have Nellie make some for her, before anybody else. She can afford to pay well for it and I'll see her about it tomorrow when I go up there."

When I had made five yards of tatting, Laura took it away, and on her return, handed me the money she said Lucy had paid her for the tatting. I felt pleased and encouraged with the money, seeing a very good prospect to earn the necessary money to pay for the music lessons I had so hoped to obtain. Several days after this episode I met Emma on her way to our house, when she inquired how much Lucy Manuel had paid for the tatting. She was astonished, when I told her the amount Laura handed me. She answered excitedly:

"Goodness gracious! You don't mean to tell me do you, Nell, that was all Lucy Manuel paid for the tatting? You're telling me the truth, are you, Nell?"

"Of course I am," said I, "What reason would I have to make up any story about it? That would not be the right way to do business."

"You could have sold it to the stores for twice that price, and they could have sold it for enough to have made a profit on it," Emma declared.

"I don't have a chance to find out prices like you do, Emma," I said.

We went to the old house together forming some plausible excuse, Emma succeeded in persuading Laura to consent to my accompanying her to the business portion of the town; took me to a store, where a clerk verified her statement in regards to the price of the tatting, to the sum: That Lucy had defrauded me at least half, on the price of the tatting. "I can sell all the tatting brought to me that is clean and nicely made," said the clerk. To be sure there was no mistake about it, he showed us some tatting like that I had sold to Lucy, I had made nice, clean and fine. We also saw tatting collars for sale, rated to be worth from three to five dollars apiece, from which I copied and made collars as nice. I bought more thread from the money I had earned, and diligently

resumed my work. Emma found me hid in the yard later, when she encouragingly announced:

"Say, Nell, you ought to be rewarded for your patience and industry. Do you know you are getting to be an expert at tatting making?"

"If I can sell all I can make, I will be very glad," said I.

"Are you making tatting for your aunt or for the store?" Emma inquired.

"I would rather sell it to the store," I said, "because I can get more for it."

"I wouldn't think you'd want to make any more for your aunt," she said. "If I had an aunt with the money and haughty airs she puts on, who would not condescend to invite me to her house, and was so pilfering as to defraud me on the price of a little tatting, I tell you it would be a long time before I would recognize or own her for an aunt of mine. I don't know what your mother could be thinking of, to have allowed Lucy Manuel to cheat you on the tatting the way she did—and her living in wealth and luxury to do a trick like that to her own niece!"

"Laura appears to think most anything right that aunt Lucy does and says to to me," I complained. "Emma, if you are a friend of mine, help me if you can, to sell my tatting. Don't say any more about the money Lucy defrauded me out of, it is liable to make matters worse for me instead of making them better."

"Say, Nell, your mother don't act like a real mother to you, and I am not the only one who has observed it. Tell me, Nellie, is she your mother?"

"You have asked me a hard question, Emma," said I. "From a little child I have remembered Laura, and how could any one so small prove to the contrary? What good would it do? You know Dave wants to take me away from her, and you know that I have a horror of him. Uncle George and Aunt Lucy, might be on Dave's side, to try to cause Laura all the trouble they can about me, so that Dave can get some excuse to persuade the Court to appoint him as my guardian. Now if you are any friend of mine, you will do all you can to prevent my going with him," I explained.

"There might be something in that," said Emma, "but it does look to me as though she could do better by you, if she wanted

to. She don't act like a mother to you."

I made more tatting and Laura sent me to a store one day on an errand for her, that gave me an opportunity to sell my tatting. To my surprise and disappointment the clerk politely told me the tatting was neat and in every way satisfactory; "but we can have no dealings with you," he said, because you are under age, and we will get into trouble, if we buy your tatting. We have been notified to that effect."

I was weeping when I stopped on my way home to consult Mrs. Ritchie and Emma about the difficulty, when Emma followed me to her gate and whispered:

"Let me have the tatting, Nell, I'll sell it for you and bring you the money."

In a few days Emma brought me the full price for the tatting, that afforded me some consolation. Laura gave me strict orders that I could sell no more tatting, unless I would consent to make it for her sister Lucy. Angry and desperate my response came quick and decided:

"If Lucy waits until I make her any more tatting, she will wait a good while. She can afford to pay me the full price for it, and I will not work for her."

"What do you intend to do with the money Emma paid you for the tatting?" Laura asked.

"I am saving it to pay for music lessons," said I.

"Well, I'm going to tell you something, Nellie," she said. "When the Court gave you into my custody, I told the Judge I was competent to support you. Dave wants to get the custody of you, and the only way I could prevent the old scoundrel from getting you, was to swear that I was competent to support you. If he finds out you are earning any money, he is very apt to use it for all it is worth as an argument to persuade the Court to give you to him. He has more money to offer for favors than I have, and is very likely to get his petition granted, if he is given any chance. His brother George is a dangerous man and cannot be trusted so far as you are concerned. It is necessary for me to try to pacify both George and Lucy, so that they will not use their influence to aid Dave. If Dave gets you into his clutches, you will not live long to trouble anybody, and I guess you are not anxious to go with him."

"Laura," said I, "you know that Lucy lives in luxury and can well afford to pay me the right price for tatting I make for her; and you know that was a mean, contemptible trick of her to defraud me the way she did. I don't want to do any more work for her."

This proved to be my last work for Lucy

Laura continued: "Mrs. Ritchie was saying the other day, that you needed new clothes. We must not get the enmity of the Ritchie family. They've been some of my best witnesses against Dave, and we must pacify them. If you'll let me take the money you've earned, I'll have enough to buy the clothes with, that Mrs. Ritchie insists on you having; and I think I can get money before long to help you out on the music lessons. We must now do all we can to thwart Dave in his plans to prevent him from getting you into his custody."

Laura neither permitted me to earn any more money or to retain any in my possession, during the remainder of our time in Napa. I let her have the money, what else could I do? I will not weary my readers by attempting to describe in detail the disappointments and aggravations that my alleged Manuel relation caused me.

SKETCH 26.

OUR TOUR IN SONOMA COUNTY.

Early one summer morning of 1872, Laura announced:

"Nellie, I'm going to take a trip to Santa Rosa, Sonoma County, to see the country and have a little visit with the Caldwell folks. You remember they lived next door to us for awhile. They tell me it is a pretty country, and you can have a little visit with Joe. I think he'll be glad to see you. I've got your clothes all ready to put on. We'll have to take the stage this morning and we've got no time to lose getting ready."

I was of the impression from the way she spoke that this was going to be Laura's first journey in Sonoma County. As though conforming to some pre-arranged plan, the valise was packed ready to start before I was notified to change my clothes. She hurried me to dress—hurried me away without the least chance to say good-bye to any person I knew. We stepped into the stage

at Napa bound for Sonoma, Sonoma County, arriving there at noon, where the stage stopped.

"It will be an hour before the next stage will leave here for Santa Rosa," said Laura, "and it will be too tiresome to wait for it here at the station, so we will take a short walk around the corner."

She led the way to a one-story cottage, having a porch at the front and one side, a short distance from the stage station, where a large fleshy woman was comfortably seated in a rocking chair at the farthest end of the side porch. Laura opened the gate, we stepped into the yard, abruptly turning to me she said:

"You wait here by the gate a few minutes till I make some inquiries about the place of the woman on the porch."

It seemed to me that Laura was no less than fifteen minutes interviewing her, which was out of my hearing distance to distinguish anything said. Returning to the gate, Laura ordered:

"Nellie, I'm going to take a little walk to see what the place looks like. The valise is too heavy to carry around; so you stay here at the gate and take care of it till I come back. I won't be gone long, and will be there in time to take the stage to Santa Rosa. The Woman at the end of the porch kept her seat, without the goodness to shout: Take a seat on the porch steps! I stood at the gate until Laura's return, that gave us no more than time to be seated in the 1 o'clock stage for Santa Rosa.

It was a pretty country, and I enjoyed the scenery and stage ride the entire distance from Napa City to Santa Rosa, and Laura was not cross to me during this journey. The sun was sinking behind the distant hills when the stage drove up to the Caldwell residence, then in the business portion of the town of Santa Rosa. The Caldwells gave us a friendly and welcome greeting, all acting as though they were pleased to have us visit with them. This Caldwell family resided for a time in a house next to our old house by the Napa river, after the year of 1868. Mr. Caldwell was a dentist in Santa Rosa and it was not usual for him to be home excepting nights and Sundays. Most every afternoon of this visit, Mrs. Caldwell escorted us to some place of interest in the town. A drive to the ocean beach was proposed for Sunday, when Mr. Caldwell could accompany us, that was twenty-one miles, they said, from Santa Rosa.

Early Sunday morning, there stopped in front of the Caldwell residence, a three-seated four-horse carriage, containing two men unknown to me. The family and Laura went out on the sidewalk to make their acquaintance or to exchange greetings with them. I neither accompanied them to the sidewalk, nor was introduced to the men. From the fact that I was no more than eleven and a half years old then, and small for my age, I did not think strange of the incident at the time; for these men as I remember them, must have seen their fortieth summer. When Laura came and notified me that the same team was waiting to take us to the beach, for which we were all in readiness, we were away at the break of day. When out of the town of Santa Rosa, while traveling over a flat country, alternately through oak groves and the open, the sun arose to a mild and pleasant day. The fragrant morning air, the pleasant ride, the sight of the country, the pleasant oak groves, the expectation of beholding the great Pacific ocean, gave me thrills of joy, with no thought that I would sometime write any kind of an account of this day's scenery and doings for publication. Our route next led us several miles over a sand flat that was interspersed with patches of small forest tress and under verdure; we now wound around hills, down and up, until we emerged from this zone to the top of a vast country where we looked over rolling hills that were barren of trees and shrubbery to our view; now the roar of the ocean sounded to our ears, louder and louder as we traveled over the tops of hills to the long coast road. After some miles on the Coast road, we came to a place where the ocean presented a wonderful and magnificent sight to behold. Five miles or more, out in the ocean was a mountain range of rocks, over which the great waters poured, reflecting colors of green, purple and blue, mingled with white spray, from which white-capped breakers rushed to shore like they were running races, accompanied with the noise that made old Ocean grand to listen to. The Coast line here is rock, the shore zigzag, that is, I think, near the height of three hundred feet from the beach below and perpendicular from where we viewed it, with but one exception. Our carriage stopped at the termination of a narrow strip of inlet beach, at an edge of the road, where stood a wayside house, that was the only house I could see in all this wild, weird region, or had seen, that

I remember, since we lost sight of Santa Rosa. A man standing at a bar, was the only person aside from our party, I saw here. Our party consisted of the two men who brought the carriage to the Caldwell residence, unknown to me; Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, their three boys, Joseph, Charles and George; Laura and myself.

Leaving the carriage and horses at the wayside house, we all descended a narrow path on the side of a sand hill near by, to the narrow strip of inlet beach below; over which we walked near a mile in distance to a log on the main beach, that was a short distance from the waves. Here we sat on the clean, white sand to rest a few minutes, when it was proposed and agreed upon to use the log for a table. A fire was built, over which hot coffee was prepared; a white table cloth graced the log, on which was spread a nice lunch that had been prepared the day before this occasion. To dine from a log, to drink coffee made over a fire built on the sand in so wild and weird a place as this, was a great treat and a novelty.

The sand beach along the shore was nearly level, but varied in width, on account of the zigzag coast. It was not a wide beach from the projecting cliffs to the edge of a declining bank line, where the waves receded into deep water. The eldest and nearest my age of the Caldwell boys, was Joseph. Immediately after luncheon we hastened to this bank to study the waves, when we discovered that every third one was farther reaching and more uncertain as to just how far it would extend, than the two preceding. The tide was coming in, and we had only been there a short time when Laura called and beckoned us to the log, where all the others were seated in a group. Leaving them, she met us half way, told Joseph his mother wanted him, asking my company to gather shells and some star-fish from a group of rocks projecting from a foundation of rocks beneath, that were from two to three hundred feet from where we then stood. Of course I went, glad as usual to explore, unsuspecting of Laura. We entered among the rocks where we were hid from view of the rest of the party, I then being too absorbed with the curios on them, consisting of shell-fish and some scattering star-fish, to observe much else. The roar of the breakers here was too loud to carry on a conversation and let it be remembered, the tide was coming in. Laura shouted:

"I think we can find better star-fish and more of them, further out. Don't you want to try it?"

Nodding my head, I shouted: "Yes, where at?"

She pointed to a rock that was about thirty feet from us, whose front facing the ocean, was on a line of the beach bank, where the waves were furious and the water deep, not yet having risen to the foundation of the rocks. Beckoning me to follow, she hastened to the rock located, without looking back. When I consented to go with her, I had no idea of her asking me to go to such a place as she had located, and taking a second consideration, I remained where I stood. Near the back of the same rock, towards the shore, was a short, narrow ridge having a gradual rise that joined the rock, over which was a little pile of sand, only large enough for one person to stand on. From this slight eminence, the foundation by this rock was on an incline to deep water at its front, without any covering of sand, and therefore slippery. Laura stepped onto the slight eminence described, as soon as she came to the rock, and had no more than faced about balancing herself and was giving me a look of surprise seeing that I was not with her, when the artillery-like report of a mighty wave that had struck the front of the rock where she was standing, came to my ears, and the view of the spray high in the air that flew over the top of it giving Laura a genuine, ocean spray bath—the wave surrounding the rock and rising until it covered the bottom of her dress. I reasoned, that Laura was a large, heavy person, occupying the highest place, the only place where there was any probability that a person could stand near the rock on account of the pile of sand that prevented her from slipping; the only place near the rock that was not on an incline to the front; also. it was the place where the wave had the least power when it came up and receded. Had I gone with her, I would have been at a lower place, would have slipped on the rock in the right time towards the incline at the front, for the wave to draw me out in the roaring breakers where there could be no rescue by human power. Yes, it was clear to my eyes and reasoning that this was a death-trap, yet the question came to my mind: Could Laura be such a fiend as to premeditate and plan my murder in this way? She had struggled hard to rescue me from Dave, whose intention was to murder me, and now after this, what cause had I

given her, or what object would she have to intentionally plan my murder by such an awful death-trap as this? If she did, who could prove it? We were hid from view, I had no witness. She could say it was an accident. To accuse her of it, if she was guilty, would be folly and make matters worse for me, where I saw no chance to win out; so I gave her the benefit of the doubt.

To put the question of the death-trap in a milder form, I reasoned: Laura was certainly too amazingly thoughtless and careless a one to be trusted any longer in so dangerous a place. When the wave began to recede from the rock where she stood, I beckoned for her to come away, in a frantic manner. This she immediately did, coming towards me. When I saw her in a safe place, I disappeared from her sight behind the rocks, losing no unnecessary time getting to a safe distance from her reach, where I was in full view of the rest of the party, who were seated in a group by the log as we had left them. I now took my time gathering a few shells that I could find along the beach until within a short distance from the log, where I waited for Laura. She did not remain long among the rocks, soon overtaking me, bringing shells and star-fish in a cloth. I listened in silence as she related to the party, her adventure and escape from the wave, making no mention or allusion whatever to my escape or that she had invited me to the rock with her—that is, not in my presence. We never did mention the affair to each other.

The two men unknown to men of our party, had not thus far spoken to me. One of them, the driver, never did. Mr. Caldwell shared the seat with him to and from the beach. Their conversation I did not hear; neither could I observe the driver's face from where I sat, during the journey. The other unknown-to-me appeared decidedly glum during the drive to the beach, and both of these men kept apart from me during our entire trip to the beach, so that I had no chance to learn their names, who they were, or where they came from. The day, the country scenery, the pleasant woods on our return from the beach, were all so nice, that I wondered why the glum man and our party in general did not have faces more cheerful? We were near the town of Santa Rosa, when the glum man fairly astonished me by asking if there wasn't some one present who could sing? To this inquiry the Caldwells answered:

"Nellie can sing, she is the only one in the crowd who can sing."

The glum one then politely requested me to sing them a song; and he, with the requests of the Caldwells continued, until I sang them several songs. The glum man's face took on a better expression, and when we stopped in front of the Caldwell home in Santa Rosa, the sun was setting on a day that had been an extreme pleasure to me with one exception—the awful death-trap. Remaining in the carriage as they came, immediately the two men unknown to me drove away as we vacated. This was my last to see or hear of them, that I was aware of.

The morning following, after an invitation to revisit with them, Laura and I exchanged good-byes with the Caldwells and departed on our journey to Napa City, Napa County, for home. Laura was not cross, having little to say; the country scenery, the weather and the stage ride were all very agreeable to me during our return trip from Santa Rosa to Napa, where we arrived safely without any suspicious behavior from Laura.

SKETCH 27.

SOME ACCOUNTS OF THE FOUR ALLEGED MANUEL FAMILIES AND HOW THEY TREATED ME.

Lucy, the wife of the alleged G. W. Manuel, was a white woman, and I heard remarks during the '70's to the effect, that she was a nicer looking woman than average. She was a good cook and a neat house-keeper, a natural, devoted mother to her children, May and Walter (called Wallie), endeavoring to make all out of them that her efforts and money could do, acting as though I had no right to live. The alleged George W. Manuel, her husband and father of her children, resembled the dark race of Mexicans, who I was later told by school girls, was known as a Mexican in Napa City; that his children were known as half-breed Mexicans. This family from the first to the last that I knew them, lived in nice homes—houses nice and comfortable; they wore good clothes and had plenty of them; they lived in luxury, the best the market afforded. Some girls, myself included, would have considered it a great treat to have had luxuries like we saw May throw away, when she carried her lunches to the public school.

The only times I remember of seeing May share or offer to share any of her eatables with others, was when she was ordered to do so by her mother or father, though May told me a number of times that she liked me better than any girl she knew.

When Laura and I resided with this family during the last of 1867 and the first of 1868, I learned what it was to feel hungry for something to eat. Both May and Wallie were growing rapidly, were larger than average children of their ages, craving an extra amount of food. It was customary for their mother to save any article of food that her children had a craving for left over from meals and serve it to them for between 'meal lunches in the forenoons and afternoons, in which I was not invited to share. The only time I was fed, was at meal time, generally on whatever might be left on the table after the others had finished their meals; of these remnants I was scantily fed; yet they were very particular that I should address them as uncle George, aunt Lucy, to say their children were my cousins.

It was usual for Lucy, when going to the business portion of town, to bring home with her candy for May and Wallie, that she gave them when Laura and I were present, without so much as offering me a taste—Laura looking pleased; neither did either May or Wallie say, Nellie, won't you have a little of my candy? I neither asked for any of their candy nor complained at this time because I was hungry and wronged. They were so unfeeling towards me that I was afraid of them. I recall to memory incidents of hearing Wallie's fog-horn-like voice wailing for something to eat before he was out of bed in the morning, when his indulgent mother hastened to his bedside with words of consolation and promises of food. When she appeared through the door-way of the dining room her darling was in her arms, the tears streaming down his cheeks; she placed him in his high-chair, rushed to the pantry, quickly returning with some good-sized article that she placed in his hands; though this did not stop his voice and flow of tears until he had consumed several mouthfuls and could realize that he was eating. When his appetite was appeased, Lucy washed him, combed his hair, dressed him in clean garments fresh from the wash; then Wallie was ready for an excellent breakfast—for Lucy's children had the best of care. Though Lucy herself was industrious, would wash, sew and do all kinds

of work required of a house keeper when necessary, neither of her children were like her in these particulars—they were the reverse. If May did any housework or sewing when I knew her, I never saw or heard of it. Years later I heard her mother say that she was too sloven and indolent to hang up her clothes.

Prior to the year of 1870, after our return to the old house by the Napa river, I sometimes accompanied Laura to the home of G. W. Manuel and family, for a short call or visit. On these and other occasions when I was present or in hearing distance, it was a habit of G. W. Manuel, Laura and Lucy, to tell about their large sizes, prominent noses, large feet and hands, saying they were marks of beauty, intellect and character. At this time Laura and my eldest said brother George S. taught me that people born in the State of California were called tar heads. May was a tar head, they said, because she was born in California. George S. was a sucker, he said, because his birth place was in the State of Illinois. They said that I was a Missouri puke, because my birth place was in the State of Missouri. They taught May the same in regards to Missouri and Illinois. May was the first to tell me that I was a Missouri puke, which caused Lucy and George W. to smile and look pleased; this she did on several occasions, after which Laura and George taught me to retaliate, by telling her that she was a tar head. May's skin was dark, her eyes and hair as black as tar, like her father's; Lucy being the only white person among the four of the family. When I addressed May as tar head, Lucy scolded me, and May asked me why I called her a tar head?

"Because Laura and George says people born in California are tar heads," I replied. "Why do you call me a Missouri puke?"

"Because aunt Laura and Cousin George said you was a Missouri puke, because you was born in Missouri," said May.

May and I were peacefully disposed towards each other, so we compromised by agreeing to leave off the tar head and Missouri puke expressions and to speak to each other as May and Nellie, thus ending a little quarrel that we children were not responsible for. Let it be remembered that I am relating a true narrative of mystery and conspiracy, that items like these are links in my case. Such incidents as these, put me wise to the fact that Lucy was sensitive and resentful at any mention or allusion

to the members of her family having dark skins, and I was not again guilty of the indiscretion of hinting or calling any person's attention to the fact until I made a real determined effort to learn more about them, that was not less than fifteen years later.

As I grew older, my alleged relatives, the alleged Manuels, were more cautious about concealing their Court and property affairs from me. Twice, I remember, May and Wallie staid with us at the old house a week or more at a time at intervals apart, when both they and Laura told me that George W. and Lucy were out of town on business. This was the extent of their information.

I was not invited to the home of my alleged relatives the alleged Manuels, on Grant Avenue, Napa City, after the year of 1869, by either Lucy, May or Walter, for which no explanation was given me by them. Laura told me in strong language: "To keep out of their house and yard." For more than four years I was excluded from their premises while they were residents of Napa City, according to all accounts given me. During all this time it appeared, or was made to appear, to me by Laura, that she was a welcome guest at their home continuously, where she visited and called to partake of their excellent meals and pleasures. Her Christmas days of 1870—1873 were spent away from home, during which she gave me no present. On these Christmas mornings she dressed in her best, in a stern voice that was anything but musical, she gave her parting salute in language to the effect:

"Nellie, I'm going to spend the day with my sister Lucy and family, and you must stay here and take care of things till I come back. I'll be home by sundown. Be sure you don't go out of the yard while I'm gone."

With no more to eat than bread, butter and fruit that grew on the place, I spent these Christmas days in solitude at the old house. When Laura came home at sundown on these occasions, she related to me with enthusiasm the enjoyable day, the delicious dinner and luxuries she enjoyed with the alleged G. W. Manuel and family, who sent me no greeting, no little token of remembrance—not so much as a handful of nuts, a piece of candy, a piece of turkey or anything to let me know that they thought of me, who were my alleged relatives, at which Laura appeared to be pleased. Louis and Augustus were then with their father, the

alleged David Manuel. George S., my eldest said brother, who was employed in the drug store of Dr. Pond, did not put in any appearance at home through these Christmas days, and it was very unusual for him to come home when Laura was absent. However, I think it would be quite safe to conclude that he ate his Christmas dinners at the home of his said relatives, the G. W. Manuel and family, where he always represented to me that he was a welcome guest.

To show the fraud, conspiracy and crime of my alleged relatives, the "four" said and alleged Manuel brothers and families, it is necessary that I give some correct accounts of their form, sizes and what they were in the line of music. Harrison and Hiram Manuel, two of the "four" said Manuel brothers, I never saw, that I know of; I therefore cannot describe them. The said Hiram Manuel's children I never saw, that I know of. The said Harrison Manuel was said to be unmarried when he fled from the officers in 1867, for the murder committed in his brother Dave's blacksmith shop.

The alleged George W. Manuel (one of the four), and his wife Lucy, were both tall and large-framed. Their two children May and Walter, were also tall and large when grown. Not one of these four had hands or feet that were the least small for their sizes, and Walter, when I last saw him near the age of 21, was so thin and tall that his clothes hung loosely on him, like his father, when I first knew him in Napa City. His hands were extraordinarily large for his size. Both Walter and May were brought up in ease and luxury. They were both indolent and selfish to the extreme, as I knew them. In regards to their implication in crime, my accounts and evidence when all read in this book, will give some idea as to what they were.

Dave, Laura's husband, one of the "four" alleged Manuel brothers, of California, who appeared to my sight after other men by the surname of Manuel had disappeared from my sight, could neither sing a tune nor play any instrument of music; these facts were thoroughly impressed in my memory from a little scene between this same man and Laura, that took place prior to the year of 1866, when I was the only child with them, in the old house by the Napa river; that was the same house where I missed and lost My Mother and found the picture of a missing David

Maunel, whom I had known prior to when I knew them, who was a white man, not a pockmarked, full-blooded Mexican, as the alleged David Manuel, one of the "four," who was on the records of Napa County to be brother to George W. Manuel, there also known as a Mexican. Both of their faces were too dark to be reckoned as persons of the Caucasian race.

When Laura repeatedly asked Dave to sing the song with her entitled, "Down on the Ohio," prior to the year of 1866, because of his non-musical ability he got angry, said he had no music in him or could sing. His effort was evidence enough to me of the truth of this assertion. Although Laura could sing some ordinary tunes then, he condemned her voice in language that would not sound decent in a "Police Gazette." She never did again that I know of, attempt to sing in his presence. Their children, Louis and Augustus, were decidedly non-musical; so also was George S., their eldest said son. Had they any inclination to learn instrumental music, Laura would not have hindered them, for could they display any musical gifts or ability, it would aid them, as it will appear later, to carry out their plot and conspiracy of deception to baffle and to cover murders. These alleged Manuel families of the "four," also represented themselves and were represented by newspaper accounts, as persons possessing mechanical genius and ability; their object for so doing, will appear obvious, further on, Laura, it appears, was impressed with the idea, that I had forgotten most of my observations and experience with them when I first knew them, when I was only a child with them, when her endeavor was to confuse and deceive me, by representing to me later: That her husband, "Dave Manuel," (who was no other than the alleged David Manuel, one of the four),—to use her expressions, "made fiddles and played fiddles to keep them from straving" while in the State of Missouri, in the year of 1861.

It was plain to be seen by observers who could observe, that G. W. Manuel, his family, his brother David and former wife, Laura, and their children, and any of their said relatives whom I knew, did not look like they were related to me by any near generation. I had features, form and characteristics unlike the average, and decidedly the reverse of theirs, that were strongly indicative that I was one of some family other than theirs. These

facts were observed by people who knew us by sight; they commented on it and asked questions that annoyed and worried my alleged relatives—to what extent I never knew. Little school girls observed and spoke of it, and it was a rare case that I was seen in company of any of my said brothers, George S., Louis and Augustus, above the block where we resided, where residents of the town or strangers could observe us together, after the year of 1869. Neither G. W. Manuel nor any of his family ever gave me as much as a dollar or a present, that I know of.

It was also observed and commented on to my knowledge, by some who had a chance to take notice, that my alleged Manuel relatives neither treated me like a relative nor friend. As to the alleged David Manuel (one of the four) being my father, it was the general impression of those who knew us, who had no interest in the conspiracy, that the alleged David Manuel was not my father, nor one of my said relatives that were known in Napa City of the four alleged Manuel brothers, their relatives or relatives by marriage, were related to me by any near generation.

Lucy, the sister of Laura and said Isaac Griswold, and the wife of the alleged G. W. Manuel (one of the four), had expressive eyes and was one who could put on agreeable manners when pleased, or when to her interest to appear agreeable. Nevertheless, she formed the habit of drawing down the corners of her mouth and giving haughty and contemptuous looks, which left noticeable traces as she advanced in years. I doubt if her acquaintances who were not connected with the gang, would think her to be criminally disposed; yet, her neglect, selfishness and accusations of me from when I first knew her developed into cruelty of heart towards me, without any reasonable cause as far as my personal remarks and behavior towards her could be taken into consideration. This, I can say truthfully, was not the real cause, and I treated all of this gang that I knew better than they treated me. After I had been entirely excluded from their home in Napa, Lucy continued her calls to have private interview with Laura at the old house as long as they were said to be residents of Napa City; which were sometimes regular and near together; at other times from weeks to months apart so far as I knew. On these occasions when Lucy took me unawares and entered the front room before I had a chance to vacate without her knowledge of

my presence, I had been in the practice of exchanging a few words of friendly greeting with her, endeavoring to keep down disagreeable feelings so far as possible, after which I withdrew before their interviews began; until one day it so happened that I withdrew to the kitchen, where I lingered a few minutes, leaving the doors open, when Lucy opened their interview by a vigorous disapproval and denunciation of small people with exceptionally small hands and feet, to the effect that such persons were small, shallow-brained and good-for-nothing in general; whereas large people with good-sized hands and feet were very apt to be intelligent, useful and ornamental, dwelling on the superiority of large people. Some of her unmerited imputations had such a personal sound that my temper was aroused to some considerable extent; for I was a small one with exceptionally small feet and hands for one of my size; yet I had not been guilty thus far of criticising the hands, feet, size or intellect of my said relatives, and valued peace and safety too much to premeditatively aggravate them. I was being convinced more and more as time went on that one of my position in life needed caution, prudence, self-control, knowledge and a discreet tongue. I therefore hastily withdrew from the house and out of hearing distance when I heard these scathing remarks of Lucy, fearing the consequence of remaining longer. When I beheld Lucy's important physical going through our front gateway for home, I had a little interview with Laura on the same subject, that was in brief to the effect:

"Laura," I said, "I do not pretend to be smart, or to know much; but what have I done or said to cause Aunt Lucy to make such hateful remarks?"

Laura replied: "Well, you are too sensitive. I don't think Lucy thought of you when she said it. She often says things without thinking how it sounds. And to avoid all mistakes, you can stay in the yard where you can't hear what we say, after this when she calls, then you won't hear anything to worry you."

After this I neither met Lucy nor spoke to her if I could avoid it. I had reasons to think that Lucy was doing her utmost secretly to turn Laura against me; that she had been the cause of Laura's giving me strict orders at intervals to remain within the yard from a day to a week at a time; the reason for which, was never explained to me. I had noticed also, that after Laura had

been in Lucy's company, that she was crosser to me than usual and sometimes appeared apprehensive and worried. When Lucy found that I avoided meeting or speaking to her, she became aggressive, and one summer day when the corn in our back yard was tall, I caught a glimpse of her coming through the front yard and immediately hied me to the corn patch where I was concealed from view. In a few minutes I was startled by hearing Laura's voice calling out:

"Nellie! Nellie! Why don't you answer me? Come right here—Lucy wants to see you!"

To refuse to meet her, might arouse suspicions and make affairs worse for me, I reasoned—for criminals are very suspicious—I had found them to be so. Gathering what courage I could for one of my size and chances to meet the demands, I went to the sitting room and met the woman I was taught to address Aunt Lucy. The haughty, contemptuous expression on her face was not good to look at, though her complaint proved to be a simple one, to the effect:

"Nellie," said Lucy, "You have been making mean remarks about me to injure my good name; your purpose being, I suppose, to build up your own by tearing mine down."

"I don't understand you, Aunt Lucy," said I. "How could I either build or tear down your good name? You are the first to mention it to me. It is so seldom I see you and I hear so little about you that I don't think to mention your name until someone first mentions you to me, and then how would I know about what you are doing to tell, when I never go to your house and don't talk to your friends outside of the family that I know of. If you want me to help you out in any way, it will be necessary to explain your meaning."

"I don't want any of your help! I want you to stop making funny remarks about me for people to laugh at!" she indignantly exclaimed. "If you were smart, or had good sense, you would feel proud of an aunt like me, who has influence and standing with the influential people of the town. To injure your aunt, is to injure yourself, if you had sense enough to see it."

I responded to the effect: "Aunt Lucy, I live in obscurity, have few acquaintances and know no person who I have any

positive certainty is a true friend to me; if I said anything against you I would expect that they would report to you all I had said and more too; you have wealth, so many influential acquaintances, are large, intelligent and admired because of the fine appearance you make, while I am small, without influence; you say yourself that I am not smart. In view of all this, it seems queer to me that one like me could say anything to injure you seriously or tear down your good name. Now that you have accused me, Aunt Lucy, it seems to me that it would be no more than right for you to tell me who it is that has been trying to make trouble for me, by giving you false reports."

The haughty, contemptuous expression had left Lucy's face, though she sat silent, meditative and gave no response, as though at a loss what to say. Laura looked thoughtful and announced:

"Lucy, I don't think Nellie's been saying anything. There's so many mischief-making people in town that talk about everybody they know, that probably if you knew the truth, it's some stuff they've made up themselves. I don't see what Nellie would know against you to tell."

Then turning to me she ordered: "Nellie, I want you to be careful to never say nothing to injure Lucy. She's my sister, and I'd rather anybody'd injure me, than her."

They then permitted my exit from their presence, and a few minutes later I saw Lucy departing from the premises. Then I tried to persuade Laura to tell me the real cause of Lucy's anger.

"The only reason I can think of," she said, "is that Lucy is disappointed and touchy because May can't learn to sing and can't learn to dance. They've spent so much money trying to prepare her for aristocratic society. It annoys Lucy, too, because May looks like an Indian. That's all the reason I know of for Lucy's being so touchy."

If any member of the Ritchie family ever exchanged calls or visits with the G. W. Manuel family, whose residences were on the same street with one block between, they kept it strictly a secret from my knowledge; yet they had not hitherto questioned me about them more than to inquire privately, why I never went to their home?

After the year of 1869, Emma Ritchie, May Manuel and I attended the same Napa public school several terms in succes-

sion where were white children and a mixed multitude of races. May's kind were there, some of whom were her superiors in most every particular; nevertheless, May disdained them, seeking the company of white girls altogether while at school. To make any allusion or insinuation as to May's color, was an open challenge for trouble, and she was not overly burdened with companions at school. All had gone quite smoothly with May and I at the public school and with May and Emma Ritchie, so far as I was aware, until the Ritchies learned how Lucy had dealt with me in regards to the tatting I made for her, when they apparently took a dislike to her. It so happened one day while coming home from school that Emma and I overtook May and another girl on Grant Avenue near her home, on the opposite side of the street, when Emma in merriment, I supposed, said to my said cousin, the said May Manuel:

"When May Manuel comes to school in the morning, she looks like she had just stepped out of a band-box; but when she goes home from school, she looks like she had just crawled out of a hog pen. For goodness sakes! May, how do you manage to get your clothes so dirty?"

"All of us, including May herself, laughed at Emma's remarks, and May, looking down at her stockings that were clean and white in the morning and now very much the shade of the dust on the street, said, laughingly:

"They don't look very clean, do they? But I'll soon be home, where I can get some clean ones."

When we arrived at May's gate, she did not appear to be the least offended at Emma's remarks and exchanged good-byes with us, apparently in the best of humor. I had only arrived at home a few minutes when I caught a glimpse of Lucy's important physical, opening our front gate, when quickly and quietly I hied me to the corn patch in our back yard. The peaceful air around me was soon disturbed by the unmellodious, jarring voice of Laura calling out:

"Nellie! Come right here this minute, Nellie! Lucy's here and wants to talk to you!"

Bracing myself up to meet the demand. I accordingly stepped into the sitting room where Lucy's important personage awaited me, whose face I saw at a glance wore the haughty, contemptuous

expression that was so usual whenever I saw her of late, that told me too plainly, trouble is in the house. She gasped out:

"Sit down here by me, Nellie, and tell me what you mean by making hateful and insulting remarks to May?"

"You are the first to accuse me of it, Aunt Lucy," said I, taking a seat close to an outside door that was open.

"Sit here," she said, pointing to a chair next to her.

"I can hear just as well here, Aunt Lucy," said I. "Please be so good as to tell me about the insulting remarks, you say I am guilty of. I don't believe May told you I made insulting remarks to her, and think we would always be good friends, if you allow us to be."

Lucy accused me of what Emma Ritchie had said to May in the foregoing, adding to it many other glaring and false accusations of my improper conduct on the street at the same time, at the denial of which she warmed up and got ready. Then came the angry denunciations from her mouth like a volley, the most of which were the grossest kind of insults to Laura, had she been my natural mother or any true friend to me. But Laura sat quietly listening to it all with no look of disapproval or word of remonstrance in my defense. Fearing what the outcome might be, I suddenly took flight through the open doorway before either of them were aware. They called earnestly and anxiously, "Nellie, come back here!" I neither looked back nor ceased running until I had reached the Ritchie residence, where I explained matters to Mrs. Ritchie and Emma, who promised to intercede for me in my difficulty. We waited until we saw Lucy pass the house on her way home, then Emma said:

"I'll go home with you, Nell, and explain it all out to your mother."

"And I will follow close behind you," said Mrs. Ritchie.

When Emma and I met Laura, Emma abruptly greeted her with inquiry:

"Say, Mrs. Manuel, what is the matter with Lucy Manuel? It wouldn't take much for me to punch her in the jaw! She needn't think she can go around slurring me over somebody else's back. If she's anxious to fight, I'll go her!"

Laura responded: "Well—Lucy's so touchy over her children—she makes a fool of herself sometimes before she realizes

how ridiculous she acts and talks. She don't stop to think what she's going to say, or how it will sound. Lucy is goodhearted and means well, but she's too sensitive about her children, for her own good."

Then came Emma's response to the sum and effect: "I'll settle with May Manuel for her lies and treachery when I meet her to school tomorrow, and if her mother opens her mouth to me about it, I'll give her as good as she sends. I'll not back down for a girl like May, or her mother either. They needn't think their money will allow them to impose on everybody—I'll promise you."

Then Mrs. Ritchie came and said: "Emma, you and Nellie go out into the yard, while Mrs. Manuel and I have a talk by ourselves."

It was near the space of half an hour when Mrs. Ritchie called us.

"I have decided to keep Emma out of school a few days," she said, "she is liable to give May Manuel a thrashing, and there is no telling what the outcome might be. We cannot afford to pay fines, or run the risk of being sued for damages. Mrs. Manuel has agreed to keep Nellie from school until you and her go together."

When Mrs. Ritchie and Emma had taken their departure, Laura did not scold me for running away from home, as I expected she would and did not so much as mention the affair of Lucy and I; though I was never told what any of the conversation between Mrs. Ritchie and Laura was about on this occasion, any more than could be inferred from the foregoing. The day after Emma and I met secretly, when some of our conversation was in language to the effect:

"Nellie," said Emma, "how would you like to go to school to 'The Napa Young Ladies' Seminary?'"

"Oh, I wouldn't think of it!" said I. "It would cost too much. Laura would neither pay my tuition there nor furnish me the proper kind of clothes to wear there—she could not afford it."

"Would you like to go there to school?" Emma inquired.

"Why of course I would like to have better chances than I have, but what is the use of talking about it? Laura would not

give her consent, if the whole cost was only twenty-five cents more—she couldn't afford it," I said.

"I'll tell you right now, Nellie, your mother can afford it," said Emma. "I've noticed and so have others, that when your mother wants anything for herself and boys, she affords it. She is not so hard up for money as she pretends to be—I've found that out. She is not doing right by you; but for goodness sakes, Nell, don't let her know, or even think, that I told you. You might get Mother and I both into trouble."

We met Mrs. Ritchie and went with her to the old house, where Emma said to Laura in our presence: "Say, Mrs. Manuel, my brother Jim is going to pay my tuition to the 'Seminary.' I would like to have Nellie go with me. Jim says he is afraid we will all get into serious trouble if Nellie and I go to the public school any more, on account of May Manuel."

"I can't afford it now," said Laura. "Nellie will need better clothes if I send her there, and I don't see how I am going to get the money now to buy them, besides the tuition."

"Oh yes, Mrs. Manuel, do let her go. Mother and I will help you get her clothes ready—you can sell some of the fruit on your place. The tuition is only four dollars a month," Emma said.

"Emma, you and Nellie go for a walk, and Mrs. Manuel and I will talk the matter over and see what we can do," said Mrs. Ritchie.

When Emma and I returned from our walk, Laura agreed to pay my tuition to the "Seminary," and the three of them began to get my clothes ready, so that in a few days Emma and I became students of "The Napa Young Ladies' Seminary," that was a private school for white girls and young women.

Lucy was aggressive and wealthy, so that in a few days after Emma and I had begun school at the "Seminary," my alleged cousin, May Manuel, followed, and was enrolled as a member of the same school. It is a question what the outcome would have been, had she been refused admittance there, though her time at the "Seminary" was brief. Fortunately for Emma and I, we were several grades higher in our classes than May, and the school comprised three separate buildings, that were joined by porches; so that Emma and I occupied seats in a separate building from May, where we had a chance to keep clear of her during school

hours, where she could not make up reports about us for her persecuting mother. The first day we saw May Manuel at the "Seminary," the same evening Emma accompanied me home where she greeted Laura with the inquiry:

"Say, Mrs. Manuel, why do you suppose Lucy Manuel has sent May to the "Seminary" after Nellie and I had quit the public school on account of her? Don't you think she is going it rather strong?"

Laura replied to the effect: "Well—I'll tell you how it is, Emma. George Manuel is more to blame for it than Lucy. He said it did not look right for one so poor as I am to send Nellie to a private school and for May to continue at a public school when he was so much more able to pay May's tuition at a private school than I am. When you come to consider the way people might look at it, I think he is right about sending May to the 'Seminary.' "

"Well, Mrs. Manuel, I'll tell you right now. if May Manuel thinks she is going to make trouble for Nellie and I at the 'Seminary,' I'll come pretty near beating her to death, regardless of consequences," angrily responded Emma.

Laura kept reminding me continuously of the self-denial she was making and the liberty and advantages she was giving me by paying the extra four dollars a month for my schooling at the "Seminary," besides the few extra clothes it was necessary to furnish me to attend that school. One to hear Laura talk to me about it, that did not have some true idea of the kind of person she really was, might think her to be the most indulgent and self-denying of poor mothers—all for the sake of giving me a little extra schooling at the "Seminary." She talked in this way so much to me that I began to feel as though I was causing her to suffer, by my attendance at the "Seminary," and I consulted Mrs. Ritchie secretly on the subject.

"Don't let her talk worry you," said Mrs. Ritchie. "She can well afford to pay your tuition at the 'Seminary,' and do much more than she is doing for you now, and be sure you do not repeat what I tell you, if you know where you are well off."

VENTURES—MYSTERIOUS DISCOVERIES—REVEALED
TO MY EARS.

I had been excluded from the premises of Lucy's home on Grant Avenue, Napa City, when I became alarmed, aggravated and worried about the mysterious actions of Laura and Lucy—so much so, that I became venturesome; believing my position and circumstances justified my finding out what I could about my alleged relatives without their knowledge of the fact. It appearing evident enough to me that my alleged relatives, the alleged Manuels, had secrets among them, that they were not only zealously guarding from the knowledge of people in general, but were very anxious to conceal from my knowledge as well; that these secrets were a source of trouble and anxiety to them at times, it appeared. I had at this early date of my existence, seen and heard enough of them, to become convinced that they were treacherous and dangerous people, when their anger or fears were aroused. Therefore, to be caught or be too strongly suspected of eavesdropping to any secrets they were anxious to conceal, I believed would be equivalent to death sentence to such a party, and it was too seriously evident to my experience and observation with them, that I possessed no friend among the grown persons of them. Nevertheless, I had become so much aroused, that three times at intervals apart, I ventured and listened under the old house by the Napa river, to some portion of interviews between Laura and Lucy; some of which I did not understand and did not remember; some items in these conversations did interest me to such extent, that they remain vivid in my memory. Of these expressions I will reveal to readers some brief accounts, to show there was plot and conspiracy among my said Manuel relatives of the four, to which it was their design that I should become a victim, sooner or later. The underneath of this old house by the Napa river, from where My Mother had mysteriously disappeared years before, was open, and the house stood on posts high enough to admit of my walking under it by slightly bending my back. During the first of these ventures, was the summer of 1870, when the corn was tall in the back yard; a quick and excellent retreat to throw off suspicion. Laura and Lucy occupied the sofa in a corner of the sitting room, and were the only persons in the

house, on these occasions. If either of them moved from the sofa, the least sound of their footsteps was perceptible to my ears beneath when on the alert, from which I made quiet and rapid movements, when heard, to the tall corn and there disappeared from view, ere they had time to cross in any direction to look under the house to discover my presence there. Laura appeared to be more composed and cautious during these consultations, exchange of information and opinions, than her sister Lucy, speaking in lower voice or whispering most of the time, so that I heard the most from Lucy, who imparted to my ears information that was startling. I had hitherto been under the impression that the fashionable calls Lucy said she had been making on the influential and moneyed people of the town, were simply calls to be stylish. It was now appearing from what I gathered, that her purpose had been more to gain information about people's private histories, than the desire to be fashionable or social. I heard Lucy say to Laura:

"Yes, I am being convinced that we are not the only people in town who have skeletons in our closets. There are others in this town—if we knew the truth—with skeletons in their closets."

I gathered from this interview that the four said Manuel's brothers and wives of three of them, had known some man, whose face mine very much resembled; whose apparition sometimes stood by the bed-side of Lucy's husband (the said and alleged G. W. Manuel, one of the four), from which he was frightened and horrified; though it did not appear from what I heard, that Lucy herself had yet seen or felt this night visitor. Lucy said to Laura in an anxious and excited voice: "Mary, be sure and keep Nellie away from our place, and where George will not be liable to meet or see her. She looks so much like that man, she reminds George of him when he sees her. George usually gets the horrors after he sees her and wakes up in the night and tells me he sees the man standing by his bed."

"Mary," said Lucy to Laura: "Do you suppose the dead ever return? I've tried to persuade George that it is only his imagination; that the dead cannot return to the living."

Laura replied to Lucy: "You've asked me something I don't know, Sylvia. It's better not to let George think so. We must try to persuade him to the contrary."

Lucy said to Laura: "I had a hard time of it last night. George woke me up in the night, saying: 'There he is, Lucy! See him! There he is!' I got up and lit the gas. I could see no form standing there; but George declared he saw him, and was so horror-stricken, that his night clothes were wet with perspiration. You must keep Nellie closer to home, Mary, you never can tell who might come around and get sight of her and what the consequences might be."

It appears evident from the foregoing, that the alleged G. W. Manuel, one of the four, was visited by the apparition of some man, of whom I had a strong facial resemblance; whose presence frightened and horrified him. It also appears, that Lucy, at some former time had been in the habit of addressing Laura by the name of Mary; that Laura had, at some former time, been in the habit of addressing Lucy by the name of Sylvia. Was Mary Laura's name? was Sylvia Lucy's name?

My second venture to listen under the old house to an interview of Laura and Lucy, was during the summer of 1872, when I remember of hearing them mention the names of various persons and places, most of whom I was not familiar with. The name of one, Jeff Chandler, was mentioned; though I did not hear, or do not remember, what was said about him. Some of their conversation was to the sum and effect, that G. W. Manuel had again been visited by the apparition of the man.

Said Lucy to Laura: "Nellie's face is growing more and more to resemble that man's; her red cheeks makes her resemblance to him more noticeable."

The name of one Samuel W. Childs was also mentioned in this interview, yet I do not remember, or did not hear what was said about him. Lucy warned Laura to keep me closer at home, where strangers who might come to town, would not see me.

The third of these interviews I listened to, was after the trouble I had with Lucy about what Emma Ritchie said to May, when we were on our way home from school; that was during the same summer, that proved to be the last outburst of Lucy to me while we lived in Napa City. Some of their conversation that interested me on this occasion is also vivid in memory, which was to the effect:

Said Lucy to Laura: "You've allowed Nellie the liberty to sing to such an extent, that some people have remarked to me, 'What a pretty little singer she is, for one of her age.' You know, Laura, that not one of us are singers, or by nature musical; that people notice how different Nellie is from the rest of us. I tell you, you must keep her down—knock her down if necessary, and give her no chance in anything that is liable to injure us. I believe she tells things. She is liable to get us into trouble yet, if you don't do different with her."

Said Laura to Lucy: "Lucy, you talk foolish. I can't keep the girl from singing at school. Nellie's not smart. I'm satisfied she don't remember anything to tell—she was so little when we got her. If anything has been said, you'll find it's from some other source."

SKETCH 28.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS—THE MENTION OF SOME PERSONS WHO HAD SOME PART IN THE MYSTERIOUS CHAIN OF EVENTS AND CIRCUMSTANCES—LAURA IS REMARRIED—SOME ACCOUNTS OF HER HUSBAND AND HIS FAMILY.

Laura omitted altogether to give me motherly advice and instructions that all mothers should give their daughters; this, Mrs. Ritchie and Emma supplied to some extent secretly, without Laura's knowledge of the fact; some of which were acknowledgements that they either knew or were convinced that Laura was not my mother; observed and suspected her subtle treachery towards me; yet, with all taken into consideration, Mrs. Ritchie appeared to be her trusted and most intimate friend in many instances, and both Mrs. Ritchie and Emma to my knowledge, were Laura's most frequent callers and visitors; these facts were continuous reminders to my understanding, to be cautious about imparting unnecessary information to them, that I thought might place my said Manuel relatives of the four in a criminal view, lest the identity of the informant reach their ears, or be too strongly suspected—my position being a dangerous one, I was realizing—too much so, to deliberately take dangerous chances, seeing no certain protection for myself, besides no chance of winning out. I had, therefore, practiced self-control and being

on my guard for sudden and unexpected surprises—particularly from Laura, lest I betray by word or expression the fact in some way, that I yet remembered: That when I was a little child I had lived with missing people by the surname of Manuel, prior to when I first saw and knew Laura and her former husband, who I was taught to address as Dave; whom I later discovered had both the given and surname of one of the missing Manuel brothers, namely, David Manuel. That Laura had told Mrs. Ritchie some kind of a combination story of truth and error to baffle and to cover secrets of the four said Manuel brothers and their families, appeared evident to my understanding from a little incident, that was in brief as follows:

On my return from the "Seminary" one afternoon, I found Laura and Mrs. Ritchie occupying the sofa. Laura held on her lap a bundle. As I was entering the room she said:

"Come here, Nellie, look at this cloth and tell me how you like it."

I observed it was a dress-skirt that had been ripped apart—I recognized it. I could feel myself slightly trembling, though I exercised all my power at self-control, being alert to the occasion; was careful not to look either Laura or Mrs. Ritchie in the eyes and reasoned rapidly; forming a very plausible excuse, I turned my back to them, was leaving the room and closing the door after me, when I heard Mrs. Ritchie softly inquire of Laura:

"Do you think she recognized the dress?"

Yes, I recognized the dress. Only one dress had I seen like it, and only one person had I seen wear it, and that person was My Mother; or the woman I had loved and lost at the same old house by the Napa river, years before. This dress revived memories of the mysterious past—memories inexpressibly sad; of the woman I had loved and lost so mysteriously. I wondered and reasoned: Why had Laura denied all knowledge of this missing woman to me? How did she get the dress in her possession, unless she had seen or known her? Why had Laura scolded, punished and frightened me for inquiring, crying, grieving, mentioning and alluding to this missing woman, whose dress she now held in her possession? This incident of the dress appeared to my understanding, to be some bold subtle attempt of Laura's to learn if I yet retained in memory, My Mother? Accordingly, I nerved myself

for the trial, asked no questions about the dress or the cloth, nor let on as though I had ever seen it before. This dress-skirt was made into a polonaise; I prized it very highly, wore and kept it nice as long as I could.

There were no witnesses or evidence obtainable that I knew or had any idea of, about the missing Manuels I had known when a little child, prior to when I saw any of the four alleged Manuels of California, or their families, and I was too small to know whether they owned any land or property when I missed them.

By chance, I met Emma Ritchie on a street by the same block where we resided, when she announced:

"Say, Nell, I have a book with me that Mother would like to have you read; though you must first promise me that you will not, under any circumstance, let it be known, that we let you have the book to read, that you have read it, or that you know any of its contents. You might get both Mother and I into serious trouble if you let it be known. Mother thinks you might become wiser by reading it—if you will promise faithfully?"

I promised. Emma handed me the book to read in the summer time, either the year of 1872 or 1873—I do not remember which, when we were yet residents of the same old house. This book I read while concealed in the tall corn when opportunity afforded me chances, near where I kept it concealed. It proved to be an exposure of the notorious Bender family, who committed so many murders on Cherry creek, State of Kansas. As this promise was elicited from me for the protection of Mrs. Ritchie and her daughter Emma, no harm can come to them now by my relating the incident. Neither of them ever mentioned or insinuated to me they had any object for my reading this book, more than is mentioned in the foregoing.

It was during or near the year of 1870, when Laura took me twice with her to visit a family by the surname of Eggleston, whose residence was at a north end of Napa City. They then had two daughters, one of whom was married and who died a year or two later, leaving them one daughter namely, Mary. After these two visits, I neither saw or visited this Eggleston family until the year of 1872; when they, Laura, G. W. Manuel and wife Lucy, became attendants of the Unitarian Society, who held their meetings in the Court House of Napa City; that was across

the street from Dave's blacksmith shop on Third and Brown streets. Laura's attendance of the Sunday Unitarian meetings proved to be of short duration; for Laura was one who was cautious about attending any public gathering in day-time. As to the cause, readers may draw their own conclusions when they have read all my accounts in SCENES, SKETCHES and evidence contained herein. Mr. and Mrs. Eggleston and their daughter Mary, became friendly, and I became somewhat acquainted with one Charles Lavensaler, while on Sunday visits at their home. I neither saw them often enough and was too young and inexperienced to form any correct opinion of them, until further developments. Were they not, to my personal knowledge, implicated, as it appears, in the conspiracy of Laura and others of the said and alleged Manuels of the four, I would omit their mention. However, it appeared as though they were taking a very direct course in the game against me. In the same year of 1872, it was represented to me, that Laura became acquainted with one Henry S. Colburn, a carpenter by trade, at the time of her attendance of the Unitarian meetings at the Court House of Napa. It was during the spring or early part of the summer of 1873, when Mr. Henry S. Colburn, Mrs. Eggleston, her daughter Mary, with Mr. Charles Levansaler, put in their appearance at the same old house, where a noon wedding lunch was prepared; then, and not until then, I was informed by them that Laura and Mr. Henry S. Colburn had been married the same day, at the conclusion of morning services of the Unitarian Society; they being the only guests at Laura's wedding lunch. In the afternoon of the same day they notified me that Laura and Mr. Henry S. Colburn were going on a wedding tour to Vallejo, California, to be gone several days. Laura said: "You must stay here and take care of the place till we come home. I have made arrangements for George to be here evenings by 9 o'clock, so that you will not be alone in the house nights."

Bidding me good-bye, they all took their departure the same afternoon. I got along as housekeeper alone, better than I had expected. Evenings, before dark, I diligently searched the house, secured the doors and windows and awaited my elder said brother George's arrival at 9 o'clock p. m., who came home punctual as promised. The first evening after the wedding, George appeared

surprised to find me alone, with a supper prepared for him, of the remnants of the wedding lunch. George neither knew that Laura was married that day, that she intended to marry Henry S. Colburn, or had been invited to their wedding lunch, so he informed me.

"It is all news to me," he said. "Well, at any rate, I don't expect to be here long to bother them. At least I feel pretty sure I won't be."

Laura returned home with Mr. Colburn after several days' absence and informed me that Mr. Colburn had a brother then living in Ukiah, Mendocino County, California; a Mr. Colburn and family, with whom they had been visiting, though this was to the extent of her information concerning them. I consulted Laura as to how I should address her new husband, Mr. Colburn, for, as I have previously related, I addressed no one as either Father or Mother.

"Oh—just call him Mr. Colburn," she said, "he won't mind that."

George and Laura both addressed him as "Colburn," without the Mr. before it.

I then recalled to memory, two boys I had seen at the public school of Napa, namely, Horatio and Albert Colburn. I had also heard of one Orleans Colburn, all of them lived on a ranch somewhere near Napa City, so I was informed, though I was not acquainted with any of them. These, Mr. Colburn informed me on inquiry, were his nephews and niece, and this was to the extent of his information in regards to them. Mr. Colburn was father of four children then, namely, Etta, Carrie, Belle and Willie, who were all living with his mother in Holowell, State of Main so he informed me. His youngest daughter Belle, he said, was very near my age. Both Mr. Colburn and Laura insisted upon my writing her a letter and inviting her to make her home with us, which I did at their dictation.

Laura insisted on my writing to a Mr. James Griswold, who she informed me was her father. "He is an old man between seventy and eighty years old, with hair white from age" she said. "He is now living in Aurora, Kane County, State of Illinois, where my sister Maria Thompson with her son and daughter are living, and where my brother Riley Griswold, with his wife and

two little girls are now living. James Griswold is your grandfather," said Laura, "and I think it will please him to hear from his little grand-daughter that he has never seen." So at her dictation I wrote a letter addressed to one James Griswold, Aurora, Kane County, Illinois, which Laura placed in an envelope and carried away with her, saying that she would mail it to her father, James Griswold. From this letter Laura brought me an answer in due time, with all the appearance of having passed through the U. S. Mail Service, which I then thought was genuine as represented, containing the name and address of James Griswold, Aurora, Kane County, Illinois.

"It makes the old man feel proud," said Laura, "to find that he has a grand-daughter who can write so nice. You'd better write him another letter, you've done so well with the first."

I therefore wrote at Laura's dictation a second letter and addressed it to Mr. James Griswold, Aurora, Kane County, Illinois, from which Laura brought me an answer as before. When I had read this second and what proved to be the last letter I received, signed James Griswold, Aurora, Kane County, State of Illinois, Laura said:

"I will take this letter with me now and let George Manuel read it. He is interested in all letters coming from James Griswold, because he is his father-in-law."

My first letter signed James Griswold, had disappeared, and after a reasonable length of time, I requested Laura to return the last letter she brought me signed James Griswold.

Said Laura: "George is displeased with the last letter your grandfather wrote; and refuses to surrender the letter. He objects to your writing to him any more."

"What right," said I, "has uncle George to read and to keep letters sent to me?"

"He has no right, according to law," said Laura, "but he is such a dangerous man—to complain of him, would not help matters any, and would only be to get one's self into more serious trouble. He belongs to churches and lodges who uphold him in whatever he does, whether right or wrong, and he might use his influence with them to get the Court to pass you over into Dave's hands. So if you have any sense about you, you will keep still about his reading your grandfather's letters, or that you got any letters

from him."

Thus terminated my correspondence with one James Griswold, unknown to me.

Laura informed Mr. Colburn in my presence, that I had an Aunt then living in Aurora, Kane County, Illinois, with a son and daughter, namely: Mrs. Maria Thompson, Flora and Germane.

"I think Nellie ought to write to her cousin Flora Thompson," said Laura to Mr. Colburn.

"Yes," said Mr. Colburn, "it will give her practice in letter writing and a chance to learn something about her relation in Illinois."

Calling to mind the unsatisfactory termination of my correspondence with my said grandfather, James Griswold, I objected to writing to Flora Thompson. Nevertheless, both Laura and Mr. Colburn would not take no for an answer, and really compelled me to write three letters at their dictation addressed to one Flora Thompson, Aurora, Kane County, Illinois, which Laura mailed, or was supposed to have mailed for me; from which she brought answers stamped with all indications of having passed through the United States Postal Service. With the last of these letters, Laura brought a letter signed, Will Nichols, D. D., Aurora, Kane County, Illinois, desiring to open a correspondence with me, being introduced and recommended by my said cousin Flora Thompson. Laura was, or pretended to be, very indignant and displeased with both Flora Thompson and Will Nichols, D. D., of Aurora, Kane County, Illinois; forbade my writing any more to her, and ordered me to write a few lines to the said Will Nichols, D. D., notifying him that I was only a young school girl, and was not of proper age to correspond with gentlemen. Thus terminated my correspondence with both the former and the latter. If any of these letters were mailed at the postoffice, Laura was responsible for them, for she did not allow me the liberty of mailing letters or calling for them at the post-office.

It was under the summer sun of 1873, when I, to the best of my knowledge, was twelve and a half years old, while walking on Grant Avenue, Napa City, I met Charles Levansaler, the expressman, who drove rapidly to the sidewalk, handed me a paper and drove rapidly away. It proved to be a short note, that ran to the effect:

"Meet me tonight, at midnight, for a boat-ride down the river, at the old tree near your house, where the boats are tied. Don't be afraid—it is moonlight. I have important news to tell you.

Your friend Charles."

This was a very surprising note. Though young and inexperienced, I reasoned that it was a very queer request for a man to ask of one like myself, when he could have met me in some proper and safer place in day-time to impart information. Prior to this occasion, both Mary and Mrs. Eggleston had informed me that Mary and Mr. Levansaler were engaged and were to be married soon. In view of the foregoing and later developments, it appears as though my alleged relatives of the four said Manuel brothers, had hired the same Charles Levansaler to hand me this note; that either Dave, or some member of his gang, would be waiting at the tree where the boats were tied and not Charles Levansaler. I wondered then if Charles Levansaler was secretly a friend of Dave's? I neither ventured near the river or out of the house that night, and the following evening when Laura was in the kitchen and Mr. Colburn was on the porch, I handed him the note that Charles Levansaler had given me, saying, "read this note and give me your opinion of it."

After some questioning about how I got it and who gave it to me, he left the porch in an angry and excited manner, found Laura in the kitchen, had some conversation with her that I did not hear; then they both came to the porch, when Mr. Colburn demanded:

"Nellie, you tell Laura right here in my presence what you told me about Levansaler and the note he handed you!"

Then I related the same to her as I had to him, Mr. Colburn appearing to be angry and excited and Laura surprised, or pretended to be.

"Nellie, it is my duty, in a father's place, to protect and warn you. Never recognize or speak to that d——d Levansaler again. Have no more to do with any of his friends—if you know them!"

Then he instructed and ordered Laura to call on the Egglestons and notify them: That if they continue to be friendly with Levansaler, to keep away from his home and family from henceforth.

"I don't propose to be jobbed," he said angrily. "If Nellie had

been foolish enough to have gone to the river last night and had not returned home, there's a big chance I'd been accused of having some part in the cause of her disappearance, and there's no telling how I woud come out of it. I tell you right now, Lolly, I'll not put up with any trickery like this."

I never spoke to the same Charles Levansaler again, neither to any of these Egglestons, excepting Mr. Eggleston, when I once ordered him years later to keep away from the place where I resided, or I would find a way to make him; that his white hairs would not save his pate, if he attempted to speak to me again. The same Charles Levansaler and Mary Eggleston were married several weeks after the former handed me the note. From the foregoing and later occurrences, it appeared very much to me as though the same Charles Levansaler and the same Mr. and Mrs. Eggleston were implicated in a conspiracy with my alleged Manuel relatives of Napa (of the four), that will receive mention in a sketch of later date.

AN IMPORTANT LINK IN THE CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

George S. Samuel, my eldest said brother, brought a letter one summer day of 1873, when he came home for lunch at noon, which he read to himself and laughed over while sitting at the table. Being curious, I inquired who the letter was from, that afforded him so much amusement?

"It is from my friend Ed Everts," said George.

This was a private letter; its contents were not intended for my reading or knowledge, nevertheless, I consider it no more than fair and right, under the circumstances, to make known one item in particular of this letter that pertained to my personal interests; that proved to be an important link in the chain of items that in years later helped to throw some light on the mysterious doings of the alleged four Manuel brothers of California, and some of their accomplices in their plot and conspiracy. This is why I relate the following:

When George read this letter, had left the table, had entered his private room leaving the door behind him slightly ajar; by quick, cautious movements and a quick glance, I saw him throw the letter into a trunk in the corner of the room. The next time

I was left alone at the old house—simply from curiosity. I found the same trunk to be unlocked that I had hitherto supposed was kept locked—also saw the letter as George had thrown it down, which I opened and read; that was signed Ed Evarts.

This Ed. Evarts was a brother-in-law to Dr. Pond, of Napa City, who was then George S. Manuel's employer. This letter represented there was land in the State of Missouri that had been at some prior date owned by one or more persons having the surname of Manuel. The description of the land or the name of the County in which it was located, was not mentioned, being understood by them; that there had been an agreement; that Ed Evarts, on his way East, was to take notice of this land and describe the same to George S. Manuel, on his return to Napa City. As this letter said that George had requested his friend Ed Evarts to look up this land in the State of Missouri and to describe the same to him on his return, appeared obvious, that George S. Manuel had not yet seen this land. Never, at any time, did my said brother George S., mention or so much as hint to me, there was, or had been, any land or property in the State of Missouri owned by any one or more by the surname of Manuel. That George S., knew of such land and had never seen the same, that he was interested enough in the same land to make arrangements to have it described to him, were important links in the chain of mysterious evidences, as can be seen from accounts in the foregoing SCENES and SKETCHES and following SKETCHES and evidence.

SKETCH 29.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

A picture is found of a missing loved one in furniture of the same old house by the Napa river, where I had discovered in the year of 1868 a missing David Manuel's picture among some books; where I had missed and lost the woman I loved—My Mother. A severe trial—an awful disappointment.

When Laura with her three boys and myself returned to the same old house by the Napa river to reside in the spring of 1868, after Laura had left Dave and the home of the alleged G. W.

Manuel and his wife Lucy, our furniture in all rooms excepting one, was old and of a cheap variety. One front room that was used for both sitting room and parlor, contained some furniture that was, to the best of my knowledge, mahogany and mahogany-framed, that I then recognized and had seen prior to this year, namely: a large, haircloth-cushioned lounge, that stood in a corner of the room farthest from doors, the same that was occupied by Laura and Lucy during their secret interviews and consultations; a large mirror, that hung on the wall between two entrance doors; under this mirror was a two-leaved table, that stood against the wall with folded leaves and coverlet of black and red felt; an old fashioned, red mahogany-framed clock on the wall. Besides this red mahogany furniture, there were several new chairs that were less expensive furniture; an old red and black wool carpet; a large rug in front of the lounge, comprised the furniture of this room then. The books among which I had found the picture of the missing David Manuel, had disappeared, so far as I had any knowledge of them, of which I heard no mention or account of.

Laura had opposed my learning to sew; though through the influence and persuasion of Mrs. Ritchie and her daughter Emma, she had consented to my learning to cut out quilt blocks and sew them together.

It was a quiet summer day of 1873; Laura was busy in the kitchen, giving more attention to cooking since her marriage to Mr. Colburn, than formerly, preparing and cooking good things for him to eat, from which I had been excluded in taking part. She had said that morning:

"Nellie, you stay in the front room and sew on your quilt blocks. I won't be bothered with your musing around the kitchen."

Finding it inconvenient to cut quilt blocks on the coverlet, I removed it from the table, moved the table out from the wall and opened the leaves; a liberty I had not hitherto taken. Laura, apparently, of late had given no unnecessary attention about what I was doing—she never did like my company, and I did not think of her appearing in this room of my quietude—not for an hour at least. The front door towards the river was open, through which there came a balmy breeze, blowing quilt blocks from the ex-

quisitely polished and varnished table to the floor. A very thin edge of something in a thin crack under a leaf of the table drew my attention, which I picked out of concealment, resumed my seat at the table facing the river, to examine what I saw at a first glance was the picture of a man. At my back, the two entrance doors to the kitchen were open; I could yet hear the busy sound of Laura's feet on the kitchen floor. This was a tinted picture, and was, to the best of my knowledge, a daguerreotype, of a young looking man in a sitting posture, taken to the knees; the most life-like of any person I have ever seen; the same, or very much the same styled picture, and clothes, as they appeared in the picture of a missing David Manuel, whose picture I had found and recognized among the books, in the same old house, in the spring of 1868 (which is described in Sketch 13); the vest he wore was black velvet, his coat and pants were black, or of some dark material, as appeared from the picture; from a vest pocket hung a tinted, large-linked, gold watch-chain; one hand rested on a knee, from which showed plainly, a tinted, crowned gold ring, on the little finger; the face, according to the picture, was that of a fair-complexioned, full-faced, rosy-cheeked, robust, young man; the watch chain and ring I had seen the original of this picture wear; they were like a watch chain and ring that I had seen the alleged G. W. Manuel (one of the four) wearing in the spring of 1868, and it is yet my opinion they were the same. (They are mentioned in Sketch 12). Observing how much the face and its expression resembled my own, I sat like one in a trance, gazing at the picture, intensely thinking, oblivious to all else. I recognized the face—a face I had seen when a little child; yes, now I remembered, the original of this picture had carried me in his arms, I had traveled with him. I could feel and hear my heart beat as the good-natured expression of the face was bringing back glad memories of one who had been to me a fond and loving father; I observed some resemblance between this face and the face of the picture I had found of the missing David Manuel, who again came to memory. From memory and intuition, I then understood it to be no other than the picture of the man I had most loved and missed—my father—having seen no face that so much resembled my own, since I had missed and lost him—no man I had loved like him; who was a brother to the David Manuel I had known and

missed, who I had understood was a brother to a Chandler Manuel—also missing. If I yet remembered his first name, I could not connect it by memory with the recollections this picture had brought back of him then. Now that I recognized his picture, it was the most precious of treasures to me, and I resolved to conceal and to keep it—when, oh! What a disappointment!—too sad to describe! While in the act of rising from my chair to find a place of concealment for this precious picture—like one awaking from a trance, I beheld to my wonder and intense regret, Laura, standing at my left, whose presence I had been totally unaware of, with tragic and ghastly face, that seemed to say: Do you recognize the picture? Have you any recollections of its original? At first sight of her face as she stood with staring eyes averting alternately at the picture and myself, as though the sight of this picture—only a picture—had so surprised and unnerved her, that she could not speak for a minute or so, during which time, thoughts flashed through my brain rapidly to the effect: Some crime had been committed or some tragedy had taken place—thus accounting for the missing loved ones gone—gone ever since I saw the face of Laura the morning I missed and lost the woman I loved at the same old house by the Napa river; whom I have named herein My Mother. I thought, this must also be a picture of the man whom I had heard Lucy tell Laura I had such a strong resemblance to, whose face and identity they were so anxious and careful should not be known, as I understood; also thought I, this must have been the man whose apparition was felt or appeared to Lucy's husband, G. W. Manuel, whose eyes were haunted. Then fearing that this man whom I had known, had lived with when a little child—this missing one who had been so dear, so loving to me, had been killed; that my alleged uncle, the alleged G. W. Manuel, must have had some guilty part in the death of this missing one; that from grief, sad experience and severity, I had found it extremely dangerous to mention, to insinuate or to let it be known that I had lived with or remembered any person by the name of Manuel, prior to when I saw any of my then said Manuel relatives (the four said Manuel brothers or their wives, of Napa City), and quickly using all my efforts to compose myself and to feign forgetfulness and ignorance as to the original of it, having a suspicion then that he might have been murdered

and that my alleged uncle G. W. Manuel, had been guilty of some part in the crime, I wondered if my time had come to be disposed of, because I had seen the picture of a missing Manuel, who I might have recognized and remembered and might reveal the fact to some one? For me to attempt to conceal this picture, now that Laura was viewing it, was impossible, so I softly said to her:

"Why Laura, you look so white, you must be sick. What can I do for you?" There came no response. "Let me bring water for you to drink and to bathe your face—I never saw you look so white before."

She put out her hands to prevent my rising from the chair, then found her voice, saying:

"Whose picture have you there?"

"I don't know the name," said I.

"Where did you get the picture?" she demanded.

Then I explained to her how I happened to discover it.

"Show me right where you found that picture, and how you got it," she demanded.

Then I showed her where I found it and how I had picked it out of the crack in the table.

"Why, do you know who it is a picture of?" said I, "did you ever see it before?"

"It is the picture of that Harrison Manuel, old Dave Manuel's brother; the man that committed murder in his blacksmith shop. I didn't know there was any more of his pictures in this house; give it to me, and I'll burn it up; and I hope it will be the last one of his old pictures I'll have to burn. I don't want anybody to know that any of his pictures were in this house. He has disgraced us enough, and I want the disgrace to die out."

Could I have seen any chance to make my escape from Laura and retain the picture in my possession, I would have ventured the chance and after consequences, rather than to have surrendered the picture of my once loving father to her. Seeing no other alternative, I handed her the picture, and to dispel suspicion from her mind that I recognized it, or that it had revived any memory I might have of the original, I inquired:

"Do you think there is any danger of that Harrison Manuel making a sneak on us here? He might kill us."

"No," said Laura, more composed and her face less pallid,

"he wouldn't dare to come here now, for fear he might get caught. If any of the officers found out that one of his pictures was found in this house and I didn't turn it over to them, it would get us all into trouble and bring worse disgrace on us than it has already. Now I warn you, that under no circumstance do you tell or hint to anybody that you found or saw that picture, or that I saw it. If you disobey me, it will go hard with you—I'll promise you that! There's no telling where you'll end—bear it in mind and don't forget what I tell you!"

I believed then, that this picture I had found in a crack of the red mahogany table, was no other than a picture of my missing father whom I had not seen since a little child, and continuing in the same opinion to this writing, for this reason and for convenience in future references, I will name the original of this picture, My Father.

Laura's marriage to Henry S. Colburn seemed to have changed the current of affairs to some extent, encouraged her to be bolder in her schemes of conspiracy in some ways, and to hurry on events. Laura was keeping a close lookout to see that I did not go out of the yard, compelling me to remain in the house most of the time and in the room of her presence. It was not far from the hour of 3 p. m. the day after I had found the picture of My Father, in a crack of the red mahogany table; the front door of the sitting room was wide open and the blinds were up, facing the river; Laura and I were both in the sitting room, the only two persons on the premises then, that I know of. A man, a stranger to me, opened the front gate, hurriedly came and stood at the front door that was open, without any greeting or recognition, said to Laura as she stepped to the door:

"I've come for the papers."

This was all he said from the time he appeared and disappeared from our view. Laura's only reply to the man, and all she said from the time he appeared and disappeared from our view, was:

"I'll have them for you in a minute."

Then, very much to my surprise, Laura twisted the leaves of the table; then a secret box apartment of the table was revealed, that I never knew or suspected was there, containing packages of letters—some tied with ribbon, some of them yellow, apparently from age; there were also other packages of papers

—some yellow, apparently from age, having the form and appearance of legal papers or documents of some kind; there also was a pile of tintype or daguerreotype pictures, that appeared to be the same kind of pictures as those I had found of My Father and the missing David Manuel; and I observed that it was from a crack in this secret box of the table that I had extracted the picture of my missing father. This, with other facts in foregoing SCENES and SKETCHES gave me reasons to think that some, if not all, of what I believe to have been daguerreotype pictures in this secret box of the table, were pictures of my relatives. I saw Laura take papers from packages of this secret box and hand them to the man standing at the door, who had come for them; who, without a word, nod or sign of recognition, eagerly took them from her hand, abruptly faced about and hurried away, soon disappearing from our view. Without a word of explanation—she never did give me any—as to any of the contents of this table, who the man was, why she had handed him these papers or what they pertained to; Laura hurriedly closed the table in front of my eyes with all its contents.

The general appearance of this man who called for the papers, continued in my memory from the same occurrence, as a taller, longer legged and shorter bodied man than average, having large bones containing no unnecessary flesh, apparently, with feet and hands to match; his chin was broad, and both chin and face appeared longer than average; the skin of his face was fair; his eyes were some shade of blue; no whiskers appeared on his face—only a profuse mustache, of the red-shade variety; I observed and remembered also, that the coat he wore was too short to be becoming to him. Like one disinterested and unsuspecting, I asked no questions of Laura about the secret contents of the table, the man who came for the papers, or what the papers pertained to. What a relief it was to me, when Laura announced the following morning:

“Nellie, I’m going away to spend the day, and you must stay here till I come home. I’ll be back before dark.”

When Laura had gone, I sank down on the rug in front of the sofa, from real exhaustion, to rest and to think of what I had seen, heard and witnessed the two days preceding, and I reasoned to the effect: Laura had hinted to persons in my presence that I

had some wrong notions in my head, that had been caused by an injury when an infant, which left the scar in my left eyebrow that was yet noticeable; that on this account, what I might say was not always reliable. To complain to any officer of the law about any of the missing Manuels I now had a suspicion might have been murdered, and to implicate Laura in the crime, would also implicate others of my said Manuel relatives, and where was there any proof of anything I might say about the missing ones? Laura, Lucy, George and Dave and no telling how many others would be their own witnesses against me, and my testimony would not be accepted by the Court. To cause Laura any serious alarm by repeating what she had told me not to, I therefore concluded would not help present affairs any, and might cause Laura and her aids to have me placed in an insane asylum, there to be disposed of. Then I was suddenly aroused by hearing footsteps from the front way facing the river, and looking around, I beheld Emma Ritchie. Emma wanted me to go some place with her and inquired:

"Say, Nell, why don't you get your mother to buy you a new hat?

"I don't suppose she can afford it," said I in a voice that was not cheerful.

"What is the matter with you today, Nell? You look like you have lost all your friends," said Emma, to which I gave no response.

"Your mother can afford to buy you a new hat, Nell, she has money to spend on herself and the boys. I know she is not treating you right. I don't see why she is so stingy, when it comes to buying anything for you. She don't act like she is your mother."

I sat like one dazed looking and listening to Emma, giving no response—tears came to my eyes. Emma seated herself on the rug, clasped her arms around my neck sympathetically, saying:

"Nellie, are you sick? You look so pale and sad today."

"In a moment of weakness or desperation—maybe both, I answered: "I have no mother, Emma, and I do not look for very much from Laura to my pleasure or benefit. I guess you have observed enough at your age to know that a mother likes her own

children best, and it is natural for Laura to like and favor her own children better than me."

I was hysterical with disappointment, the awful ordeal that I had passed through the two preceding days, grief and apprehension—too much so, to realize what I was saying, until it had been said.

The tears came to Emma's eyes and her answer: "I believe you, Nellie, every word you have told me." Then we both wept together.

Then suddenly realizing what I had said, believing that I had made the most serious of mistakes, I exclaimed: "Oh, Emma! Why did I tell you this! Yet it is true—too awful true—but why did I tell you? Emma, for your own sake, for the sake of your mother, your father, your brothers and little sister, as well as for my own sake, if you are a friend of mine and are wise, never reveal to any one what I have just told you. Never ask me any questions on the same subject. Misery likes sympathy—I need sympathy—though it is too dangerous a subject to mention. Promise me, Emma,"—she promised.

"Nellie, you don't look like Laura, her sons or any of the Manuels I have seen; you don't have ways like them. I've heard people speak of it; but there is one question I would like to ask you—if I am not asking too much, and it is not on the same subject." Emma said.

"Ask the question, Emma," I said. "If I think safe, I will answer it."

"Who was the man who committed the murder in Dave Manuel's blacksmith shop?" was Emma's inquiry, that was the first and last time she ever mentioned the murder that was committed in Dave's blacksmith shop, to me.

"I did not see or hear any murder committed there, Emma," I said, "though Laura told me that Harrison Manuel, a brother to Dave Manuel, committed murder there. Laura says this murder brought such a disgrace on us all that she hates to hear the subject mentioned, hoping the disgrace will die out." This terminated the subject with Emma.

Then looking about the room, Emma inquired: "Why, Nellie, what has become of the table?"

Then, and not until then, I discovered that the red mahogany table from which I had extracted My Father's picture, that had stood with folded leaves in the room so long, was missing.

"Do you know that you are the first to call my attention to it," said I, "I neither knew the table was gone or saw anyone take it away."

"How strange," said Emma. "Nellie, I believe there is some mystery about you and the family you are living with, and I will tell you confidentially now, that I am not the only person who thinks so."

"There might be," said I, "but believe me, I have become convinced, that to say as much where it might be brought to Laura's ears, or to the ears of any of the Manuels here in town, is dangerous."

With this exception, I do not remember of hearing anyone mention to me or in my presence the names, Harrison and Hiram Manuel, only the said and alleged Manuels of the four, namely: Dave, Laura, Lucy and George W. Manuel. Not one of their children spoke of them to me that I can remember, and all I heard or knew of their existence or whereabouts is mentioned and explained in the foregoing SCENES and SKETCHES.

When Laura came home I said to her: "Laura, the table is gone, what has become of it?"

"Lucy sent for it," she said. "I need a bureau more than I did the table, and Lucy is going to send me one in exchange for it."

Months later, I came home one day and found a cheap bureau that was not worth half what the table was worth, which Laura said Lucy had sent her in exchange for the table. This proved to be the last mention and account I heard of the red mahogany table from any of my alleged relatives.

SKETCH 29.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS—LINKS IN THE CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

During the winter of 1873 or the beginning of 1874, we vacated the old house facing the Napa river and moved into a new house on Grant Avenue, that Mr. Colburn had built on a lot

Laura said he had bought, adjoining the yard where the old house stood. On Grant Avenue, adjoining the lot where Mr. Colburn had built his new house, were two lots that Laura said her brother Isaac Griswold had bought, on which he built a two-story house for himself and family. It appeared evident to me that Laura had herself become convinced by this time that all recollection that I had had of those missing ones I had known and lived with, or any article that had belonged to them, had gone from my memory; which caused her to be bolder in her private declarations to me, some entirely false, some of them mixed with truth and error, designed to baffle, deceive both myself and others, for the purpose of covering murders, perjury committed and to defraud me out of any and all that rightfully belonged to me that had been owned by missing relatives, as will appear. Soon after we moved into the new house on Grant Avenue, Laura gave me a private lecture and some advice, to her personal interests and the gang she was a member of, some of which was to the sum and effect:

Said Laura: "Nellie, I am the only true friend you have. You should place all confidence in me, and keep no secrets from me. You should ask me for any and all information you want to know about family affairs, and not under any circumstance inquire about family affairs of people outside of the family. Any information about people in town, you should inquire of me. To say or do anything to injure the reputation of your relation, is to give people a poor opinion of yourself. The more you can cover up disagreeable family affairs and the better you can make your relation appear to people, the better it will be for you, and the better opinion people will have of you. To say or insinuate that you have any bad relation, is a disgrace to yourself. I have struggled and worried to keep you from falling into the hands of Dave Manuel, who I now think is crazy by spells, and has not always been responsible for what he does and says. Lucy is a good-hearted woman and means well, but she is too sensitive about her children and has not always treated you as well as she ought to on account of them. You have done so much better than either of Lucy's children, who have had better opportunities and so much more money paid out for their advancement, that Lucy feels touchy, and sometimes gets ugly about it; though it has never

been Lucy's intention to do you any serious injury—she is not that kind of a person. She has aristocratic notions and wants her children to associate with aristocracy, that makes her sound ridiculous at times, that is an injury to her.

"I am your mother," said Laura, "though I taught you and George to call Dave and me by our given names, because it made us feel too old to have you call us father and mother. I intend to do the best I can by you, but you must obey what I tell you."

For Laura to go so far after so many years, as to tell me that she was my mother, was more surprising than all else, and this was the first and only time she ever did, desiring that I continue to address her as Laura.

I knew her too well at this date to inquire into family affairs, or to repeat very much to her of what I heard and knew, and I gave her very little trouble about asking questions of any description. Some scheme in view—I thought, though I had no idea then as to what it might be. It was not long after this private talk, it might have been the year of 1874, it might have been the year of 1875, I do not remember the year exact, when Laura one day said to me:

"Nellie, I want you to get ready and go up town with me"; a demand extraordinary from her. We walked to Third and Brown streets and entered a room in the Court House, where Laura told me to be seated and wait there until she called for me. Stepping into an adjoining room, she closed the door after her, and after an absence of about ten minutes, beckoned me to enter the same room, where I saw seated at a desk, one with whom I was not personally acquainted, or had ever spoken to; yet, I knew him well by sight and reputation as Dave McClure, the lawyer. He did some writing on what apparently was a legal paper of some kind, then turned about in his chair, faced me, and without any form of introduction, or inquiry as to my name or who I was, said to Laura:

"Is this the heir?" to which Laura responded:

"Yes, she is the heir."

"Will you swear to it," said Dave McClure, "Is she the true heir?"

"Yes, I will swear to it," said Laura, "She is the true heir."

Then Dave McClure, as it appeared, signed the same papers and handed it to Laura without any further word or explanation. Laura then hurried me out of his office. On our way home I tried to find out from her something about what I was heir to, and what the papers pertained to that Dave McClure had handed her.

"It is not for you to know," she said. "You must ask no more questions or say anything about it to anyone. I've got to outwit that old scoundrel, Dave Manuel. I may tell you some time, but this explanation ought to be enough to satisfy you for a while. Time proved this to be the first, last and only mention of this paper to me, and I never knew, or found out what this paper pertained to, more than I have explained. If I ever saw the same Dave McClure afterwards, I do not remember it, and was soon after this transaction informed by Laura, that he had left Napa; though his whereabouts was concealed from my knowledge. I did not believe that either Laura, Dave, or any of my alleged Manuel relatives of the four, would ever willingly of their own choice, will me any land or property of any description. My treatment from them warranted me thinking so. Laura as I knew her, appeared to be a treacherous schemer of some kind, so far as I was concerned, and I therefore supposed this transaction between her and Dave McClure to be some kind of a fraudulent scheme in which my name was used to prevent Laura's former husband, namely, the said and alleged David and David A. Manuel, and his wife Charlotte, from getting her share of money and property they controlled, or were in possession of, whatever it might consist of. All they were doing or intended to do for me, was as little as possible, to satisfy the demands of law and the public, where and whenever they found or thought it to be necessary to deceive, to baffle, to conceal crime and their conspiracy. I was retained in Laura's care and custody like a stunted boarder and lodger, whom it was profitable or necessary to retain with her at all hazards.

A LINK IN THE CHAIN OF EVIDENCE THAT IN LATER
YEARS LED TO THE DISCOVERY OF LAND
THAT WAS HELD BY SHAFFER AND
BARNETT, ACCOMPLICES OF THE
FOUR SAID MANUEL BRO-
THERS, OF CALIFORNIA,
AND OTHERS.

It was not far from the date that I was witness to the transactions of Laura and Dave McClure, the lawyer, when Laura again ordered:

"Nellie, I want you to get ready and go up town with me."

As Laura was opening the front gate on Grant Avenue, Mrs. Ritchie met us and inquired: "Dave Manuel once owned some land in the State of Missouri, did he not?" to which Laura's response was:

"Oh—he bought some wild land there years ago—miles from any settlement, for almost nothing. I didn't think it ever would be worth anything during our lifetime, and haven't bothered my head about it."

This was all they said in my presence about any land in the State of Missouri, with no mention or hint as to the County or location of this land; this proved to be the only mention of Mrs. Ritchie in my presence of any land in the State of Missouri which any Manuel owned or was supposed to have owned, or any other land or property in the possession or control of any person having the surname of Manuel, excepting the property in Napa described in foregoing SCENES and SKETCHES. I went with Laura and Mrs. Ritchie to the Court House of Napa, where I was called as witness for Laura against her former husband (who was known in Napa and on some Court Records there as both David Manuel and David A. Manuel) in regards to their boys, Louis and Augustus, when Laura had a suit in Court to have these two boys given into her care and custody and released from their ruffian father and his wife Charlotte. When my testimony was ended I was hurried out of the Court room, and was accompanied home by Mrs. Ritchie and Laura, who appeared very much pleased with me as a witness. This was the only time I was called before the Court as a witness.

"Nellie was your star witness," said Mrs. Ritchie to Laura, laughingly. 'There was no hesitation of the judge to decide that you should have the boys, when he heard her answers."

HENRY S. COLBURN SHOT DAVE MANUEL, (ONE OF THE FOUR).

George S. Manuel, my eldest said brother, came home not long after and announced that our said step-father and Laura's husband, Hensy S. Colburn, had shot Dave Manuel (one of the four). The shooting took place, George said, in Dr. Pond's drug store where he was clerking and alone at the time of the occurence, and was the only witness to their conversation and shooting. Dave was angry, and threateningly followel "Colburn" into the drug store, said George. "Colburn" would stand no show against Dave's strength and warned Dave to keep away from him. Dave kept coming nearer until "Colburn" found it necessary to shoot him in self-defense. The same evening George reported home that "Colburn" had that day been arrested for the shooting of Dave Manuel, and had been released by his testimony. In regards to the cause of their trouble that led to the shooting, I heard no mention, which was carefully concealed from my knowledge. Dave's wound did not prove fatal, from which he recovered; and it was a short time after I was called to the Court as witness against him, when his boys, Louis and Augustus, were given into the custody of their mother, who was then Laura C. Colburn. I met the boys on Grant Avenue coming home, who threw their hats into the air giving joyful shouts and saying, "Hello, Nellie! We're coming home now to live with you again! Won't we have lots of fun goin' fishin'?" The boys said that their step-mother, Charlotte, had been good to them, though they preferred to live with Laura and be with me. Their ruffian father had taught them while they resided with him and his wife Charlotte, to address him as Pa-Pa, and had compelled them to leave off calling him Dave.

I became acquainted with a family whose residence was across the street from us on Grant Avenue, having two daughters near my age, late of San Francisco, so they informed me, who could sing, dance, crochet and do housework; who taught me to crochet, taught me the steps to several round dances and I also

learned some songs from them, which we were keeping secret from Laura for the time being; my excuse to them for secrecy being that I wanted to surprise Laura. At a northerly end of town, some little distance from residences, was a locust grove, where a large floor was prepared for dancing during May-Day picnics, Fourth of July celebrations and other occasions during each year, where a general attendance of the people of Napa and sometimes visitors from other places on May-Days and Fourth of July celebrations; where band music was furnished and dancing was indulged in; where beginners had some opportunity to observe and to practice dancing, as well as the experienced and expert dancers. These were my only chances as a beginner to practice round dances and learn to dance quadrilles; for Laura did allow me the privilege of attending picnics here when accompanied by Emma Ritchie or her mother, though Laura did not attend any of them. It was at these picnics that I learned to dance with Emma Ritchie and our acquaintances from San Francisco, besides others of the town with whom I was somewhat acquainted. I found no difficulty in learning to dance, it came easy and natural to me after a few trials on the platform at the locust grove. Emma Ritchie wanted to get some idea about how Laura would act, when the fact that I had learned to dance might be brought to her ears, and one day made the request to Laura:

"Say, Mrs. Colburn, my brother Jim has paid my tuition to dancing school, and I would like to have Nellie accompany me there today."

"Laura shook her head very decidedly, gave Emma a meaning glance, saying: "Oh, my no, Emma! You'll have that girl ruined; she is too young to dance and to attend dancing school."

"Why Mrs. Colburn, there are little boys and girls no more than six and seven years old attending dancing school, and what harm could it do a girl of Nellie's age?"

"They are not like Nellie," said Laura, "Nellie ought to be kept quiet; dancing and music are too exciting for her. I've had a hard time to raise her, and I know what is best for her better than you do."

"Mrs. Colburn, I would like to have her go with me today, just to see what dancing school is like; as a visitor, not to dance. I will be responsible to see that she is in right company and no harm

comes to her. I will bring her home if I see anything wrong. Do let her go with me today—just this once—won't you, Mrs. Colburn?" was Emma's urgent request.

Laura, very much against her wish, gave her consent to satisfy Emma, with an understanding that she was not to make the second request. I accompanied Emma to dancing school the same afternoon, where I saw a nicely conducted dancing school, where mothers accompanied children, where girls of my age, some older and younger, were learning to dance. How I did wish to be a member of this dancing school. The music was charming.

THE AGE OF GEORGE MANUEL, LAURA'S ELDEST SAID SON, WHO WAS MY ELDEST SAID BROTHER.

It was near, or during the autumn of 1874, when I accompanied Laura and Emma Ritchie to the train at Napa to see Laura's eldest said son away on the train, who was then known in Napa as George S. Manuel and my eldest said brother. While awaiting his arrival at the train, Emma Ritchie remarked to Laura:

"Mrs. Colburn, is it not too bad that George is going to throw better chances away by joining the Seventh-Day Adventist denomination? Why don't you try to stop him?"

"George will be twenty-one years old in a few days," replied Laura, "and it would be useless for me to try to prevent him from going with them now."

I understood from this and other conversations, that George was then to board the train for Oakland, Alameda County, where he was to be employed by the "Pacific Press" Publishing Company, on Castro street, between 11th and 12th streets. George then ceased to be a resident of Napa City.

MR. HENRY S. COLBURN ARRIVES AT NAPA WITH TWO DAUGHTERS.

Mr. Colburn had been absent from home. Both Mr. Colburn and Laura had, prior to his absence, informed me that he was going to Hollowell, State of Maine, to settle an estate there and bring home with him his youngest daughter Belle, to be my companion. It was at some date during the beginning of 1875 when I accom-

panied Laura to the train at Napa to meet Mr. Colburn, whose arrival was expected, when we saw him alight from the train with two girls. Mr. Colburn acted glad to see us and to get home, saying they had had a long and tiresome journey from Maine to California. I was surprised when Mr. Colburn introduced the two girls to us as his daughters, namely, Carrie and Belle, though I was glad that they were going to reside with us, and gave them a welcome greeting. Mr. Colburn, apparently, was of the Caucasian race of people, and though I later observed that his daughters had some features and characteristics indicative that Mr. Colburn was their natural father, Laura informed me that their mother was of the race of people called Indians.

"There can be very little difference between your age and Belle's," said Mr. Colburn to me, "and Carrie is at least two years older than either of you."

Carrie was disposed to be good natured with those she liked, and she appeared to have taken a liking to me when I first met and gave her a friendly greeting and welcome at the train. We became jolly companions. Belle did not appear to have any fondness for any member of the family, not even her father or her sister Carrie, and quite the reverse for Laura's boys, Louis and Augustus, who were quick to take offense from their step-sister Belle.

WHAT WAS THE CAUSE OR MOTIVE FOR SO SUDDEN A CHANGE.

Months had elapsed since May Manuel failed to make her appearance at the "Seminary," for which I heard no explanation. Since then I had neither seen May, her father, mother or brother; neither heard of or knew of their whereabouts. However, it was two or three weeks after Carrie and Belle Colburn's arrival at our new home on Grant Avenue, when Mrs. Lucy Manuel with her daughter and son, May and Walter, called and remained the afternoon with us, and these visits occurred nearly every day for a week, though I do not remember of one of them eating a meal in the house or remaining in the house over night. Carrie and Belle were introduced to their new aunt and cousins, with whom they were sociable. This is the first time May and Walter had called or visited at our home for years, that I had any knowledge

of. These visits were the first that Lucy was ever sociable, acting like a real aunt to me. It was not unreasonable, therefore, after all that I have herein related, that I should think strange of it, and wonder what it all meant and what had brought it about, being then young, inexperienced and ignorant of the motives and causes of plots and conspiracies of crime, on account of the way I had been raised, to connect the mysterious links in the chain of evidence together and guess at the real cause. I was so accustomed to the strange and unexplained behavior of my said Manuel relatives of the four, and being naturally cheerful, disposed to excuse and to account for the unnatural and mean behavior of them towards me in a better view than was real, that I could not understand their plot and conspiracy and that any one of them would be as dangerous to me as the other, sooner or later. I was too small to remember or know about land, houses or money that my missing relatives might have possessed when I missed them. Though not a word or hint had been given me, it apparently had been prearranged that at the termination of my said aunt and cousins' visits in Napa, that I should go home with them; for, to my surprise and wonder, the morning they were to return to Oakland, Lucy said:

"Nellie, go home with us and have a visit. You should think no more about the trouble that mischief-makers have caused between us. Go home with us and we will all do our best to make a pleasant time for you. You will make us feel bad if you don't."

This invitation I refused in as polite a manner as I could and knew how, according to the circumstances, to avoid offense.

"Yes," said May, "I'll do all I can to have you enjoy the visit—we never did have a good visit together. We never did have any trouble till other people made it for us."

"Nellie is getting old enough now to begin to go in company like other girls," said Lucy, "and this will be a chance for her to see Oakland and learn how to make visits."

"I see no reason why you should refuse to have a visit with May," said Laura. "You and her used to get along together. I know you'll be safe with Lucy. You're always wanting to go some place, and now is your chance. So you can go and dress now and I'll get the clothes ready you need to take with you and you've no time to lose."

"Is Nellie going with us, aunt Laura?" said May.

"Yes," said Laura, "I'll take no more excuses from her."

"Goody! goody!" said May, "We'll have a fine time, Nellie—I'll take you around and show you Oakland!"

To Oakland I went with them, though not of my own choice, where we were met and escorted to their home on 14th and Castro streets, by G. W. Manuel, who gave me a welcome greeting, acting as though my arrival had been expected. Their home in Napa, I thought, had been a nice one, yet I had no idea of finding their new one in Oakland to be so much larger and grander. My alleged uncle George never had scolded or was cross to me, with but one exception, that I could remember—was when May and I played tag and were running through his house, for which he was justifiable; though I was more doubtful and afraid of him than I was my said aunt Lucy. Yet uncle George was acting pleased with me as a guest, which quieted my nerves and apprehensions somewhat for the time being. May was evidently doing her best as an entertainer, and I endeavored to put on my best behavior and give them no offense.

After breakfast the morning following our arrival in Oakland, Lucy and May ushered me into their parlor where I saw a new piano that had been bought for May. How I did wish that I owned or could have an opportunity to practice on one like it! I admired and praised the piano with true admiration, saying:

"What a good father and mother you have, May, to buy such a nice piano and so many nice things for you!"

Lucy smiled and looked pleased.

I inquired: "May, have you learned to play the piano yet?"

Lucy answered for her: "You know, Nellie, that May cannot learn a tune and has no natural gift for music; though May's teacher says she is good in imitation, and May can learn to play the piano no other way, only by study of notes and counting time. We have procured the best music teacher we can get to teach her, who encourages her to continue. May has not practiced long enough to play more than a few exercises and a little song that she has practiced, in hopes that she could play it well enough for you to sing by, that is entitled: 'My Nellie's Sleeping in the Hazel Dell.'"

"Please play the exercises and the song first," said I, "the

piano music will be a treat to me—I can listen to my own singing some other time.”

May seated herself at the piano, played several exercises and the song. Though she played like a beginner with irregular time, I thought she had done well to accomplish what she had, considering how she had to learn, complimented her success thus far and encouraged her to continue.

“Now, Nellie, I would like to hear you sing the song for me,” said May.

“Yes, do sing the song for May,” said Lucy. “We would like to hear you sing it.”

To sing the song with May’s time and discordant notes, I foresaw from the first, would be difficult; yet I tried—a pause—Lucy scolded May for not keeping better time—May giving me beseeching glances.

“May is doing well, but it requires practice to play while any one is singing, and May has not had this kind of practice,” said I.

The title of this song, what I had heard Lucy say about both myself and singing, when I listened under the “old house” to her secret interview with Laura, came to mind.

At their request, for peace and safety, to give them no offense, I replied:

“If it is any pleasure for either of you to hear me sing the song, we will try again.”

“May has practiced the song in hopes she could play while you sang it, and she will be disappointed if you don’t sing it,” said Lucy. “Try and sing at least one verse.”

We began the second time—my eyes filled with tears—a pause.

“Why, what is the matter, Nellie?” both May and Lucy inquired.

“The song is too sad—I cannot sing it,” I replied.

“I didn’t know you were so sensitive, Nellie,” said Lucy. “You and May had better go out for a walk, and that will make you feel better.”

This was the last any of them asked me to sing for them, and after some meditation, as not one of this family had ever heard me sing that I could remember or was aware of, I thought

perhaps it might have been good fortune on my part, that I could not sing the song for them. I did not neglect to encourage May to play for me at every favorable opportunity during this visit, that seemed to please both Lucy and May. May's father and brother, I had noticed and remembered, were absent from the room during all piano exercises, and neither of them mentioned the subject of music or singing in my presence.

My said uncle George W. Manuel, to my surprise—for surprisees continued with me—contributed some of his time of two days, for the entertainment of May, Walter and myself, acting as though it was a pleasure to be our escort, Lucy remaining at home. On the first of these occasions, we attended a barbecue at some town a short distance from Oakland. The day following we went boating on Lake Merritt, between Oakland and Brooklyn. On both of these occasions my said uncle George liberally supplied us both with fruit and candy on our way to the train. We walked, talked, laughed together like friends. At this time I would have been glad had it thus continued.

My said aunt Lucy also contributed an afternoon as escort to May, Walter and myself, where we had a ride on the cars and called on a Mrs. Capt. Wines, who with her family at a former time had occupied a tenement house on Grant Avenue, in the block that was said to belong to my said uncle, G. W. Manuel, near the Steamer Landing, Napa City. Most other days I accompanied May, sometimes both May and Walter through streets to get views of the city of Oakland. During what proved to be my last day of this visit, May, her father and I were alone in a room having a sociable time to ourselves, when my said uncle inquired:

"Nellie, can you dance?"

"Some girls taught me the steps of several round dances," said I.

"I wonder if I could learn to dance?" said George, smiling.
"Will you show me the step, Nellie?"

"Would you like to learn to dance, uncle George?" said I.

"Yes, I would like to learn," said George, "I guess I'll be pretty clumsy as a beginner, but show me the step and I'll try."

"The waltz is my favorite," said I.

"Then teach me the waltz step," said George, while May sat laughing—our only spectator. While thus engaged, our jollifi-

cation was interrupted and brought to an end, by hearing Lucy call. We opened the door and saw her standing in a doorway opposite the hall. The expression of her face was like one disappointed or troubled, that apparently her husband felt and understood, causing his cheerfulness to vanish and the old haunted expression that I had formerly observed prior to this visit, to return to his face; that caused a gloom on all present; though May and I never mentioned the fact to each other.

Lucy announced: "George, I have a letter to read to you," and they both entered the room, closed the door, leaving May and I alone.

"Nellie, let us go to my room," said May.

We had not been there more than twenty minutes when Lucy came and asked me to step into the hall, where we were alone. "Nellie," she said, "I got a letter from Laura. I will show you what she wrote about you." Then she was careful to fold the letter so that I could read only the sentences: "Send Nellie home. She has been with you long enough. Laura."

Though every member of this family continued to treat me as a guest, the gloom remained, and the following morning Lucy—Lucy alone—escorted me to the depot at Oakland, purchased a ticket and saw me away on the train for Napa City.

Laura could smile, look cross, look pleased, look anxious, worried, laugh as other people do and sometimes smile with the expression of a friend; she could talk friendly, put herself to some expense and extra work to favor people when she needed their influence and help for protection or to carry out some scheme she might have in view—like many other people do; she was like a natural mother with her own children and relatives for one of her kind and disposition; to see to it that they were protected and provided for, though I never knew her to be affectionate with any one; to feed a hungry man who called at her home for something to eat, was against her principles. "Go and work for your living," she would say, "I don't propose to feed any of your kind." She would not act or appear as glad to meet me as she would a passive acquaintance, and I was so accustomed to this kind of behavior from her, there being no affection between us, that I did not generally notice or think about it as others would.

On my arrival in Napa City from Oakland, I found no one at the depot to meet me. I did look for Carrie or Belle Colburn to be there—I had met and welcomed them. I felt disappointed and friendless as I walked home alone from the depot. On entering the house, I found Laura alone in the dining room, who had a dejected and disappointed expression to her face that seemed to say: How sorry I am to see you again! Remaining seated in her chair, her only greeting was:

“Well—I see you’ve got back;” as though it distressed her.

With no reply, I faced about, left the room and went up stairs, through the rooms, looked out the windows, in search of some other member of the family, and not one, excepting Laura, was to be found in the house or seen on the premises. I wished then, as I had many times before, that I had seen Laura for the last time. When all members of the family did put in their appearance in the house, they, too, were more silent and gloomy appearing than I had left them—like people distressed with some secret they were concealing from me; though I could obtain no information from them about what had happened or taken place during my absence, to account for this sudden gloom on them all.

MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH CARRIE AND BELLE COLBURN.

I found that neither Carrie or Belle Colburn were persons desirous of accomplishments in book learning. Neither of them were musicians, and Belle, like her father, could not learn to hum a tune of any kind; yet both girls could read, spell and write—though poorly, when they came to us; that was evidence they had had some schooling, and both of them were in need of new and better clothing; also a true mother’s instructions and corrections. Laura spent several weeks of her time and she spent her own money, buying and making them clothes to have them appear neat and presentable to the neighbors; also to prepare Belle to attend the “Napa Young Ladies’ Seminary;” for Mr. Colburn said he would like to make a lady of her; that Belle was to be my companion, giving strict orders that she accompany me to and from school, which pleased Belle, to which she readily consented. Being grades higher in my classes than Belle, we

occupied seats in separate buildings, and, therefore, seldom met from the time we entered the school yard in the morning until we were ready to walk home together from school. I am pleased to announce, we never had any angry words towards each other at, or on our way to and from school. Belle, I soon learned, was not up to the average of girls I knew then in reason and intelligence, became a willing and diligent reporter to Laura and her father; her memory being too short and her observation too incorrect to often turn in correct reports. Both Laura and her father favored her to some extent for awhile, as appeared, for being so diligent a reporter for them; this was not all—for awhile she would repeat most anything to Laura's interest that she could remember long enough, whether true or false, regardless of any injury she might do to both Carrie and myself. For these reasons, she was not a desirable companion, or always safe company for either of us.

When vacation came, I talked Belle into persuading her father to give consent to our working in some dressmaking establishment, so that we could make our own dresses. Laura was willing that Belle should learn, but of course was unwilling that I should have the same chance which angered Mr. Colburn, who insisted on my being allowed to find a place to learn dressmaking, overruling in this particular. Mr. Colburn procured his daughter Belle a place as apprentice in a dressmaking establishment. Twice, formerly, I succeeded in talking Laura into giving her consent to my serving as an apprentice in millinery stores, which resulted in—well, I did remain with a Mrs. W. R. Brown several weeks; was a helper to a Mrs. Frost several days, both of Napa City. I heard no complaints of my conduct or work. Laura got me discharged from both places. Belle Colburn and I had been employed at least six weeks at dressmaking, when we, accompanied by Carrie Colburn and Emma Ritchie, attended a Fourth of July picnic at locust grove, where I indulged in dancing, which the girls promised to keep a secret from Laura. Neither Belle or Carrie Colburn could dance. A few days after the picnic, Laura apprised me that she had met and talked with the dressmaker, my employer:

“She told me that to her fancy, you was the cutest little dancer

she saw at the picnic," said Laura. "Where and how did you learn to dance?"

"Different girls taught me the steps, and we practiced at the picnics; though I have not had practice enough to be a nice dancer," I responded.

"Well," said Laura, "I've come to the conclusion that you are too apt and gay for one of your age; that the 'Seminary' will be the best place for you; so you and Belle will have to quit your places of dressmaking and get ready to go back to school. Belle said she was glad of an excuse to quit her job, and I could not persuade Laura to permit me to resume my place. Thus terminated our apprenticeship at dressmaking in Napa City.

Belle Colburn and I had begun our second term of schooling together at the 'Seminary' when a teacher with whom I was friendly, privately notified me that she had found Belle Colburn crying the day previous, who complained and informed her to the sum and effect, as related by the teacher, which sounded so much like some of Belle's complaints, that I have no doubts Laura had instructed Belle to relate some, if not all of the same to her interest, to make it appear that she was like a natural mother, so far as I was concerned:

BELLE COLBURN'S COMPLAINT TO THE TEACHER.

"Nellie Manuel is my step-sister; her mother is my step-mother. Nellie is ahead of me in her classes and can dance, just because her mother has given her better advantages than I've had. Her mother praises her up and this makes Nellie feel herself above me. Neither father or Nellie's mother will send me to dancing school so that I can learn to dance and be like Nellie, and Nellie's mother makes me do more house work at home than she does Nellie. Now my sister Carrie likes Nellie for company better than she does me, and father promised me I could be Nellie's companion, and not my sister Carrie. Nellie's brothers think everything Nellie does and says is right, and are impudent and saucy and threaten to fight me every time I do and say anything Nellie don't like; just because she is the pet at home and they are Nellie's own brothers and Nellie's mother is my step-

mother. I am a stranger in California, am lonesome and homesick. I feel so bad I can't help crying when I think of it all."

"I am the one who is most deserving of sympathy, for being compelled to reside in the same house with one like Belle Colburn," was my complaint to the teacher.

The teacher laughed and advised me to the effect: "Try and make the best of your unpleasant surroundings. Avoid all unpleasantness and trouble with Belle possible. I will have another talk with Belle, will use my influence to persuade her from giving you any unnecessary annoyance.

WAS POISON PLACED IN MY FOOD AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE?

To avoid trouble and wrangling, Belle Colburn's complaint to the teacher, I did not mention, acting as though all was satisfactory between us. To the best of my memory, six weeks had not elapsed after the same complaint, when one morning immediately after entering the school room, I was suddenly seized with a chill, cramps, turned deathly white, like one about to die; when I was almost carried from the school room and placed in a private room. Several of the teachers were present who sent for the same teacher who had reported Belle Colburn's private complaint to me. Being a student of medicine, she was called in to give her opinion as to the cause of my sudden illness and what was best to do for the time being. An ordinary water glass partly filled with brandy and water mixed was immediately brought, which I drank. Finding this to relieve my cramps somewhat, I plead for a glassful of brandy and less water; then another, which I drank, to the amazement of the teachers. One teacher suggested to send for my mother.

"No, please don't," I replied, "to see her, would make me feel worse;" too ill to consider before I spoke how such a remark would sound.

"We must not let you die here, if we can prevent it," said one, "and will send for a physician if you do not improve immediately."

"Is it not strange, that she can drink such a quantity of brandy without being intoxicated?" said another, to which the medical

teacher gave signs, as I understood, to say no more on the subject in my presence.

"The cramps are all gone," I notified them, "Do not worry any more about me—I feel much better, and think I will be all right, if I can have a little sleep."

After placing warm appliances to my feet, they withdrew from the room. I was entirely ignorant as to the effects of poison then, had no suspicion that I had been poisoned. I might have been asleep more or less than half an hour, when I awoke, thinking myself to be past danger and as able to go home as ever. Putting on my shoes—they being my only clothing that had been removed—I walked out of the room insensible to pain or weakness—if I had any, requested a pupil I met, to give my thanks to the teachers, and to tell them for me, that I was feeling better and had gone home. However, this proved to be my last school day in Napa City, or to have an opportunity to converse with any of the same teachers. As I neared home, my cramps returned, and when I opened the kitchen door, Laura stood there and caught me in her arms, as I was falling from pain and weakness. Placing me in a chair, she felt of my hands and face:

"You look like a dead person, and are as white and cold as one," she said.

Then she hurriedly brought a cup of thick cream, that she held to my mouth and insisted on my drinking, which caused my cramps to cease a few minutes after I had drank. Then she asked me to tell her all the particulars of my illness and all that was said and done for me at school in regards to the same, most of which I related to her; though Belle's complaint to the teacher I kept a secret, thinking Laura to be the cause of it.

"Well, this will end your schooling for a while at least," said Laura. "You are not able to go to school and must have more out-of-doors exercise and fresh air. You can go fishing and take walks with Carrie and the boys down the river for a while, till you get better."

Belle Colburn was out of her natural element at the "Seminary," and when she found that Laura refused my continuation at school, she refused to go to school saying:

"I don't think it's fair at all, to allow Nellie to stay home and go with Carrie and the boys having a good time without me."

"You don't have to go to school if you don't want to," was Laura's response to her complaint, and Belle's school days in Napa City were also ended.

Carrie Colburn did not attend school after she came to us. "Give me plenty to eat, enough clothes to wear, a good time, and I'll be satisfied," was one of Carrie's sayings.

Carrie Colburn was one who possessed some wit, could enjoy jokes and laugh at the ridiculous, was disposed to look at the comic side of persons and affairs—if there was any, was more intelligent and better natured than her sister Belle. She was the cause of my having more freedom, more company, and cheered my lonely life and surroundings to such an extent while with us, that I viewed the day Carrie came to our home with gladness and thankfulness, whatever she might have been or was in later years towards me secretly. Laura was a watchful and suspicious person—that was not strange nor unreasonable for any person engaged in schemes of conspiracy, and appeared to have taken a dislike to Carrie on account of her jollity and preference to my company to all other members of the family, and encouraged Belle to keep a close lookout for us and report to her all our doings and sayings, that Belle could hear or find out. When in our company, Louis and Augustus were considerable protection to us against Belle's reports to Laura, for they disliked their step sister Belle, as she did them. If the boys attended school at any time in Napa, I did not know of it. Louis said he hated to go to school, and Augustus represented to me that he was so constituted as to be unable to apply his mind to book-learning, and had, therefore, been excused from going to school; though he was the only one who gave me this information. All members of our family addressed Belle Colburn as Belle, excepting Carrie, who addressed and spoke of her sister as Annabelle. We were a specimen-like family, Laura and Mr. Colburn inclusive. There was a comic side of us collection when viewed and taken into consideration, as well as the scheming, aggravating, treacherous and mysterious; both Carrie and I finding it quite necessary to be cautious about letting our private laughs and criticisms of our specimen-like collection be known aside from ourselves.

When our school days at the "Seminary" were terminated, Laura ordered us to take daily walks, and we sometimes went

fishing, when we all had enjoyable times together, after Annabelle had several heated debates and some violence with Louis and Augustus and became initiated into our style of enjoyment without troublesome reports to Laura on these occasions.

SKETCH 30.

AN APPARITION APPEARED AT THE NAPA CEMETERY.

Carrie and I liked to slip away from Belle and the boys sometimes, to have walks, talks and laughs without witnesses; yet our strolling off alone had been opposed thus far by Laura and Carrie's father, until one morning during the first part of 1875, when only three of us were in the house or on the premises, that I knew of.

"Nell, I'm tired of walks to the river and would like to have some change of scenery. I have never been to the Napa graveyard and would like to see what it looks like. Annabelle and the boys are away from home—now is our chance. What do you say to our taking a walk to the graveyard this morning and having a time to ourselves?"

"I would like it," said I, "but the question is: Will Laura give her consent?"

"I will ask her now," said Carrie.

Laura came to the room. "Yes," she said, "it is a nice morning, and a walk to the graveyard will be good exercise for you and Carrie."

We were soon on our way to the Napa Cemetery, that was located on foot hills that were for the most part of rock, at an edge of the Napa valley, that was said to be three and one-half miles distance from the town of Napa. We had passed through the settlement called Spanish Town, on the county road, where we thought our voices could not be heard by any human form. The morning was a pleasant one; the country air seemed fragrant and invigorating; the thought and relief of feeling free for a while, apparently had given us new life.

"Nell," said Carrie, "let us give several shouts for joy. I feel like I've just stepped out of hell into heaven, to be free from that

gang at home for a while and inhale this invigorating country air."

We shouted and laughed aloud for a short space of time, wondering what people in town would think, could they hear the noise we found we were capable of. We were young, by nature healthy; neither of us, apparently, had given any thought or consideration to the solemnity of the place we were approaching, or the danger there—I know I had not. Neither then had the least thought occurred to my mind that the body of some murdered relative of mine might be buried there. This cemetery of Napa was a lonely, wild-looking place, away from living habitations—a dangerous place to be found alone by criminals; yet I had not thought of being afraid, and Carrie certainly showed no indications of it.

We opened the iron gate to the cemetery yard, that was at a side of the county road. We followed the nearest roadway to where the graves were, that was of a winding, steep rise, that led us to a lone liveoak tree, at an edge of a perpendicular bluff, a few feet from the narrow driveway on which we stood. We were on the open, in plain view from the direction of the valley; were near the space of twenty feet from the line of the tombs and graves that were, with the exception of one tomb, concealed from our view by a thicket of trees and shrubbery intersperced among them. Here was an excellent view of Napa City and Valley; also a view of the bay of San Francisco in the distance, from which direction came a refreshing breeze; a pleasant place to rest from our walk, before entering the thicket to the graves. Here we seated ourselves under the lone, liveoak tree; Carrie with her back towards the Bay, and I with my back a few feet from an edge of the narrow driveway, facing the Bay and viewing the scenery. We sat conversing cheerfully, until I saw Carrie's head suddenly droop, her eyes turn to her lap. Though her face was dark, her hair and eyes black, the pallor that had everspred her face, made it several shades lighter; like one about to swoon; from which I readily understood that she had been seized with some sudden fright, injury or illness. Before I could think to inquire into the cause, Carrie placed her hand on my lap, gasped in a low voice without raising her eyes;

"Nell, there's a man standing behind you in the road—what can we do?"

After Carrie's first sight of what she told me was a man, I understood from her appearance, that she could not, or was afraid to raise her eyes, to take a second view of the object of her fright; then she whispered: "He is close behind you, Nell."

Thoughts flashed through my mind to the effect: That we had made a mistake by coming to so out-of-a-way place alone, and I attempted to turn my head to see the object of Carrie's fright, when I found my neck to be stiff and difficult to turn, like it was being held by some power of the air. With all the strength I had, it seemed, I succeeded in turning my neck far enough towards a backward direction, to catch a glimpse that was instantaneous, of the appearance of a human form, that vanished from my glimpse. A silent voice then came, not audible to the outward sound of ears, accompanied by a shock of fear, impressing my mind instantly, from which I understood what would be in words, to the sum and effect:

"You are in serious danger—make haste to escape from this graveyard to town—you must hurry to escape—lest you be too late."

Though dreadfully frightened, I could speak, and found myself to be active and possessed of more strength, I thought, than usual.

Rising quickly to my feet—"Wake up, Carrie," I said, "now is our only chance to escape from this graveyard. If you don't hurry, we may not live to get out."

I caught hold of her hands and pulled her to her feet.

"Oh, Nell! Did you see that man? How could he get out of sight so quick? There's no place here where he could hide in the length of time he disappeared. I'm so weak from fright I can hardly stand."

"I know what I'm talking about Carrie—Do as I tell you and you'll be safe," I demanded, "or I'll run away and leave you here to be killed." Grabbing hold of her arm, I again demanded: "Now we must run with all our might, to get out of this graveyard alive—do you hear? Hurry! run Carrie! Don't be foolish losing time trying to look back! Now or never!" I kept saying while urging and pulling her along by the hand on a down-hill pull—

through the iron gate, and to the base of the hill; where the ground was level the rest of our way to town. I continued with her in this manner without any unnecessary pause to walk or to take more breath, until we had covered near half the distance to town, when Carrie declared she could neither run nor walk any longer without a little rest.

"Now keep your face towards town, while I look in the direction of the graveyard to see if any one is in sight. I can see no person in any direction," I told her, "though some one or more might overtake us in a carriage; so we must make the best of our time until we reach a safer place than this; and we must not talk on the subject of our fright until we reach town, for it will weaken us and hinder us from gaining time."

Arriving in town safely, I said: "Now, Carrie, I would like to hear all you know about the man you saw in the graveyard who stood in the road behind me."

Carrie's explanation: "I was listening to you talk, Nell, and looked towards the road, where I saw a man standing behind you. There was something about his sudden and unexpected appearance there that gave me an awful scare. I never saw him or heard a sound of his footsteps until I looked towards the road and told you a man was standing behind you in the road. How he could get there without my seeing or hearing him, was a mystery to me. My first look at him gave me such a deathly fear I was afraid to take a second look at him for fear I would faint. When my eyes were turned down I could glance at his feet. He took several steps towards you after my first sight of him, then I was afraid he would kill you, and then kill me. When you turned your face to look at him his feet disappeared. When you told me the man was gone, I was feeling like I was going to die right there; yet I could not scream or speak aloud, not if our lives depended on it. All the life, strength and courage I had was about gone. I believe I would have died right there, if you had not spoken to me. The sound of your voice, and when you told me the man was gone, gave me some encouragement, and when you took my hands and helped me to stand up, I saw that the man was gone. I looked around, could not see him anywhere, and wondered where he could have disappeared in so short a time, where there was no place that I could see to hide. This is a mystery to me, as well as who

he was, why he came there and disappeared so suddenly. Now tell me, Nell, how you knew the man was gone, how you had the nerve to do and say what you did; for I never was so near frightened to death in my life."

I was afraid that Carrie might think strange of me, should I attempt to explain to her full particulars of my warning and influence from the apparition, and therefore explained to her in a manner as follows:

"Carrie, several years ago, I heard people talking about robbers who had a secret place of concealment in the graveyard, who were captured. When you told me a man stood in the road back of me, the robbers came to my mind; that there might be others prowling around this vicinity, and how thoughtless and imprudent I had been to encourage you to come to an out-of-away place like this graveyard is, alone by ourselves. I was dreadfully frightened, turned my head to see the object of your fright, when I saw it vanish instantly. I then understood that what you thought to be a man, was some kind of a ghost or spirit, and not one of bones and flesh, like us. Understanding it to be a warning, I thought there would be a chance for our escape from danger, whatever it might be. This warning came to me, as I understood, from the ghost or spirit we saw, that you thought was a man with bones and flesh. I think it will be better for us, not to shock and excite Laura by letting her know about our fright and the ghost or spirit we saw in the graveyard today." Carrie said she would not mention it so that Laura would hear of it.

SKETCH 31.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Accompanied by Emma Ritchie, Carrie and Belle Colburn, I attended a picnic and celebration at the locust grove of Napa, Fourth of July, 1874, where Emma Ritchie gave me my first introduction to a Mr. Lewellen P. Smith.

Accompanied by the same three girls of the foregoing, I attended a festival at Napa, December, 1874, that was held in the same building in which my said uncle, G. W. Manuel (one of the four) and a Mr. Ellis, of Napa, were formerly said to be partners in the warehouse business. It was here, that Mr. Lewellen P.

Smith gave me my first introduction to his brother, Mr. A. A. Smith, of Calistoga, Napa County, California.

When springtime of 1875 came, Mr. Colburn was in favor of us girls attending Church, which Laura at first opposed, but later consented to, by Mr. Colburn's arguments and persuasions; though Laura was always particular to inquire what church we were going to attend, and which church we had attended; for we attended several denominations.

Mr. L. P. Smith was the first gentleman Laura would give permit to us girls to entertain as company at home, or to be our escort. The first of his calls was a Sunday afternoon, a short time prior to the Fourth of July of 1875.

A Fourth of July celebration of 1875 was held in the Court House Square of Napa City, which we girls attended. We there met Mr. L. P. Smith and his brother A. A. Smith. There were not seats for all, and our Third Street house across from the Square, at the time being unoccupied, we girls accompanied by Mr. A. A. Smith, seated ourselves on the front steps, where we could get a clear view of people in the Square. This was my first to be inside of our Third Street yard since the night that Laura with Augustus and myself deserted the same house and her ruffian husband Dave (one of the four), in the autumn of 1867. In the springtime of the same year, George (my eldest said brother), gave me a slip of a willow tree, which I planted in the yard at the back of this house, that was now grown to be a tree of more than ordinary size, of its kind. Accompanied by Mr. Smith, I went to look at the tree that I had planted when a child, leaving the girls seated on the front steps. We had only been there a few minutes, when, to our surprise and humiliation, there appeared by us the ruffian Dave, who was Laura's former husband and my said father. He objected to and threatened Mr. Smith, for being in my company, in profane language that filled the air about us. I did not speak to him, and succeeded in accompanying Mr. Smith to the Square, without his being assaulted by the ruffian. The girls had disappeared from the porch, and were not to be seen by us for the time being. We found Mr. L. P. Smith seated in the Square, to whom we gave a very brief account of our encounter with the ruffian, who was very much offended over the affair. Offering me his seat, the brothers walked away together. They

returned in an hour or so, with whom I had private interview, to whom I gave such explanations of the ruffian as I thought prudent and safe, for one of my surroundings, which explanation appeared to be satisfactory to the Smith brothers. The girls came, and the remainder of our day passed in peace and some festivities.

Mr. L. P. Smith called a Sunday afternoon, a short time after Fourth of July, 1875; Emma Ritchie was with us at the time. The conversation turned to fruit, orchards and places of interest down the river. Mr. Smith was cheerful and interesting company; said he thought he could enjoy a walk down the river where fruit could be found. We notified him there would be several sideboard fences to climb, to and from the orchard.

"Can you climb fences, Mr. Smith?" was my inquiry.

"Yes," said Mr. Smith, "more than that—I am able to help all the rest of you over."

"Well," said Carrie, "if you feel as stout as that, I guess it will be safe to take the trip. It looks as though four of us girls ought to be able to take care of you."

"The sooner we start, the longer time we can have in the orchard," said Emma.

"Good! Get on your hats, and we will be off," said Mr. Smith.

When we came to the first fence to climb, Mr. Smith started to help every one of us over, when, after some deliberation, we decided that he was exerting himself too much, and we would take turns about to help Mr. Smith over fences; that we found to be no small amusement. At our first attempt, he laid down on the ground, weak from laughter. We reached our destination, ate fruit, had a sociable time and rest; then reclinced the sideboard fences and seated ourselves on the steps of a building near the river, across the street from Jack's place. It was understood by us that Mr. Smith was passing away with consumption, and could not continue with us long; though it was our endeavor to cheer and conceal these fears from him. After a rest on the steps, he favored us with a song, that was new to us then, entitled: "Silver Threads Among the Gold." As he sang this song for us in a soft, pretty voice, our sympathies were much aroused; and to hear this song after his decease, was to recall sad memories of the loss of our cheerful companion, Mr. L. P. Smith. We all arrived

at home safely, Mr. Smith declaring he never did have a more enjoyable time, than on this occasion.

Mr. Colburn and Laura appeared to have taken a liking to Mr. L. P. Smith, and when the latter asked Laura if she had any objections to his brother accompanying him during his next call, both Laura and Mr. Colburn consented. The said Smith brothers came several times Sunday afternoons; when it was arranged by Mr. L. P. Smith, that his brother Mr. A. A. Smith, was to be my escort, and himself the escort of Carrie and Belle Colburn, during pleasure walks, which arrangement Mr. A. A. Smith represented, was entirely satisfactory to him. Mr. A. A. Smith also informed me that he had been notified to the effect, that D. A. Manuel (the ruffian and my said father, one of the four) was opposed to his being in my company; that D. A. Manuel was treacherous and dangerous; that he found it to be necessary, therefore, to carry a revolver for his protection.

Mr. L. P. Smith's health was failing rapidly, so that Carrie and Belle could no more depend on his being their escort. Thinking it would be better and safer for Carrie and Belle to have escorts during our walks, I knew of brothers, both of respectable reputation in Napa, with whom I was somewhat acquainted; though Laura was very much opposed to either of them being my company, as she was all other men, excepting the Smith brothers—she might have been secretly opposed to them; yet she pretended to have no objections to either of them being my company and escort. One Sunday morning, Laura as usual, inquired: "What church are you girls going to today?"

Carrie replied: "Nell, what will be our church today?"

"Your choice," said I.

"I like the Methodist; the good old Methodist tunes are invigorating," said Carrie.

On our way, I proposed that we go to the Christian Church, which Carrie and Belle had not yet attended.

"What is the attraction there?" said Carrie.

"Two young gentlemen, whose reputations in town are excellent. They are regular attendants of that church," said I.

"Who are these young gentlemen with excellent reputations?" both Carrie and Belle inquired.

"I thought, perhaps, they might make agreeable escorts for you and Belle. They are the Deweese brothers," said I.

"Well, if that's the case, to the Christian church we will go; but I warn you—if you fail to produce them, and I find you are fooling us, I'll get even on you, by notifying Mr. Smith that you have other attractions, besides him," said Carrie.

When we were seated in the Christian church, the Messrs. Deweese were there, who did not appear displeased, I thought, at our presence. When the services were concluded, I introduced the Misses Colburn and the Messrs. Deweese. After some conversation, it was agreed to and decided the Messrs. Deweese were to call at our home in the evening to be company for the Misses Colburn. On our way home, I warned the girls to first notify their father and get his sanction and approval of the Deweese brothers as callers, then to break the news gently to Laura, that there be no eruption in the house when they came.

"I don't see why Carrie and I haven't just as good a right to have gentlemen company as you," said Belle.

"Probably you have," said I, "and I am doing all I can to help you out; but that is not the difficulty. The question is, to get along with Laura."

"I'll promise you there'll be a row if she makes any fuss about my having company," said Belle, "I think Laura is about the meanest person I ever knew."

Mr. Colburn said he had no objection to the Deweese brothers being company for his daughters, to which Laura neither expressed her approval or disapproval; yet the red came and went from her cheeks like one agitated at the news. However, Messrs. Will and Ben Deweese came; also Mr. A. A. Smith came the same evening and we composed an agreeable party of six; which party continued for some months on Sunday evenings when the weather was favorable.

GENEVA COLBURN'S BIRTH.

It was during the autumn of 1875 when Laura's only daughter, Geneva Colburn, was born. The day preceding her birth, I was sent to the Ritchie home, while Carrie, Belle and other members of the family remained at home. Laura was said to be in danger, and her eldest said son, George S. Manuel, her trusted one of the

family as it appeared, in times of danger and business affairs, was telegraphed for to come as soon as possible to his mother's bedside. I was ordered to remain at the Ritchie home until Laura was thought to be past all danger; then I was sent for and ushered into her presence, when I greeted her pleasantly, praised and admired her infant, which caused her face to take on a more cheerful and hopeful expression. I then met George, looking anxious and troubled, whom I had not seen since his departure on the train for Oakland, in the latter part of 1874; for I neither saw George nor heard his name mentioned during my visit with G. W. Manuel and family in Oakland. The same afternoon that I was ushered into Laura's presence and met George, he requested me to accompany him on the streets to the business part of town; that was the first time I can remember of having been on the street with George in the business part of town since a child. It was not unreasonable therefore, that I thought strange of it, and was on my guard. George neither treated me to any kind of a drink or eatable, and had no motive for requesting my company on this occasion that was apparent, more than to find out how much I had heard about family affairs in general, to which I feigned ignorance, only in such matters as was openly known and talked of in my presence in the family and near vicinity of our residence, when I observed that George had a somewhat puzzled expression and manner. The same evening, George bade us good-bye, saying he would be off on the train for Oakland. This proved to be my last to see or hear from George S., for not less than a year and a half.

Geneva was Laura's natural daughter, and from all appearances, was her first and last; for Laura was so pleased and natural with her, that she forgot for the time being to carry out some of her farce as a natural mother to me, being so all absorbed in her new born treasure. Some of Laura's most intimate acquaintances wondered and spoke of it.

It appeared, or was made to appear, that something had been said or done by the Colburn girls and their father during my absence from home at the time of Geneva's birth, that was the cause of Laura taking more of a dislike to the Colburn girls than previous. It was six weeks or more after Geneva's birth when Laura announced to me privately:

"I will not spend money buying Carrie and Belle clothes any more. They can live at home; but they will be obliged from now on to earn the money to buy the material for their clothes, make them, or hire them made."

"For what reason?" I inquired.

"I heard some of their talk to their father the night Geneva was born, that came very near causing my death, and neither one of them may expect very much from me from now on."

This was the only explanation given me of the affair, and I wondered what Carrie or Belle had said or done, to cause Laura to turn against them, after having done more for both of them than she had for me, during the time they had been with us, and which both of them had mentioned and reminded me of, to the effect: That Laura was even more like a mother to them, than she was to me; though a very mean step-mother, at best. Carrie and Belle procured situations at housework to earn money to buy material for their other clothing, which Laura cut out and instructed them to make at home, doing any necessary work on them that the girls could not do. During this time Laura was an enthusiast in the selection of goods, lace and embroidery trimmings, for which she spent money very freely to make garments as pretty as she knew how with the suggestions and aid of Mrs. Ritchie and Emma, for her new treasure, Geneva.

A favorite and continuous saying of Laura was: "Geneva was born with a gold spoon in her mouth and will never be in need while she lives."

Belle Colburn inquired of me: "Nell, why don't you earn money and buy you some new clothes? It don't look like Laura intends to buy you any; all she cares about now is to spend all her time and money on Geneva and tell about the gold spoon in her mouth; and I don't see why you are any better to work and earn money to buy your clothes than Carrie and me. People say Laura is showing partiality by allowing her own daughter to stay at home and make her step-daughters go away from home to earn money to buy their clothes, and it don't look right, Nell, now does it?"

"I would be very glad of the chance," said I, "and to prove it to you, will you and Carrie interest yourselves enough to do your very best with my efforts to persuade Laura to allow me to find

employment to earn money for myself, the same as she does you girls. For her to give me the same freedom and liberties she does you, would please me more than you may have any idea that it would." The girls agreeing to this proposition, we confronted Laura with arguments and coaxing, that we found had no more influence with her than if we had plead with a brick wall. Laura's final answer and announcement to me, was hurled in exclamations:

"No!" she said, "Your clothes are good enough for you for awhile! You take better care of your clothes than Carrie or Belle! You couldn't do enough at housework to earn your board! I don't want you to earn any money!"

"I don't see why Nell is any better to earn money than Carrie and me," Belle responded.

"You shut your mouth and mind your own business, or I'll shut it for you!" Laura shouted, that settled our arguments for the time being.

When Carrie and Belle had finished their sewing for the present, they began to call and visit at the Ritchie home every day and Sundays included. I refused to accompany them to the Ritchie home any more, my reasons being to avoid being witness to what was said, to avoid having trouble with Laura; for I felt quite certain that Belle, at least, would have serious trouble with Laura from these too frequent calls and visits; advised and warned the girls of it, and for them to be careful about repeating what they saw and heard at home; that Laura was particular and very suspicious about having what was said and done at home, repeated. Neither of them heeded my warning, but daily went to the Ritchie house. At this time us girls were generally escorted to some church Sunday evenings, when the weather was favorable, by the Messrs. Deweese and Mr. Smith. It appeared as though Anna-belle was again acting as private reporter to Laura, my reasons being as follows:

On our return home from church Sunday evenings, when we bade our escorts good-evening at the gate, Belle rushed into the house ahead of us, when Carrie and I would be alone from ten to thirty minutes. Then Laura came and notified Carrie in my presence that she was wanted in the dining room where her father was sitting to have a talk with her; where were also Laura and

Belle, from which interviews I was entirely excluded. Two or three of these interviews had taken place to my knowledge, yet no information could I gain from either Carrie or Belle as to what was said. When the third or fourth took place, both of the girls met me in our bedroom in a crying, angry, excited mood:

"What is the trouble?" I inquired. "Do tell me. Maybe I can advise or help you out in some way."

"Laura is the meanest woman I ever knew," said Belle. "She don't do right by us and she don't do right by you. Father stands in with her and is not much better. I don't know how Carrie and me can stand her talk much longer. Tell me the truth, Nell, is Laura your mother? I've heard some people say they had doubts of it, because you don't look like Laura or anyone of the family; and you don't have ways like any of them."

"Shut your mouth! Annabelle," said Carrie. "You will make matters worse by talking about it. Don't say any more about it, Annabelle—there! now!"

Angry, excited and crying after another interview with their father and step-mother, the girls met me in our bedroom; when I tried to persuade Carrie to tell me the cause of their trouble. Carrie walked to and fro across the floor wringing her hands like one in desperation, repeating in a low voice:

"Oh—that wretch of a Laura! Oh—how sorry, sorry I am that Annabelle and I ever came here, or saw her! Father's no better!"

Then Belle announced to Carrie: "Carrie, I've just a good notion to tell Nell. Laura's played treacherous with me. She's no friend of ours, and father's no good either."

"Shut your mouth, Annabelle! Don't you dare to tell her!" Carrie demanded.

"I believe I'd be doing right to tell her," said Belle. "Nellie, if you only knew what Laura is to you!"

Carrie grabbed Belle like one in fear and desperation, saying: "Shut your mouth or I'll shut it for you—you fool! If you have no sense, I'll make you have some! I don't propose to have you make any worse trouble for me—There! Now!"

The foregoing was all I could gather from my inquiries of Carrie and Belle in regards to their trouble and what was said during these secret interviews; from which readers may draw their own conclusions.

A MYSTERIOUS EVENT.

It was at some date between one and three weeks from the night of my last inquiry into the secret trouble that Carrie and Belle were having with their father and step-mother, when Laura notified Carrie and I at the hour of 1 P. M. that she was going up town on business, and would not return for several hours: "You and Nellie must stay here and look after the house, till I come back," she said.

We were the only persons in the house or on the premises, that I knew of; Carrie and I were occupying the same mahogany, hair-cloth cushioned sofa, that had formerly been in the old house by the Napa river; the same long, red mahogany-framed mirror that had hung over the mahogany table in the same old house, from which I had extracted My Father's picture, now hung on the wall of our new house, in front of us; we were sewing; it was an unusually quiet afternoon, not far from the hour of 4 P. M. Carrie suddenly raised her eyes to the mirror on the wall in front of us; I, too, was looking at it, and we both saw the old mirror raise upwards from its fastenings, as though lifted by unseen hands, and so violently thrown to the floor beneath, that the glass became the finest of powder, excepting a few small fragments. We examined the knob on the wall from which the mirror had hung, its cord and fastenings, that were found to be unbroken and in their places. We therefore came to the conclusion that the mirror had been lifted from its place and thrown to the floor by some power not visible to our eyes. This mysterious event caused us to run from the room from fright.

"What will Laura say when she finds the mirror broke?" was Carrie's inquiry. "What will, and can we tell her, when she asks us how it got broke?"

"Just tell her the truth about it," said I, "and I will be your strong witness.

"Nell, I believe the breaking of that looking glass has a meaning. I've heard people say a person who breaks a looking glass will have bad luck for seven years to come; and I am afraid there is going to be trouble or bad luck in this family for seven years to come."

"The looking glass was not broken by any one of the family,"

said I, "and it may have some other meaning in this case."

"Nell, I am feeling superstitious of you," said Carrie.

"Why so?" I said.

"That ghost or spirit we saw in the graveyard and this looking glass," said Carrie. "I never see such things only when I am with you. Do you suppose you are watched and warned of danger by ghosts or spirits?"

"I was certainly warned by something of that kind when we were in the graveyard together, yet I do not understand why this looking glass was broken in front of our eyes. It puzzled me," was my reply.

It was near sunset when Laura returned home. Not a word did she ever say to me about what her business transactions pertained to this day. Carrie related to her all we saw and knew about the breaking of the mirror, to which Laura replied: "Maybe you girls imagine a great deal. We had better get the broom and dustpan and clean up the glass." We three went up stairs together to view the remains of the mirror, when Laura said and went abruptly:

"I'll have to go right away and get supper—I didn't think it was so late—you girls can clean up the glass."

"Did you see how white Laura's face was before she left us?" Carrie asked.

"I noticed her face was whiter than usual," I replied. "The sooner we get this glass cleaned up, I guess the better."

I was picking up the frame and its pieces, while Carrie grabbed the broom and swept up the remains of the glass. No other absent one of the family returned home that evening before dusk. Not a word of mention did I ever hear from Laura of the same mirror, after that which I have related in the foregoing.

THE MESSRS. DEWEESE DISCONTINUE THEIR CALLS.

It was during the month of February, 1876, when both Carrie and Belle Colburn notified me that the Deweese brothers would cease to call at our home and to be their escorts. A few days after the notification, Laura notified me in Carrie's presence that she had decided it would be better and pleasanter for Carrie to go and live with her sister Lucy for a while, where she had better

chances to learn and to see more than in the quiet town of Napa. Carrie said she would rather go with Lucy a while than to remain in Napa any longer.

"Yes, it will be better and pleasanter," said Laura, "Carrie is getting old enough to support herself. Lucy is a better cook and housekeeper, and can teach Carrie more about cooking and house-keeping than I can."

Carrie began packing her trunk the same day, and the morning following, she bade us good-bye, saying she was going to Oakland. Mr. Colburn said he preferred to go with Carrie alone to the train, where he said he would see her off for Oakland. Carrie did not ask me to write to her and wrote no letters to me.

Mr. A. A. Smith did not discontinue his calls, and after several weeks, decided to get Belle another escort, who accompanied him for the first time to our home, one Sunday afternoon. We continued our walks on Sundays and us four attended a May-Day picnic and dance at St. Helena, Napa County, after which Belle's escort soon discontinued his calls at our home.

During the latter part of May or June, Laura notified me privately, that she had gotten rid of Carrie, and to get rid of Belle, had decided to go to Virginia City, State of Nevada, for a while.

"I found it necessary to get rid of them girls," said Laura, "or to separate from Colburn; because they cause too much contention in the family, and are not the kind of girls I want to have living in the same house with me. The same evening, Mr. Colburn notified me when Laura and Belle were present, that he was going to send Belle to live with his brother and family, in Ukiah, Mendocino County, California, where, he said, she would be with her cousins, Albert, Horatio, Orleans Colburn and a younger girl, whose name I do not remember. The morning following, Belle, or Annabelle Colburn, bade us good-bye, escorted by her father, who said he preferred to walk with Belle alone to see her off for Ukiah.

Belle expressed no regret leaving us, neither said she would like to see me again, would write to me or asked me to write to her. This was the last time I saw Belle Colburn. The Sunday following, Laura notified Mr. A. A. Smith when I was present,

that she would leave Napa in a few days for Virginia City, State of Nevada. "I am going to take Nellie with me," she said.

Mr. L. P. Smith, Sr., with his two sons, L. P. Smith, Jr and A. A. Smith, had been in the jewelry business in Napa City to my knowledge, a year or more. Mr. L. P. Smith, Jr. was now deceased. Mr. A. A. Smith called the few remaining evenings of our time in Napa, during which time we had some private walks and talks; when Mr. Smith declared: "That if I would prove constant, he would prove true;" to which we both agreed. We also agreed to correspond with each other until such time that Mr. Alfred Alcot Smith could claim me for his bride. Mr. Smith informed me that it had been agreed between his father, mother and himself to leave Napa, State of California, in a few days for Washington Ter., where they would begin life anew; where he with his father would be engaged in the jewelry business.

SKETCH 32.

VIRGINIA CITY. MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, LINKS IN THE CHAIN OF MYSTERY AND CONSPIRACY.

The day after Belle Colburn had gone from our home, Laura began packing clothing and such furniture as we could get along without, and all the furniture, she said, would be packed and stowed in one room of the house; that the same house had been rented to a family of Napa by the name of Brink, who would occupy the house, with whom "Colburn" would board and room; that I must go with her to Virginia City, where she thought we both could have a better time than we had had in Napa. After a hurried preparation, as appeared, Mr. Colburn escorted Laura, her three children, Louis, Augustus and Geneva, with myself, to the train at Napa City to see us off for the State of Nevada, Mr. Colburn remaining. We arrived safely without any disagreements or difficulty on our way to Virginia City, State of Nevada, during the first part of June, 1876. Virginia City, we found to be a wealthy mining settlement, built on hills, side hills and in canyons, at the base of Mount Davidson; the principal business street of the city was C street, and B street came next in order and value as a business street; where houses and rents of all descriptions were valued at a high rate. The greater portion of

this city a short time previous, had been destroyed by fire, causing fire alarms to be exciting and dangerous.

Laura first rented rooms for us in a rooming house, where the front entrance was through a long hall of another building on C street. Laura was being more cheerful, more agreeable and less aggressive to me than she had ever been in the past, sending me out every day for a while with Louis and Augustus to take walks and views of Virginia City, that I found to be interesting and the change of the climate and scenery enjoyable. Of course I could not fail to perceive that I was with a scheming woman then, though the plot and conspiracy in which Laura with others was involved, I neither comprehended or had any correct idea of, therefore did not know or realize my danger with her and enjoyed most of my time in the State of Nevada, better than I would have otherwise where I was a stranger, Laura also representing to me that she was a stranger there.

The morning of the Fourth of July, Centennial year, 1876, came while we were yet in the same rooming house; for which day a grand parade had been advertised to take place. Louis and Augustus were out on the streets as usual during the day time, Laura and I had nearly finished dressing when the fire alarm sounded loud and clear. Laura opened a door enough to give us a view in the hall, where we beheld smoke issuing from the hall beneath, from where our trunks containing most of our personal effects—no telling what else—were stowed in a room under the stairs; men, some dressed, some half clad, garments in hands dressing as they hurried along, served as a warning to us that we had no time to lose to effect our escape. While hurrying on my dress, Laura excitedly brought a thin pillowslip two-thirds filled with something and tied with a cord, that she placed in my hands, saying:

“Take this bundle—be sure you don’t drop or lose it: it is jewelry wrapped in papers and is valuable.”

Taking Geneva in her arms and such effects as she could grab, she hurried me along through the hallways to C street, where we were notified that the fire had caught in a house next to us, and was now extinguished. To get our nerves quieted, we with others took seats in the sitting room of our rooming house, to listen to music from a guitar. Occupying a seat not in full view of Laura, gave me a chance to feel the contents of the thin pillow-

slip that she had placed in my hands for safe-keeping at a moment our lives were thought to be in danger, indicative that whatever it contained, was valuable to Laura, or she considered it so. There might have been a small amount of jewelry in this pillowslip, yet I discovered that Laura had given me a false explanation of its contents. From the feeling of articles in this pillowslip, I became convinced then, and have never since had any reason to change my belief, that they were most of the same letters, daguerreotype pictures and legal papers I had seen in the red mahogany table, from which I extracted and recognized the picture of my dear Father, in the old house by the Napa river, where also I had found a picture of a David Manuel, whom I had known and missed: where also I had missed and lost the woman so dear to me, My Mother. Laura took the pillowslip from my hands, giving no more explanation of its contents to me then, or ever after.

I had lived in the same houses and in the care of Laura at least ten years, to my knowledge, in Napa City and suburbs, Napa County, State of California, during all of which time I do not remember of her attending any kind of a public meeting or gathering of any description in daytime, excepting her short attendance of the Unitarian meetings, held in the Court House, Napa City. Her associates and callers had been very few, so far as I had knowledge, she having lived almost a life of seclusion, as appeared. During all these years, she had continuously represented herself to me to be poverty poor in money matters, only being able by the strict economy to pay her necessary living expenses and taxes on her Third Street house and lot, that she said was rented most of the time for twenty-five and thirty dollars a month; also her taxes on the old house and two lots by the Napa river, which she represented to me was all the Court had set aside for her at the time of her divorce from her former husband, the said and alleged David A. Manuel (one of the four).

A short time after the Fourth of July, 1876, Laura's brother Isaac Griswold called on us in Virginia City, where he said he had come to do contracting and house-building; that his wife and children had remained in Napa City, California. After Isaac Griswold appeared there, Laura began renting the second stories of buildings, furnished them with new carpets and new walnut furniture. The cheapest kind of furniture there then was at a high

rate of cost, at which Laura continued until she had rented the second stories of three buildings, furnishing them all with new furniture; one on C street and two on B street, near together; indicative that Laura had either misrepresented her money matters to me, or had suddenly had some burst of fortune, to which she never gave any account of to me. Yet with all, Laura did not neglect to see to it carefully that I did not retain so much as a 50-cent piece of money in my possession; also that I was given no opportunity to take a music lesson or go where I could have any chance to practice on any instrument of music. In fact she would fly into a rage at anyone who would offer to assist me in any way in the line of music, though free of charge. Laura so managed her rooming apartments as to exempt me from doing very little of the work necessary to keep them in order; two of which I seldom entered—then to distribute towels, and I knew few of her roomers by name or sight. After we had been in Virginia City a few weeks, Geneva became cross and crying most of the time when Laura was present, for which she never scolded or punished her. One day, worried from listening to Geneva's continued crying, Laura exclaimed:

"Nellie, can you and will you take good care of Geneva till I go out for a walk to rest my ears? Then I will take care of her and let you go for a walk to rest your ears."

"I can try," I said.

When Geneva detected the sound of Laura's feet on the stairs returning from her walk, she threw herself on the floor, screamed and kicked the air with rage, and Laura inquired: "Has Geneva cried this way long?"

"Oh, no; Geneva has been quiet most all the time you have been away, and has not screamed or acted like this, only when you went and she heard the sound of your feet on the stairs coming home," came my response.

Laura, looking suspicious, inquired: "How did you contrive to keep her quiet?"

"By telling her little stories, feeding her and showing her pictures," I explained.

For me to whip or slap Geneva, to Laura's knowledge, I considered would be worth my life; for to scold or to criticise her disposition would bring immediate wrath from Laura. Geneva

could only say Ma and Pa, therefore, could give no account of what was said or done during Laura's absence; though any child at Geneva's age, that was average in language, could have talked well enough to have given their mother some kind of an understanding as to what was said or done, and Geneva did not begin to talk before she had seen her third year. Laura never accused me to my face in audible language of slapping or whipping Geneva during her absence; nevertheless, I observed and remembered that Laura did a number of times, examine Geneva's head and body very carefully, when preparing her for bed, to find, very apparently, some sign or mark of the same. However, there was none on her to be found, and the morning after my foregoing experience with Geneva, Laura inquired:

"Does it worry you to take care of Geneva?"

"It did not worry me any yesterday," I replied.

"Well. if you could take good care of Geneva, so that she would be contented with you and would not cry, like she does with me, continually, it would give me great relief. It is too much for me to try to do, to take care of my rooms and try to look out for my business without more help. I can buy most that we eat, cooked, and the small amount of cooking necessary to be done for us, I can do when I come home from the rooms. It is necessary too, for somebody to stay here on account of the boys. You can see that they get enough to eat and keep them out of trouble better than I can," Laura proposed and explained.

"Wouldn't you rather be with Geneva most of the time? Why not let me do some of the business for you and some of the necessary work in the other houses? It looks to me as though you are trying to do too much," I proposed and explained.

"No, to hear Geneva crying worries me more than the work in the rooms, and I prefer to do all my own business. You are not old enough and have not had experience enough to know how to deal with roomers. If you can take good care of Geneva and the boys for me, I will be pleased," said Laura.

As soon as Geneva detected the sound of Laura's feet on the stairs returning home, she threw herself on the floor, kicked the air and the air surrounding us was filled with her screams.

Anxious and startled looking, Laura inquired: "Has Geneva cried and acted like this most of the time I've been away?"

"No, she has been quiet and very little trouble to me," said I, "and only screams and acts like this when she hears you go and come."

"Now what do you suppose makes her act that way? Have you any idea?" said Laura.

"I know it is not because you are mean to her," said I, "Who could think more of her and do more for her than you do? I have an idea she is angry every time you go and come because you don't take her with you."

"It would be out of the question for me to take that child with me, do my work and look after business," said Laura.

"By promising and taking Geneva out for little walks when you come home, I think she will get over screaming when you go and come," I proposed, which Laura consented to; which after I had tried it several days, broke Geneva of the screaming at the sound of her mother's footsteps, which pleased Laura and gave her confidence in my management and care of Geneva; and no person could persuade and manage Geneva as I could from now on. Geneva would scream if I left the house without her.

"Laura," I said, "let me try to take care of all the rooms we have in this house, manage the boys and take care of Geneva."

"You can when they need our care, but don't neglect Geneva and the boys for the rooms," said Laura.

My said uncle, Isaac Griswold, soon after his arrival in Virginia City, introduced me to a family by the surname of Beck, who were friendly with both Isaac and Laura. Isaac said he was engaged in contracting and housebuilding for Mrs. Beck, and Laura bought furniture of Mr. Beck & Son, who kept a furniture store on C street, several blocks from Laura's rooming apartment on the same street. This Beck family appeared to be respectable and nicely behaved, so far as I knew of them, with whom I became friendly and somewhat sociable.

We had been in Virginia City at least six weeks before I saw the first letter signed Alfred A. Smith, through the U. S. Mail, Seattle Washington Ter. Laura represented to me that some one or more might be on the lookout for my letters at the Postoffice; that to call at the Postoffice for letters would put whoever might be on the lookout, wise to the fact that I was expecting letters; that for safety, convenience and to throw off suspicion, it would be

better to request Mr. Smith to send his letters to me by Wells Fargo & Co.'s Express, and she would have Mr. Beck call for them and take them with his letters to his furniture store, where I could call for them without arousing any suspicion. She was, or pretended to be, very zealous, that my correspondence with Mr. A. A. Smith should not be interfered with. I therefore discontinued my calls for mail at the Postoffice, and called at Beck & Son's furniture store for all Express letters; my only letters there, being signed A. A. Smith; for Laura did not permit me to correspond with any other person while we were in the State of Nevada. Laura took all my letters addressed to A. A. Smith, Seattle, Washington Ter., and "put them in the Postoffice," she said, for me. I did not suppose then, that any of my correspondence would be of sufficient consequence, for any one to run the risk or go to the trouble of intercepting them and forging answers; and knew no reason why they should.

Isaac Griswold's calls were not very frequent; he did not board with us, and I never did hear where he boarded or roomed while in Virginia City, State of Nevada; yet he might have had interviews with Laura most every day and have roomed in one or more of her other rooming apartments and I not aware of it. However, Isaac was very sociable when we met, and I accompanied him on a climb to the top of Mount Davidson one Sunday; for I liked my said uncle Isaac's company and had the same confidence in him then, I think, that most girls have in a real uncle. Uncle Isaac proved to be safe, jolly and as properly behaved on this trip as could be expected of any man and gentleman, and I had never known uncle Isaac to be otherwise while in my company. Twice, while in Nevada, by uncle Isaac's invitation, I went with small parties on picnic excursions to Carson City and vicinity, where dancing was in order, of which I enjoyed a reasonable share. Laura also permitted me to attend several balls and some other entertainments during our time in Nevada, though she could have done much better and nearer right by me than she did, while in Nevada.

Isaac called one evening and requested my company to a spiritualistic meeting, to which Laura gave her consent. I had never attended any meetings of this kind, and on our way, Isaac

gave me some instructions about how to act properly.

"I do not believe what mediums say," said Isaac, "I am only going there for pasttime to please Mrs. Beck, who employs me."

When we arrived at the Beck residence, had been invited to hang up our wraps, I observed a woman standing at the end of the hall in the doorway, greeting guests as they passed her to the room where the spiritualistic meeting was to take place. I followed after Isaac and was greeted pleasantly by the medium, who said in a low voice:

"Your life is shrouded in mystery. I was so impressed at first sight of your face."

A few minutes after we were all seated with our hands in position on the table, with a searching glance at both Isaac and I, the medium announced:

"A lady in mourning, from the spirit world, desires to communicate with the young lady opposite me."

"I will be pleased to receive her communication," was my answer. Then the medium said she would repeat the message to me from the lady of the spirit world; which she gave in language to the sum and effect:

"Your mother is dead. The person who claims you as her daughter and compels you to be with her, is not your mother; hovers over your life an enemy to destroy you—do not believe or trust her."

Isaac put a stop to the message, by throwing up his hands and exclaiming:

"Stop! I don't want this child to hear any more of that kind of stuff! She is too young to understand such talk!"

"Come, Nellie, let us be going," said Isaac to me, "this is no place for you."

Then Isaac hurried me out of the house without any apology, and this proved to be my last, to present writing, to be company for my uncle Isaac at any time or place. Isaac hurried me home, having very little to say—no more, that I remember, than to endeavor to persuade me there was no truth in what the medium had told me; that what mediums said was not reliable. Uncle Isaac bade me good-night at the downstairs entrance door, and this was my last to see Isaac Griswold in the State of Nevada. I

found Laura up stairs. She was not inquisitive on this occasion, as she usually was, only inquired if Isaac came home with me? She never did inquire of me as to what was said or done at the spiritualistic meeting, which I for years to come did not repeat.

Two or three days later, Laura informed me that Isaac had received a telegram, notifying him that his wife, Katie, was seriously ill, to start for California on the next train. A few days after I bade Isaac Griswold good-night from the spiritualistic meeting, Mr. Colburn arrived in Virginia City, appearing anxious and worried. He had no more than greeted us all, inquiring how we were "making out," when he announced: That he had come to help close up "Lolly's lodging house business, and take us all back to California."

Very few of Laura's roomers had called to visit with us during our time in Virginia City. However, there were three of Laura's gentleman roomers, two of whom were represented to be insurance agents, married men, with families in the East, one a physician of Virginia City, who had, since a few weeks previous, been entertained by Laura and I at our home parlor occasionally, when we played cards to pass away evenings. These men were gentlemanly always in my presence, and were properly behaved for the custom of the place, bringing with them wine in sealed bottles for treats, after our card games. They were jolly company, and it so happened, they were present the same evening of Mr. Colburn's arrival in Virginia City; when we resumed our card playing as usual, in which they invited Mr. Colburn to take part. This invitation he declined, sitting in a corner of the room looking glum, while Laura apparently was enjoying the games. His face took on a pleasanter expression when the wine was passed around and the gentlemen guests bade us good-evening. This proved to be our last card game in Virginia City; though Laura continued with other games more serious and dangerous.

The morning after, when Laura had gone to her rooming apartments and Mr. Colburn had some opportunity to converse with me alone, he said:

"Lolly acted last evening like she thought more of the man she played cards with than she does of me."

"What makes you think so?" said I.

"The way she acted, and wine bottles around here looks as though you've had a pretty fine time and played cards pretty often," said Mr. Colburn.

"It is the custom in Virginia City, to play cards and drink wine. Laura does it to make evenings pleasant for her best roomers and keep up business," I explained.

"But I'm not in favor of Lolly's keeping up this lodging-house business any longer. You've been here long enough," said Mr. Colburn.

The day after Mr. Colburn's arrival, Laura began to dispose of roomers and to pack up unnecessary furniture as rapidly as could be done according to circumstances, until ready to leave for California.

It was during April or May of 1877, when Laura with her three children, Mr. Colburn and myself, left Virginia City, State of Nevada, by train, arriving in Oakland, California; where I lost sight for several days, of Mr. Colburn and Laura's two boys, Louis and Augustus. Laura took Geneva and myself with her from the depot at Oakland, to the residence of the said G. W. and Lucy Manuel, 678 14th and Castro streets. I never did know where Louis and Augustus were during this time. After three days' absence from my sight, Mr. Colburn called and informed me, that he had been told Santa Rosa, Sonoma County, California, was a thriving town, and a nice place to live; that he was going to take us there in two or three days. I was treated civilly as a guest by G. W. Manuel and family, and after we had visited with them near a week's space of time, we boarded the train for Santa Rosa, Sonoma County. Augustus was at the depot and went with us, yet I have no recollection of having seen Louis during our visit to Santa Rosa.

We rode in a buss from Santa Rosa depot, about a mile and a half's distance in the country, to a house off by itself, that I found was being occupied by our former acquaintances, the Caldwell family, whom I had not seen or heard mentioned, since the visit described in SKETCH 26. Mrs. Caldwell and her three boys I knew, greeted and welcomed us in a friendly manner. Mr. Colburn said he would go back to town and remain, where he could have a chance to take a look over Santa Rosa and see what the

prospects were in his line of business. Leaving us with the Caldwells, he rode away in the buss. Mrs. Caldwell had added three more boys to her family since I saw her last, and she said, remained at home very close to take care of them. To my idea, Mrs. Caldwell did not look or appear like a person who would be intentionally or wilfully guilty of crime, and did not appear like a proper associate for the kind of a person I knew Laura to be. It was an open, flat appearing country, with oaks scattered over it, surrounding this country home of the Caldwells; through which a narrow, winding creek ran, fringed in most places with bushes and scrubby oaks. This creek served as a fence for the back yard of their residence, where the banks, as I remember them, must have been not less than twenty feet high from the water, and nearly perpendicular. There was no guard on the bank that terminated the Caldwell yard, as a preventive of persons falling into the creek.

Mrs. Caldwell's sons, like their mother, were properly behaved. Laura represented to Mrs. Caldwell when I was present, that she had come to Santa Rosa with the intention of remaining there as a resident, and Mrs. Caldwell accompanied her to town nearly every day, in search of some suitable house to rent, they represented, leaving me at home with the boys. Finally, Laura declared she had found no house for rent that would be satisfactory to her.

"I don't see anything for us here," said Laura to Mrs. Caldwell, "and we've made up our minds to leave here tomorrow. I think I had better leave Nellie here for awhile with you, for help and company. She can help you with your work and take care of your little boys, while you go to town or visiting. I think you are staying at home too close, for the good of your health."

At this proposition of Laura's, the expression of Mrs. Caldwell's face changed completely. I never saw her face look as it did then; her voice also had an indignant and changed expression—as though Laura had suddenly caused a gulf to form between them.

"No. I would not be pleased to have Nellie remain here without you. You must take her with you, when you leave my house. I can make out very well, I think, as I have been doing," replied

Mrs. Caldwell, in a voice and expression indicative, that she was done with us—then and there.

I felt this reply, the tone and expression in which it was said, keenly; wondering what had been done or said, to cause Mrs. Caldwell to look and speak the way she did; and it was very plainly discernable that her answer had disconcerted Laura, from the red and white alternately, of her face; her hesitation to reply, the faltering of her voice, when she explained to Mrs. Caldwell:

“Why—I thought—Nellie, would be good company for you. I thought it must be rather lonesome for you here in the country with no woman or girl near you. This was why I thought you would like to have Nellie with you a little while.”

“No. You must take Nellie with you, when you go from my house,” Mrs. Caldwell repeated, with no further explanation, with the same decided expression and tone of voice as before; that proved to be her final decision, in regards to my remaining at her home. It might have been her final decision also with Laura—for all I know. This conversation apparently, was so much like “diamond cut diamond” to Laura, that she changed the subject immediately after this last decided answer of Mrs. Caldwell. Though Mrs. Caldwell and family continued to treat us with civil courtesy as guests while in her house, her former friendliness, I found, had vanished, and early the morning following, the buss stopped in front of the Caldwell residence, containing the driver and Mr. Colburn, who had come to take us to the train. Mr. Caldwell was not at home this morning; we bade Mrs. Caldwell and sons a formal good-bye, and seated ourselves in the buss for the depot. If Mrs. Caldwell extended an invitation to any one of us to visit with her again, I did not hear of it, and this proved to be my last time to see Mrs. Caldwell, or any member of her family, to present writing. I never did write or receive a letter from any member of this Caldwell family. If Laura did, she never mentioned the fact to me.

SKETCH 33.

OAKLAND , ALAMEDA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA. MISCELLANEOUS LINKS IN THE CHAIN OF MYSTERY AND CONSPIRACY; THAT APPEAR IN SOME INSTANCES TO BE WITH MURDEROUS INTENT.

After a week's visit with the Caldwells in Santa Rosa, Sonoma County, we returned to the City of Oakland Alameda County, State of California, where we went from the train to a house several blocks below 7th street, that was all furnished with furniture from Laura's rooms, of Virginia City, State of Nevada, and all in order and ready for occupancy; which fact was conclusive to my mind then, that our latest trip to the Caldwell home in Santa Rosa had not been for the purpose of our remaining there any length of time as residents, as had been represented to Mrs. Caldwell and myself; that Mrs. Caldwell had some reason to suspect Laura of treachery of some kind. My belief of the same, was also strengthened, from the facts, that all mention of the Caldwells ceased in my presence, after our return to Oakland; that I never heard any mention or account from any one, as to when this house had been rented, when or by whom it had been furnished, while I was at the Manuel residence on 678, 14th and Castro streets, Oakland, and in Santa Rosa, at the Caldwell residence.

By inquires, I found that Carrie Colburn was yet a resident of Oakland, and was employed to take care of two small daughters of a Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, Oakland, where I called. Carrie greeted me friendly and introduced me to Mrs. Hayes and daughters; who apparently, were pleased with Carrie, trusting her like one of their family. Carrie said her time with Lucy Manuel, at 678 14th and Castro streets, lasted no longer than six weeks.

"It is a question in my opinion," said Carrie, "who is the worse? Lucy or Laura."

Carrie also gave me some information then, that put me to thinking; that I quote as she related it to me:

"While I was with Lucy Manuel," said Carrie, "Lucy got a letter notifying her that her sister Ellen Griswold had just died. Wallie Manuel felt so bad when his mother told him his aunt

Ellen was dead, that to drown his sorrow, Wallie went straight to the cupboard, deliberately got him a large-sized piece of bread and butter; then went out, sat flat on the ground, leaned against the back of the house and took consolation devouring the bread and butter. I made up my mind then, that Wallie Manuel was not liable to be hurt with grief."

This was all the information I could gather from Carrie about the said Ellen Griswold (deceased). Carrie said this was all she had heard about her.

During the year of 1869 or 1870, was when I first saw an album in Laura's possession, in which was a photograph of a girl or young looking woman, over one shoulder of whom fell long hair. The hair and the expression of this face, impressed me as those having no family resemblance to either Laura, her sister Lucy or her brother Isaac Griswold, and from this time on, I saw no face or expression reminding me of this picture, until I saw a picture years after, in a newspaper, of Genevieve Chandler Phipps; that at first sight, recalled this picture of one whom Laura taught me, was her youngest sister, namely, Ellen Griswold. The faces of these two pictures, were to me, like pictures of one and the same person—so very much alike were their faces and expressions. The Genevieve Chandler I have reference to, was the lady of whom so many newspapers of the United States gave accounts of her two little daughters and trouble with her husband, relating to their divorce proceedings. This information may yet prove to be of some value to the same lady. This said Ellen Griswold, Laura informed me, at the time I saw her picture in the album in the old house by the Napa river, had been an employe for some years of the "Elgin Watch Works," Kane County, State of Illinois, and who, Laura taught me, died unmarried at the age of twenty-four years; after whom Laura said she had named me Eleanor. Now that Carrie Colburn had brought to me a different account of the date of the same Ellen Griswold's death, as represented, was strange, to say the least, at which I wondered, as a natural consequence.

I was becoming more and more dissatisfied in Laura's custody, and was endeavoring to take advantage of every chance I could get, to become self-supporting; in which Laura continuously

hindered and opposed me. To take any kind of a place where I would not room in the same house with Laura, or be away from home nights, I found to be out of the question with her; and the only chance I then saw for myself, was to find situations by the day, in dressmaking parlors or to sew as helper in private families. I had practiced hemming, button-hole making and some other kinds of sewing, until I was told my hemming and button-hole making was nice enough to work on expensive wool and silk dresses, though I concealed this from Laura. I had private talks with Carrie Colburn on the same subject, who aided me for awhile in procuring situations, by watching newspaper ads; for Laura was yet too poor, she said, to take newspapers. A few days after our return to Oakland I found a situation in a private family, where I could make button-holes, hem and do other sewing on dresses to give satisfaction. I was very much pleased and encouraged with my situation, with promises of more work for some time to come. At the expiration of five days, Laura said I had been there long enough, and needed a rest; and with no amount of argument or persuasion, would she consent to my remaining at the same place another day. My five-dollar gold piece consoled and encouraged me to press on, which I was taking very good care of, with hopes of soon getting another chance to earn more.

The evening of the 3rd of July, 1877, came, when I was agreeably surprised to behold Emma Ritchie with her brother James, entering our front yard, whom we greeted and received. James said he could not remain, but had brought his sister Emma from Napa, to spend the Fourth of July with us, and departed from our premises after a short call. This was my first to see or hear from Emma Ritchie or any of the Ritchie family, since Mr. Colburn saw us to the train at Napa City, California, for the State of Nevada. On the morning of the Fourth, while preparing for a walk and a ride on the street cars, Emma sat taking observations while Laura was present, complimented me:

“What lovely long hair you have, Nell—you’ve grown nicer looking since I saw you last in Napa.” Then turning to Laura Emma inquired: “Say Mrs. Colburn, who does Nellie take her hair from? She don’t have hair like you, and she don’t look like any one I’ve seen in your family.”

"She looks like a sister of mine did, who is dead," said Laura, "and she's got hair like my sister had."

"What was her name?" Emma inquired.

"Ellen Griswold," said Laura.

Emma and I put in most of the Fourth of July together away from home and Laura, having a sociable time, and on the morning of the 5th, Emma said she would have a short visit with a cousin, then a resident of Oakland, after which she would return to her home in Napa, California.

Several days after the Fourth, a Mr. Samuel Orr, brother to Mrs. Ritchie of Napa City, called, and was received by Laura into the parlor, where they had some private interview. Laura called saying:

"Nellie, come here, Mr. Orr wants to have a talk with you!"

Stepping into the parlor, and to be brief, Mr. Orr represented to me that he had an interest in some get-rich-quick mine; was selling a few shares, necessary to purchase the where-with to put it in operation. Laura also represented in Mr. Orr's presence, that she was going to pay for a few shares of this get-rich-quick concern, and only lacked \$5.00, necessary to make up the sum of money she needed. Of course—she demanded the five dollars I had earned sewing, and there was nothing I could do but to hand her the five dollars.

"I'll get some money from Colburn in a day or two, and then I'll hand you back the five dollars," she said. "This is only a borrow."

Did I ever see Mr. Orr again? No, I never saw him after this occurrence; if Laura did, she never mentioned it to me. Did Laura return my five dollars as she had promised? No, she never did; and after several weeks, I heard no more mention of Mr. Orr or Laura's mining investment, and this is all I know about it.

Several days after the get-rich-quick call of Mr. Orr, Laura insisted very much against my wish, on my delivering a sealed envelope to her sister Lucy, at 678, 14th and Castro streets. I had very determinedly succeeded in keeping away from this residence since our return to Oakland, and was almost on the verge of desperation, rather than go there any more, when Laura said:

"You don't have to go there if you don't want to, but I've

an urgent message that must be delivered to Lucy before dark. I've got to get supper, and can't get time to go myself, and you are the only one around the place now that I can send. It won't hurt you any to go there and hand this letter to Lucy and come right home again. I can't see for the life of me what has got into you lately."

I delivered the sealed envelope to Lucy, as Laura had directed, which Lucy opened and quickly read, then turning to me in a haughty, contemptuous manner, with the corners of her mouth drawn down, with no accusation or explanation of her conduct, ordered her daughter May to show me out the front door, saying:

"Nellie, don't you ever step your foot into my house again."

So startled was I at this unexpected order, that without any word of questioning, I went with May to the front door, where she whispered to me as I was going out:

"I'm sorry Nellie, but I can't help it."

I hurried home and explained Lucy's conduct to Laura, expecting her to do as much as to act, or say she was surprised. However, Laura did not, and only expressed in words, to the effect: "Well—this will be excuse enough for you to keep away from Lucy's house and her children, from now on. George Manuel must have said something to her again to get her excited and foolish—that's all I can think of."

It was not longer than a month since we had returned to Oakland and after Lucy ordered me out of her residence, when Lucy, the sister of Laura, and the said Lucy Manuel, of 678 14th and Castro streets, called on us one afternoon when we were the only persons present on our premises. Lucy was, or pretended to be, in an angry and excited mood at me. She first accused me of "going around Oakland and saying things to injure her good name and reputation," threatening to have me sent away from Oakland, if I was guilty of saying any more about family affairs.

"This is my first to hear of it," I responded, "Your acquaintance in Oakland, must be extensive, according to that."

Then Lucy got ready to impress the idea intensely in my mind, that her influence in the city of Oakland, was wide and important. Taking a new supply of air into her lungs, the words, sentences, exclamations and threats came from her mouth like

debris blown by a mighty wind, filling the air surrounding us; which altogether, would read queer in a "Police Gazette." While Lucy was hesitating to take in new breath, I seized the chance to get in a few words for my defense, inquiring:

"Aunt Lucy, did the thoughts ever enter your excited mind, that I am a stranger in Oakland and could not have talked to any number of people to cause what you accuse me of? Allowing that it was my intention."

Thus far Laura made no remonstrance in my defense, looking undisturbed, until Lucy paused from my foregoing questions, as though at a loss what to answer, when Laura came to her aid by saying:

"I don't think Nellie's been saying anything, Lucy. Nellie don't know anything against you to tell. I think somebody else has been telling lies, just for the love of making mischief. And what is there to say against you?"

I lost my composure and patience by this time, exclaimed—nearly shouted at Lucy: "If you had what you deserve, you would be arrested and put in jail, for the way you have talked to me today. You needn't worry your head about me talking about you—for I would be ashamed to have people think I am acquainted with you—as great as you think you are! And don't speak to me again!" I withdrew from the room, too angry to remain any longer. It was only a few minutes after, when I had the pleasure of seeing Lucy going through our front gateway, turned in the direction of her home, and I am pleased to say, this was Lucy's last to speak to me while Laura was a resident of Oakland.

Near a corner of 17th street and San Pablo Avenue, were three one-story and a half houses alike and painted alike, two of which were in an alley-way, one facing a church yard and the other the church. They were more difficult to find and were located in a more out-of-a-way place than the house we had occupied no longer than two months below 7th street. They, too, were so located as not to attract attention of so many neighbors to persons who called on us, and Lucy could dodge around the corner house and disappear in the alley without there being much notice taken of her. Laura, Mr. Colburn, Louis, Augustus, George S., Geneva

and myself, all occupied this house in the alley, that was a six-roomed and one-alcove cottage, facing the side of the small church

Carrie Colburn had recommended me to her employer, Mrs. Hayes, for whom I did some sewing as helper in the line of dress-making, until Lucy, the sister of Laura, made such a disturbance on account of my sewing there, that Laura ordered me to quit sewing for Mrs Hayes. Though Laura hindered and opposed my sewing at any residence a second time, and did not permit my remaining longer than two weeks at the longest, at the same place, I persevered in earning money in the line of dressmaking. Laura had, apparently, become so angered at people hunting for me to sew for them, that she held a private consultation with her eldest son George; who was then a member of the Seventh-Day Adventist church of Oakland, and was said to be a stock owner in their printing and publishing company, namely, the "Pacific Press Offiec," on Castro street, between 11th and 12 streets; where George said he would get me a situation as an apprentice in the folding and book department. More than this: I could put in most of my day-time away from home and Laura. I therefore consented to take the situation in the folding and book department of the "Pacific Press Office," after George S. Manuel, my eldest said brother, had introduced me there as his sister; where I was to be paid at the rate of three dollars per week. To the best of my memory, it was during the month of September 1877, when I began my work in the folding room. I think I was on my second week in the folding room, when, very unexpectedly to my knowledge, Emma Ritchie put in an appearance to our home in the alley explaining to me that she was having a short visit with her cousin in Oakland, where she would room for several days, during which time, she would spend some of her time with us, through the day. I took Emma to the office with me one day, and we had several sociable walks and talks alone together. Emma was alone with Laura and I one evening at sunset, during this visit in Oakland, when a little conversation took place between her and Laura, in the line of the mystery and conspiracy, that drew my attention in particular, and was impressed in memory as follows:

"Say, Mrs. Colburn," said Emma, "I noticed in a newspaper,

that Wallie Manuel has a G. in his name. What does the G. stand for?"

"The G. stands for Gerome," said Laura, "Wallie's middle name is Gerome."

Emma inquired: "Have you any relative by that name besides Wallie?"

"No," said Laura.

Emma again inquired: "Why do you suppose his mother named him such a queer name, when she has no relative by that name?"

Looking confused, hesitatingly, the red going and coming alternately from her cheeks, looking out of a window with her eyes turned from us, Laura replied to this last question:

"Oh—Lucy heard the name—just took a fancy to it, and gave it to Wallie for a middle name—I suppose—that's all the reason I can think of."

The same evening, Emma Ritchie, I sadly announce, said her last good-bye to me, to present writing. Several evenings after I had seen Emma last, her youngest brother, Henry Ritchie, called at our house in the alley, having a stout, robust appearance, as did his sister Emma; and this proved to be the last I saw of Henry. According to reports brought to me by Laura at a later date, and yet later dates by others, whom I had no reason to disbelieve, Emma Ritchie died with "quick consumption" at her home in Napa, a few weeks after I saw her last in Oakland; and her brother Henry followed a few weeks after Emma's death; and one by one the members of this Ritchie family followed each other to the grave, until only one was alive and remaining, which was the eldest son, James Ritchie, who survived them all.

MR. A. A. SMITH, OF SEATTLE, WASHINGTON TER.

In a letter signed, Alfred A. Smith, Seattle, Washington Ter., that was handed me at "Beck & Son's" furniture store, between two and three weeks prior to the evening that my said uncle Isaac and I attended the spiritualistic meeting at the Beck residence, Virginia City, State of Nevada, mention was made in the same letter, of a red-haired lady, whom Mr. Smith said he had met at a clam-bake excursion, who smiled at him sweetly,

acting as though she was infatuated with his appearance—not appropriate words for Mr. Smith to send to me; yet I believed it then, to be a ruse on Mr. Smith's part, to mislead Laura in regards to our engagement, that I had not acknowledged to her. I never did expect a love letter from Mr. Smith, which was understood between us before I left Napa City, California, for the State of Nevada, and never did, at any time receive one with his name signed to it. Laura read all letters that I received in Virginia City, and compelled me to let her read all of my letters addressed to Alfred or A. A. Smith, before she carried them to mail at the Postoffice. During all of our acquaintance in Napa, California, Mr. A. A. Smith and I were given very little opportunity to converse without there being some one present. I had never seen Mr. Smith's handwriting to know it written in pen and ink, and as I have previously said, did not suppose there was enough importance attached to our correspondence, to tempt any person to run the risk of interfering with our letters that were mailed or sent by "Wells, Fargo & Co.'s" express.

Two days after our arrival in Oakland from Santa Rosa, I wrote a letter and addressed it to Mr. A. A. Smith, Seattle, Washington Ter., and mailed it at the Oakland Postoffice. I called at the Oakland Postoffice, yet no letter was handed to me with the name A. A., or any other Smith signed to it. During this time, Laura did not forget to inquire of me every few days:

"Have you wrote to Al Smith yet? Have you got any letter from Al Smith yet?"

My answers to her were in words to the effect: "Why should I worry about a man who prefers some one else, who is no longer interested about me? Mr. Smith has, in all probability, become attracted by the red-headed lady whom he met at the clam-bake excursion in Seattle, whom he mentioned in one of his letters, which was a hint, no doubt, that he desired to discontinue his correspondence with me. Why do you bother your head about him?"

Laura was a contrary kind of a person with me, and these answers I gave her, appeared to have aroused her interest in our affairs more than before, and some conversation took place between us to the effect:

"After a man was insulted and threatened by an old scoundrel like Dave Manuel; had carried a pistol to stand him off, to get to

talk to you and go with you; has made you so many presents of jewelry; has wrote you so many letters at Virginia City; appears to me like he must thought considerable of you. That is what Al Smith has done for you. I believe a man like that is worth having."

"That might be true," I replied, "though there are indications that he prefers the red-haired lady, from the fact that he does not write to me any more."

I had become doubtful of Mr. Smith, for these two reasons, and tried to persuade Laura to give up the idea of bothering herself about him. When it appeared that Mr. Smith was no more attractive to me, Laura declared:

"I want to know what is the matter with Al Smith, and I've made up my mind to write and see if I can get any letters from him."

Then she surprised me by announcing: "George Manuel gave an order at the Oakland Postoffice, to have all letters addressed to that office in the surname of Manuel, put in his Postoffice box, because, he said, all people living in Oakland by that surname were relatives of his, and he would distribute their mail to them. He has taken all letters directed to you from Al Smith; has opened and read them, and now refuses to give them up to me."

"What right has he to take my letters and read them?" was my inquiry.

"He don't have any right to," she said, "but he is so dangerous a man, I can't do anything with him for it, without ruining Lucy and her children. Lucy's my sister and I was to blame for her marrying George Manuel, and it is my duty to protect her."

I had not yet seen any letter with the name of Smith on it, since we came to Oakland. I could neither trust or depend on Laura as a witness, and I reasoned, that to mention or hint what Laura had told me, would place me in a very dangerous position, where I had no witness, and no protection from my said Manuel relatives, as I supposed and had been educated by Laura. It was no longer I think, than three weeks after this conversation, when Laura one day called me to our front room and introduced me to Mr. L. P. Smith, Sr., the father of Mr. A. A. Smith, who informed me that his son had sent a number of letters addressed in my name to Oakland Postoffice, from which he had received no answers; that "Alfred could not rest until he had promised to go and find

out" why I had not answered his letters, and to explain matters and make arrangements for him with me. Mr. Smith, Sr., commended his son's character and honorable intentions towards me to such a degree, that I was persuaded that "Alfred" was not responsible for my non-receipt of his letters, and was yet to me all that I had supposed him to have been when I knew him in Napa City. When Mr. Smith, Sr., got my promise to marry his son, Alfred Alcot Smith, Laura gave her sanction, acting as though the arrangement was satisfactory to her, as did Mr. Smith, Sr., who declared:

"I believe you are the only young lady who possesses Alfred's heart, or ever will."

Mr. Smith, Sr., said he would soon be on his way to Seattle, Washington Ter., when on his arrival he would send "Alfred" on the next steamer out for San Francisco, when we could make and talk over our arrangements to suit ourselves. So saying, Mr. Smith bade us good-bye and departed from the alley.

From the morning I missed My Mother in the old house by the Napa river, and found Laura in her place, I had realized that Laura had no love or affection for me. I had noticed her actions, expressions, her contradictory accounts; she had hated the little yellow dog, and was the cause of Dave killing it, because it loved me; she had thus continued in her dislikes and hatred to any and all that showed affection or love for me; now after all these years, it was not like Laura, as I knew her, to be pleased with any man who might have true love or admiration for me; I therefore wondered at her sudden show of interest and pleasure at my engagement and prospective marriage to Mr. Smith, and why, apparently, she had aided in bringing it about? When I came to consider the annoyance I had caused her in Oakland hunting for work, Lucy's worry and annoyance, I thought that after all these years, it might be that Laura was glad at the prospect of marrying me off to Mr. Smith to get rid of me, to send me out of California, where I would be out of Lucy's sight and hearing; thus accounting for her sudden change.

In due time for Mr. A. A. Smith's arrival in San Francisco from Seattle, Washington Ter., my eldest said brother George S. Manuel, came home one evening and excitedly announced:

"Al Smith has arrived, and is stopping at a hotel here in Oak-

land. I am going now to bring him here to the house."

George hurried out of the house without giving me a chance to ask questions, and in due time, came accompanied by Mr. A. A. Smith to our home in the alley—or was it a rendezvous? This was my first to meet the same Mr. Smith since my departure from Napa, California, to the State of Nevada. To be brief, Mr. Smith said he would be in San Francisco for several days, buying jewelry for Christmas and New Years, and would, during this time, call, if he could get time, every day or evening to see me; and Mr. Smith came, as he said he would, Laura acting pleased, on her best behavior, treating him in every respect like a desired son-in-law. This was not all: Laura was either present or very near to us, during Mr. Smith's calls; so that very little could be said without her hearing. It was agreed by Laura's consent, that Mr. Smith and I were to be married within two weeks after January first, 1878, in Oakland, and take our departure for Seattle, Washington Ter.

The only time I was alone with Mr. Smith while in the city of Oakland, was the day before his departure, when I accompanied him on a pleasure drive through the thickly populated part of the city. I was tempted several times on this occasion, to give Mr. Smith some explanation, of how I was in the custody of a scheming and unreliable woman, so far as I was concerned, who was not my mother, and one who did not have a true mother's interest in me. However, Mr. Smith appeared as though satisfied with Laura and the arrangement we had made, and it was not only a dangerous subject to talk on, but an extremely unpleasant one, when all appeared to be going smoothly and satisfactory that I omitted all mention of it. Thinking to protect ourselves and overcome the difficulty, should Laura prove treacherous, I talked to Mr. Smith on the latter question, in a manner as follows:

"Our letters, since I came to Oakland," said I, "have gone wrong, in some way, and the U. S. Mail does not appear to be always reliable. In order to avoid mistakes and misunderstandings, are you willing to promise, that in case anything like this should happen again as it has, to come to Oakland where we can settle any difficulty of this kind, by our own explanations, and without any third party? Or, in case we do not receive any more letters from

each other, can I look for you in Oakland for some explanation, regardless of consequences?"

To this Mr. Smith agreed in language that was to the effect:

"If I live and can get to Oakland within two weeks after New Years, 1878, I will come, if that will be satisfactory to you—letters or no letters."

Mr. Smith and I had no disagreement, no quarrel in the city of Oakland; the red-haired lady was not mentioned by me to Mr. Smith, his father, or by any one while I was in their presence.

According to Laura's account of my age, as she had taught me, I would not be eighteen years old or of age, until February 10th, 1879; and could not, therefore, marry or leave her custody without her consent until then. Laura explained to me when Mr. Smith had gone, that on account of G. W. Manuel, of 678 14th and Castro streets, getting letters addressed to all persons by the surname of Manuel, at Oakland, that she would write to Mr. Smith and have him direct his letters to me in envelopes directed in her name, Laura C. Colburn, to prevent George Manuel from getting my letters. Whatever the cause, or however it came about, the two weeks after New Years, 1878, came and past, and more weeks passed, and Mr. A. A. Smith failed to appear in Oakland according to our agreement, or at any other time after, that I have knowledge of, and it was, to the best of my memory, during the month of February, 1878, when Laura handed me a sealed envelope addressed: "Miss Nellie Manuel, Oakland, Alameda County, Cal.," that she said came in an envelope addressed to her. I opened and read the contents of this envelope in her presence, which she also read, that was a wedding card, of which the following is a likeness of the wording, as I remember it, without the date of the day or month, which I do not remember exact:

"Married,, 1878,
Mr. Alfred A. Smith,
to
Miss Lorena M. Hanson,
Seattle, Washington Ter."

Accompanying this wedding card, was a small, single sheet of paper containing a coarse, ugly pen and ink handwriting, that was a notification to the sum and effect, that Mr. Smith was married; which would account for his non-appearance in Oakland. The wording of this short letter was insulting and abusive in the extreme, and did not resemble the handwriting of the letters handed to me in Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express envelopes, at Virginia City, Nevada. I remember of reading three letters handed me by Laura to read, after Mr. Smith left our alley in Oakland, saying that he was leaving for Washington Ter., and prior to my receipt of his wedding card, that did not resemble the handwriting contained in the express envelopes, with Alfred A. Smith, Seattle, Washington Ter., signed to them. They had a sounding when read, as though some woman had been the composer of them, and noticeably unlike the language of Mr. Smith, which I more readily detected, after our late conversations in the city of Oakland.

To show the line of conspiracy, it will now be necessary to give account of my eldest said brother, the eldest said son of Laura C. and David Manuel (the latter of whom was one of the four said Manuel brothers of California, who to my knowledge and others, was also known in Napa county, California, as David A. Manuel, and very well known there as a brother to the said and alleged George W. Manuel, both supposed, or known to be of a dark race of people called Mexicans. George S. Manuel, according to his said mother and his accounts, was born in the State of Illinois, and was, according to what I heard Laura say, twenty-one years of age, during the latter part of the summer or autumn of 1874. The same George S. Manuel was said to be the brother of Louis and Augustus Manuel, and myself, Eleanor and Nellie Manuel, and a half-brother to Geneva Colburn. George S., as I knew and heard of him when a resident of Napa County, became an employe of Dr. Pond's drug store, on Main Street, Napa City, in 1869; where he continued until the latter part of summer or autumn of 1874, when he was said to have become a resident of Oakland, Alameda County, State of California. George S. was a white boy, and said to have been a graduate of the "College Institute," of Napa County, before he became an employe of Dr. Pond's drug store, in 1869. In book learning, George S. widely

differed from his said father, mother, brothers and half-sister, and, so far as I knew him, was not in the habit of using profane or indecent language in the presence of women or ladies, as did his said father, the ruffian. If George S. resembled either his said father or mother in facial features, with a family resemblance, I did not observe it. George S. was better looking than any of Laura's children, namely, Louis and Augustus Manuel, and Geneva Colburn; and proved to be more intellectual, than any one or three of them put together. However, I often heard George announce:

"I have no gift as a singer or musician; but if I had a gift of gab, according to my knowledge, I wouldn't have to work for a liv-ing."

Whatever might have been the cause, George S. Manuel was not sociable with me most all of the years while employed in Dr. Pond's drug store, acting most of the time as though I was an objectionable boarder, whom it was necessary to endure. In fact, George's treatment and actions towards me, had no resemblance to that of a natural brother, or were indicative that he believed me to be his sister. From the time George S. departed from Napa City in 1874, I did not get a letter from him, and he had expressed no wish to receive any from me. My first to meet him after his departure from that town in 1875, was at the city of Oakland, in 1877.

From the time that George S. gave me notification of "Al Smith's" arrival in the city of Oakland, he began, apparently, to take sudden interest in me and my affairs, as he had never done before; became friendly, inviting me to accompany him to church; and George had tried to persuade me not to marry "Al Smith," saying, "I believe you will regret it if you do." George told me I ought to consider myself fortunate that "Al Smith" had married another, and I resumed my situation in the "Pacific Press Office," that I had given up. From the date that Laura handed me the envelope containing the insulting, abusive letter and wedding card of Mr. Alfred A. Smith and Miss Lorena M. Hanson, Laura expressed her determination to take her three children and husband to Seattle, Washington Ter., to live, with a notification that I must accompany her there. Had I sought revenge on Mr. Smith and his bride, as appeared, I would have made up my mind then and there, to go with Laura to Seattle, Washington Ter.; for I

knew of no woman, whom I thought more capable of making the situation more interesting for Mr. Smith and his bride, than Laura, where she could safely do so and the law would justify her, not yet comprehending Laura's conspiracy, of which I have no doubts I was designed to be a victim, before our arrival in Washington Ter.

While at home in daytime, between November 1877 and February, 1878, Lucy dodged in and out of the alley more frequently than before or after, having private interviews and consultations with her sister Laura, acting as though giving unusual attention to some scheme or serious affair that was going on secretly, and giving them an extra amount of concern and worry; of which they were cautious about letting me hear—yet with all their precautions, there were occasions, when winds and breezes proving favorable, wafted to my hearing while seated in another room at an open window, some names and fragments of their conversation, that were links in the chain of mystery and conspiracy, which can be understood by my accounts and evidence when concluded. Of these names and fragments that continued in memory, I explain and quote the following:

I understood from Lucy talking, that some woman by the name of "Susan Coburn," was writing at various places, making inquiries about persons of the name of "Manuel"; from which she was furnishing Lucy with some information by correspondence. With the exception of two places, I heard no name or address as to the places the said "Susan Coburn" had sent or received information of persons by the surname of "Manuel"; neither heard from them the location of this "Susan Coburn's" place of residence. At another date, Lucy called in the alley soon after breakfast, from which interview, I heard Lucy say she had brought a letter to read with some news in it, that contained names of persons having the surname of "Manuel"; which she read to Laura in a low tone of voice, though speaking the names more distinctly, I heard and remembered some of them, that were, as I understood, first names of persons having the surname of Manuel, namely: "Wilder, Gardner, Roswell, Henry, Samuel." I also heard Lucy say there was a Manuel living at Rincon Hill, San Francisco, and one at Monterey. I remember no more of the reading of this letter than two sentences, that were peculiar expressions, which Lucy read a little

louder and several times to Laura, excepting the name of the mother, that she either whispered, or read so low I could not hear, which I quote from memory:

“When, the mother died, the family went to pieces. They were a nice family, up to this time.”

Some of the fragments of conversation were again wafted to my hearing by breezes at another date, which I quote from memory:

Lucy said to Laura: “George’s mother was a black looking woman—Susan hated her—She was so wicked—Susan’s name was Mrs. French before her name was Coburn.”

Who this Susan Coburn was, I did not hear them say, more than I have related and quoted in the foregoing. A few days after the conversation about Susan Coburn, early one morning before breakfast. I heard raps at our front door and started to go to the door, when Laura detained me, saying, “Go back to the dining room and stay there till I come—I’ll go to the door.” In her haste to get to the door, she forgot to glance backward and see me standing in the door leading to the front room. She opened and closed the door after her leading to the alcove, when I heard the front door open and some one enter. Then I heard the said Lucy Manuel’s voice of 678 14th and Castro streets, saying:

“Oh—Laura! I’ve had an awful night of it! George had the horrors last night, and kept saying, “There he is—see him Lucy—there he is!” ”

From these expressions of Lucy, I understood her to mean her husband, and said and alleged G. W. Manuel (one of the four) had again been visited by the apparition of My Father, or the apparition of the man whom I so strongly resembled; because of which, Lucy was afraid to have George W. set eyes on me. It was at, or near, the latter part of May, 1878, when I came home from the office at noon one day, was near the dining room door, when Laura’s brother Isaac Griswold opened the door, confronted me with a confused expression and manner, as though he had met me entirely by accident—uttered the words, “How do Nellie (?)” and beat a hasty retreat backwards into the dining room, closing the door in my face and after him—strange conduct of one said to be my uncle, whom I had not met since the evening we parted after the spiritualistic meeting at Virginia City, State of Nevada.

When I returned home in the evening, Laura informed me that Isaac's wife Katie, had died at Napa City, and that he was going with them to Seattle, Washington Ter. No explanation or apology was offered for his strange conduct towards me, and this proved to be my first and last to see Isaac at our home in the alley.

I had earned enough money to buy all of my personal effects, since my arrival in Oakland, which Laura had demanded, not allowing me to retain money in my possession, excepting thirty dollars that I had saved and locked in my trunk for safe keeping. It was only a few days after Isaac Griswold met me, when Mr. Colburn notified me one evening on my return home from the office, that my said brothers, Louis and Augustus, had obtained a key to fit the lock of my trunk, which they had opened and had taken some of the money that I had saved. Mr. Colburn was, or pretended to be, very much incensed at the boys for taking the money, and at Laura for allowing them. When I searched my trunk, I found only \$1.50 remaining, of the thirty dollars I had earned and saved. The boys told me confidentially, a few days after, that Laura was the one who took most of the money; that they only took \$5.00, with which they bought candies, nuts and cakes for themselves. However, not one in the family refunded any amount of the money taken.

I was determined not to go to Washington Ter. with Laura, and consulted George S. on the subject, who advised me not to go, that he would help me out. George advised me to let the family think I was going with them to Washington Ter., until they would have most of the furniture on the truck, ready to be conveyed to the steamer at San Francisco, when he would be on time with an expressman to take my trunk to a room that he would have rented and in readiness for me, at the residence of a Mrs. Baker, who was forewoman of the folding room, of the "Pacific Press Office." True to his word, George arrived with an expressman, as the truck was being loaded with the furniture, when they seized both trunks belonging to George and myself, carried them to the express wagon, causing Laura surprise, apparently, anger and excitement; Laura insisting on my going with her to Washington Ter., and George S. insisting on my remaining at Oakland.

"Well. Nellie must go with us to San Francisco, to see us off on the steamer," said Laura, "She may yet change her mind and go

with us to Seattle." To help George out of his difficulty with Laura, I agreed to go and see them off.

"Be sure you don't go on the steamer with them," said George to me privately," then went away with the expressman and our trunks, and did not accompany us to San Francisco.

We walked some distance from the street car at San Francisco to the wharf, the two boys walking with Mr. Colburn ahead, and I with Laura and Geneva. As we neared the wharf, Mr. Colburn with the boys hurried along, leaving us some distance behind, went aboard the steamer and disappeared from our view, without saying good-bye to me, as I had expected, Laura, all the while, endeavoring to persuade me to go with her to Seattle.

"It will be half an hour yet before they get all of the freight on the steamer, and you will have plenty of time to go on board and take a look at the boat," said Laura.

I then accompanied her to the deck of the steamer.

"Come with me to the other side of the cabin and I'll show you my stateroom. You've got plenty of time before they get her loaded," Laura repeated.

"If you think I have plenty of time, you lead the way," said I.

When Laura had turned her back and was on her way to her stateroom, a sudden impulse seized me to run down the gangway and make my escape from the steamer, which I obeyed, and had no more than reached the wharf, when I turned suddenly and got a glimpse of Isaac Griswold and Henry S. Colburn, gazing at me through a dead light of the steamer, withdrawing their faces at my glance, as though it was not their intention to have me see them; the expression of their faces reminding me of two thieves, whose whereabouts had suddenly been discovered. This was the last time I saw my said uncle Isaac Griswold, and I have never seen any member of his family, to know them, since my departure from Napa, in 1876. I never at any time, received a letter from any one of them, or one from Isaac, that I know of. Not one of them expressed any wish to me that they would like to get a letter from me.

Geneva could not yet speak my name plainly, and said "Nene," for Nellie. She had given no attention to her father and half brothers' absence. Laura missing me, had returned to see me standing on the wharf, as the gang plank was being withdrawn

—I had barely escaped—no more. I stood on the wharf viewing the steamer as it moved away with Laura on deck holding Geneva in her arms, who struggled and screamed until out of my hearing, repeating: “Nene! Oh—Nene!”

Several weeks after Laura’s departure from Oakland with her family, I decided to return to Mr. Smith all of the jewelry that he had presented to me, and packed it with cotton, in a jewelry box, that I had weighed at the Oakland Postoffice, on which I placed more stamps than required, and addressed to Alfred A. Smith, Seattle, Washington Ter. This was the last I saw of this jewelry. Whether Mr. Smith got it or not, is more than I know.

As evidence and justification of what I have related in this and foregoing SKETCHES in regards to Mr. Alfred Alcot Smith, of Seattle, and what is now State of Washington, and evidence to some other accounts herein, I sent a responsible person to have an interview with the same Mr. Smith; to give him some explanation as to how I had been wronged; who said that he was willing to sign an affidavit for me, with the understanding that it was to be for publication; that he had some grievance of his own, expressing a willingness to sign more, if I so desired.

Strange, it appears—according to Court records—Mr. Smith married a Miss Loruna M. Hanson; though not until a year after I had been handed their wedding card in Oakland, California, by Laura, in 1878; and, as it appears from Court records, their marriage did not occur until the year of 1879; of which the following is a certified copy :

339
Smith
to
Hanson

No. 1.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON }
COUNTY OF KING } ss.

This certifies that the undersigned, a clergyman by authority of a license bearing date the 15th day of January, A. D. 1879, and issued by the County Auditor of the County of King, did, on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1879, at the residence of bride’s parents, in Seattle, County and Territory aforesaid, join in lawful wedlock, Alfred A. Smith and Loruna M. Hanson, of the County of King, with their mutual assent, in the presence of Martha Hanson and T. A. Jensen, witnesses.

Witness my hand, this 15th day of January, A. D. 1879.

JOHN F. DAMON,
Minister of the Gospel.

Filed April 17, 1879. Recorded April 19, 1879.

THOMAS BURKE,
Judge & Ex. off Clerk of the Probate.
Court of King County, W. T.

Marriage Record A. Page 176.

STATE OF WASHINGTON }
COUNTY OF KING } ss.

I, D. K. Sickels, County Clerk of King County and ex-officio Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of Washington for the County of King, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a full, true and correct copy of the *Marriage Certificate of Alfred A. Smith and Loruna M. Hanson*, as the same appears on file and record in my office.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the said Superior Court at my office, this 3rd day of November, A. D. 1911.

D. K. SICKELS,

County Clerk.

Court }
Seal }

By PERCY F. THOMAS,

Deputy Clerk.

No. 2.

THE WORDING OF OFFIDAVIT SIGNED BY ALFRED ALCOT SMITH.

STATE OF WASHINGTON }
COUNTY OF KING } ss.

Mr. Alfred Alcot Smith, being first duly sworn on oath deposes and says: That he is sixty-one years of age; that during the years 1874-75 and 76 he was a resident of Napa City, Napa County, California; that during these years I was personally acquainted with Miss Nellie Manuel, who was a young girl, who might have been fifteen, sixteen or seventeen years of age, and was living with Henry S. Colburn and Laura C. Colburn, both of whom I was personally well acquainted with, and it was generally understood that Henry S. Colburn was the step-father of Miss Nellie Manuel and that Laura C. Colburn was her mother; that at said time, there was living in Napa City a man known as David Manuel with whom I was well acquainted. He was a man apparently forty-five to fifty years old; he was pock-marked, had small black eyes, black-complexioned and black hair; he appeared to be a full-blooded Mexican. There was always an haunted expression on the countenance of said David Manuel and he was known to be a very profane man; he was quite heavy set, muscular, but not very tall. At this time Miss Nellie Manuel had brothers, or alleged brothers, namely: George Manuel, Louis and Augustus Manuel, who were known in Napa City to be the sons of David Manuel and his former wife, Laura C. Colburn, and to be the step-sons of Henry S. Colburn. George, the eldest son, was then a young man apparently not less than eight years older than his sister, or alleged sister, Miss Nellie Manuel. Louis and Augustus were near of an age and were younger than George and Nellie.

This same Henry S. Colburn had two daughters, namely, Carrie and Anna Belle Colburn, who were known in Napa City, and Laura C. Colburn was known to be their step-mother. During that time there were two young men who were known in Napa City as, namely: Will Deweese and Ben Deweese, with whom I was acquainted. The latter two young men and I made calls at the home of Henry S. Colburn and Laura C. Colburn to see Misses Nellie Manuel, Carrie and Anna Belle Colburn. At this time I was engaged to be married to Miss Nellie Manuel, and after I came North to the State of Washington, in the year 1876, I corresponded with said Miss Nellie Manuel; but I always mailed said letters to her through the United States Postal Service and never at any

time did I send letters to her by express. That the above named David Manuel claimed to be the father of Nellie Manuel, and the divorced husband of Mrs. Laura C. Colburn; but it was generally thought and believed by myself and others that there was no resemblance in facial, personal characteristics or peculiarities between the said David Manuel and Mrs. Laura C. Colburn and their supposed daughter, Nellie Manuel. Miss Nellie Manuel, when I knew her in Napa City, was a white girl and a blonde. She could sing, dance and had uncommonly small hands; which were not characteristic of any of the Manuels that I knew; she was well-behaved, lady-like in manners; and I never saw or knew of anything detrimental to her character.

When Mr. Henry S. and Laura C. Colburn left Virginia City, State of Nevada, and resided in Oakland, State of Colifornia, I received no letters from Miss Nellie Manuel and sent my father to see her. When my father returned to the State of Washington I also took a trip to Oakland to see her, when and where it was agreed between Miss Nellie, Mrs. Laura C. Colburn and myself that I was to marry Miss Nellie Manuel after New Years, of 1878.

I have heard Miss Nellie Manuel address her supposed mother, Mrs. Laura C. Colburn, as "Laura," but never heard her address Mrs. Laura C. Colburn as mother, who was known and recognized in Napa City, State of California, as her mother.

I write this of my own free will and accord

ALFRED ALCOT SMITH.

Subscribed and sworn to this 15th day of July, 1911.

Notary }
Seal }

ERNEST M. FARMER,
Notary Public in and for State of Washington, at
Seattle, King County, Washington.

It will be seen from the Affidavit of Mr. Alfred Alcot Smith, that years have passed since the years of this and foregoing SKETCHES containing mention of Smiths, and, since our last adieu in the city of Oakland, Alameda County, California, I have not seen, up to the year of 1912, the same Mr. Smith, or have yet heard any explanation as to why he failed to keep his agreement with me at Oakland and married another. It is a question, whether the same Mr. Smith ever saw a letter written by me, or that I ever saw a letter written by him. Mrs. Loruna M. Smith, wife of Mr. Alfred Alcot Smith, acknowledged before witnesses that her hair was formerly red. I have never beheld the contenance of the same lady, that I have knowledge of, who is reputed to be wealthy and flourishing, the mother of six children, and living with her husband Alfred Alcot Smith, at Alki Point, Seattle, State of Washington, in the year of 1911.

SKETCH 34.

SOME ACCOUNTS OF MY EXPERIENCE IN THE CITY
OF OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, AFTER LAURA'S
DEPARTURE IN 1878.

My eldest said brother George S. and I remained in Oakland after Laura's departure with her family to Seattle, Washington Ter. We both had rooms at the residence of Mrs. Sylvia M. Baker, forewoman of the folding room, "Pacific Press Office." After George had roomed there several weeks, he changed his rooming place and told me it was in one of the office buildings, though I have no positive knowledge as to where he roomed, after he left the Baker residence. Next to the residence of Mrs. Baker was the residence of her eldest son, Ghershon Baker, who was a continued employe of the "Pacific Press Office."

One part of the block where the Baker residences were located, was a grove of live-oak trees, that was fenced with a cross-board fence and reserved for a park. I had passed through the park unmolested, at least six months since Laura's departure, to and from the Baker residence to the office, that were about five blocks apart, when, one evening at sunset and near the date of my eighteenth birthday, at the center of the park, I was warned by a sudden shock and influence of some friendly power, invisible to my sight, who transmitted to my understanding instantly, that someone was near by, whose intention was to murder me—to flee from the park and save my life, causing me to tremble and gasp for breath. Then, I remembered of running—whether I ran all the way or not, was more than I knew, when I found or realized that I was standing on the sidewalk at a corner of the park, by the residence of Ghershon Baker; when I stood and gazed through the park and in every direction—no person was visible to my sight; whereas, it was the only occurrence I remembered of seeing no person on the streets near the park at the same hour. There could have been more than one person concealed among the thick foliage in the trees.

I had felt safe and at home at the Baker house, yet when I went to my room and retired for the night, I awoke several times with fright, gasping for breath. I thought of my warning in the

park, with such dread of passing through or by it any more, that I resolved to stay up the remainder of the night, to pack up all my effects and not return to the Baker residence the evening following. Was it imagination, or was it real? I fancied or felt the presence of someone standing in the hall by my door, that was locked and fastened as secure as I could make it. Quietly, with trembling and fear, I packed my effects ready to be transferred, and anxiously waited and watched without unlocking my door, until time to depart for the office in the morning. I did not mention during this day, my fright in the park the evening previous, and expressed no wish or intention to change my rooming place, excepting to one person at noon, a Mrs. James, who resided on 11th street, in the next block below the "Pacific Press Office," where I went to rent a room.

"I have had a number of applications for rooms from the office employes," said Mrs. James, "whom I have refused in every instance. I have enough to support myself, without renting any of my rooms, but there is something about your face and sound of your voice that I like. It is rather lonesome and unsafe for one of my age to live here in this house alone, and I will rent you my front room for half the price you pay for your room at sister Baker's, as an accommodation to you and company for myself."

"It will be very much of an accommodation to room near the office," said I, "and hope you will like me, as well as I think I shall like you. Would you have any objections to my taking possession of the room this evening and remaining in it tonight? I can have brother Baker bring my trunk and other articles in his express wagon tomorrow."

"As soon as you like," said Mrs. James.

We had a sociable evening together and my sleep was sound that night at the house of Mrs. James, having had no sleep to speak of the night before. Mrs. Baker and most of the employes of the folding room were present when I entered in the morning.

"Why—Nellie! Where did you come from?" was the general inquiry.

"Why do you ask me that question?" I replied.

"You were not in your room last night, and it was the first night you have been absent since you have lived with us. Where

were you last night? I have nearly worried myself sick over it," said Mrs. Baker.

"I staid all night at the house of Mrs. James," I said, "I did not think you would be worried."

"Did you know a murder was committed in the center of the same park, at the same time you are in the habit of passing through there evenings, that the person murdered was a girl about your age and size?" said one.

"No. How horrible!" I exclaimed, "This is my first to hear of it. Who murdered her and why was she murdered?"

Several present informed me to the effect: That the body of the murdered girl was yet warm, when discovered in the same park at dusk, indicative that she had been killed the same time in the evening that I had been in the habit of passing through there; that the cause and the slayer was not yet known or suspected.

"What I would like to know," said Mrs. Baker, "is why and how you staid away from our house and was so fortunate as not to pass through the park last evening the same time the murder was committed?"

I explained: "Sister Baker, I felt at home at your house, liked my room and accommodations there; but night before last, while passing through the park, there was such a fear came over me, that I trembled with fright; though I neither saw nor heard any person in or near the park. I went to my room and could neither sleep nor get over the fright, and made up my mind not to enter or go near that park—for some time—if ever again. My only preventative, was to change my rooming place, which I did. Now you know why I was absent from your house the evening and night of the murder."

"You were warned by some unseen power or influence," was the general response.

Though I kept it a secret, it was my opinion beyond doubt, that a mistake had been made; that I was the intended victim of the slayer of the unfortunate. As it was necessary to try to keep up my health and strength to earn a living, I did not read the newspaper accounts of the murder because of my apprehensions and so little time to spare; yet the same murder was much talked about at the office, from whom my last information about it was: That

the real cause of the murder and the slayer, had not yet been discovered. There ought not to be any difficulty in obtaining the proof of this murder committed, by those desiring it, from the Oakland and San Francisco newspapers, of California.

A JOURNEY TO FRESNO COUNTY, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

A summer evening of 1879, Mrs. James notified me there were acres of land on the plains of Fresno that she wished to locate and view, proposing that I get a leave of absence from the office and accompany her there; that she would defray all expenses. Being in need of a little vacation to strengthen my nerves, I had no difficulty in obtaining the leave of absence from the office, and gladly accepted her invitation.

Seated in the railway train at Oakland, we arrived in the then new town of Fresno, a short time before sunset after a very warm, though enjoyable ride, where we were met at the train by a Mr. Harper, late of Oakland, who gave us a glad and welcome greeting, inquiring what we thought of the appearance of the new town on the plains? Hot, dusty and barren, was the sum of our response, causing brother Harper to have a real laugh, as though we were beginning to realize some of a joke that had been experienced by himself. We had implicit confidence in Bro. Harper, so far as his character and honorable intentions were taken into consideration, yet Mr. Harper was a youth in years, a new and inexperienced member of the Seventh-Day Adventist denomination, and very little acquainted with people in Fresno, apparently, believing all in the church to be good brothers and sisters—no doubt. Mr. Harper took us from the train to a rough looking, one story, unpainted house, that apparently sat flat on the ground, where he introduced us to an elderly woman, addressed as sister Church, whom I recognized with surprise—surprises continuing with me—to be no other, than the same Mrs. Church, whom I had known in Napa City, years ago, when I first lived with Dave and Laura, after the disappearance of David Manuel and others I was with. Mrs. Church greeted me like a mother would a daughter, whom she had discovered after years of absence; then came her husband, Mr. M. J. Church, whom I recognized at first sight—

old time associates of Dave and Laura—whom I had not seen so many years, and this was my first to know of and to discover their whereabouts—accidental on my part—since the murder committed in Dave's blacksmith shop in 1867.

"Here is little Nellie, we knew years ago," said Mrs. Church.

Mr. Church shook hands and greeted me like an old-time friend. I had liked this family when a child; they always acted like friends when I met and visited at their home in Napa, and I had no suspicions now that any one of them might know or be implicated in the cause of the absence of My Father, My Mother, or the missing Manuels, or that they were in any way implicated in the mysterious murder committed in Dave's blacksmith shop in 1867. When Mrs. James invited me to accompany her to Fresno, I had no idea that I had ever been in that County, or would meet any one there that I had known.

"This Church family are old-time friends of mine," I explained to her.

They were so friendly and sociable, they caused me to feel like I was at home with them. I had often inquired about them of Laura, who denied all knowledge of them or their whereabouts, when I missed them at Napa. I had a good opinion of them then, wishing they would not mention Dave or Laura to me. They did not, neither once spoke the name of Manuel in my presence, while with them at this time. Though the thought did not occur to me then that they never had yet spoken the name of Manuel in my presence, when I knew them years ago in Napa. Mrs. James and I occupied a room together and ate at their home when in town.

At day-break, after the evening of our arrival, Mr. Harper drove up to the front door of the Church home, in a two-seated, two-horse carriage, supplied with water, provisions and camping outfit for our party of three, Mrs. James, Mr. Harper and myself, to take a journey on the plains to locate the land that Mrs. James wished to view. We traveled miles in succession, on the hot plains, barren of trees, shrubbery, or anything green, passing citric-acid water drinks around. Only the outlines of mountains or hills were here discernable in the far distance, and no building or human form met our gaze in any direction. Here, sand toads and galloping lizzards abounded, and ground owls gave lonesome hoots as we passed by. These were real curios, that broke the vast loneliness

to some extent. Mr. Harper gathered a sand toad with a crown-like head, that was a real wonder, which I held for some hours as a pet, that was soon tamed.

We traveled until near 3 p. m., before we came to the land Mrs. James had come to view, which had the same appearance as all the other land on the plains we had seen or passed over. The heat was now something fierce, and drinks increased; fortunately, we drank no intoxicants. Several miles in front of us now appeared a beautiful sheet of water, fringed with trees and foliage that was enticing in the extreme; which Mr. Harper informed us was a mirage, from which many a thirsty traveler had lost their lives in their continuous travel to reach it.

Near sunset we came to a fenced enclosure, where was a small house, a two-story barn well filled with grain; the only buildings we had seen since leaving the town of Fresno; where dwelt a white man and a feminine of the Indian race. There was not room in the house for our accommodations, and Mr. Harper made arrangements with the man for our horses in the barn, and the privilege of pitching our tent in the yard for the night. There was a well in the yard, a dog house, to which a ferocious bulldog was chained. We prepared coffee and supper by campfire, after the manner of campers; conversed about the intense heat of the plains, mirrages, sand toads, owls, the peculiarity of galloping lizzards, until late in the evening, to an accompaniment of the barking bulldog. We retired for the night and the bulldog continued.

Before daylight, Mrs. James said: "I wonder what makes the dog keep up such a continual barking?"

"It sounds to me like he is trying to say, go home! go home! and I have an idea that is what he means," said I.

"I have an idea the best thing we can do is to take his advice," said Mrs. James, "We cannot leave here any too soon to suit me. I will dress now and wake up Bro. Harper. By being quiet, I think we can get the horses out of the barn and all in readiness, before the occupants are aware of it. I have a notion or intuition, it will be the wisest thing we can do. We can have our meals some miles nearer town."

The resolve of Mrs. James was immediately in operation. The noise of the dog prevented our movements from being heard by the occupants of the house, and we were away in time, early before

sunrise. After another hot day's journey, we safely arrived at the Church home, where we ate supper and gave accounts of our journey on the plains, to the amusement of the Churches.

Early next morning, Mrs. Church proposed that we accompany her to their former home in the Church Colony, a distance of between six and eight miles, where we were to gather several boxes of grapes to take home with us, as a gift from her. Mrs. James and I accompanied Mrs. Church with her driver, on what proved to be a pleasant drive, to the Church Colony; where was an old, two-story white-painted house, with outside stairs at the side. Mrs. Church did not invite us to enter this house that she said was then unoccupied, near which was an old unpainted barn. They both stood in an old orchard and vineyard that had seen their best days. There was very little fruit on the trees then, yet the grapes were nice, and plenty of them, with which we filled our boxes. Mr. M. J. Church did not accompany us to any place, but had our boxes of grapes in readiness and placed aboard the train for us the morning following, when we thanked Mr. and Mrs. Church, bade them adieu and boarded the train for Oakland. We enjoyed our homeward ride, arriving in Oakland safely, feeling no worse and some better, after our journey to the vast plains of Fresno.

WARNINGS OF DANGER.

On a corner of 11th and Castro streets, City of Oakland, was a small grove of live-oak trees; one of which stood in the sidewalk on 11th street, between this corner and the residence of Mrs. James. During all of my time in Oakland, I never once heard or knew of any person being molested or in danger, while passing on the sidewalk at this place, excepting myself. Here I had been in the habit of passing to and from my work at the office to the James residence, undisturbed during day-light, but when I attempted to cross 11th street at dusk to this corner described, in the autumn of 1879, I was seized with fear and an understanding from some invisible power and influence that some dangerous and brutal man was concealed behind one of the trees, awaiting my arrival on the sidewalk by the grove. I immediately turned back towards the office and came home another way, undisturbed. This warning caused me to be careful about passing at dusk or after dark at

the place described for a while. For some reason, I do not now remember, I again attempted to cross 11th street at dusk, when I was warned at the same place and in the same manner as before. This time I returned to the office yard, from where I passed accompanied, through the yard of a private dwelling to 11th street, opposite the James residence, where the outline of a man was plainly discernable, standing by the tree in the sidewalk, where he was concealed from my view from the other side, where the warning came to me. At the sound of our voices, the man suddenly ran into the darkness of the grove, where he disappeared from sight like one pursued.

LAURA, WITH HER HUSBAND AND CHILDREN ARRIVE AT OAKLAND.

An afternoon of the autumn of 1881, I was notified by an employe of the "Pacific Press Office": "Your mother with her family are at the Market Street Station, and send word for you to meet them there."

I went to the Market Street Station as directed, where I found them.

Mr. Colburn said they had just arrived from the Sandwich Islands; were on their way to southern California and had "stopped over on their way to see how Carrie and I were coming out," and have a little visit with me.

"Lolly worries all the time when you are away from her," said Mr. Colburn. "She wouldn't stay at Seattle or the Sandwich Islands, because you was away from her."

The same morning, Mrs. James notified me that she was going away on a visit and would not return for several days, leaving me in full access and control of her home until her return. I took the family with me to the residence of Mrs. James, where they remained three nights. I continued with my work in the office through the day and entertained them evenings. They were all glad, or pretended to be, to see me. Mr. Colburn said he would call at the residence of Mrs. Hayes to see his daughter Carrie, and find how she was "coming out." On his return, he notified me that Carrie had gone from the home of Mrs. Hayes and had left

Oakland. The first morning of their arrival, Laura's sister Lucy called at the James residence, where I met her at the front door.

"Can I see Laura, and have a talk with her a few minutes?" was Lucy's request.

"Certainly," I said, "come in, have a chair, and I will vacate until you are through."

Mr. Colburn, Laura, Louis and Augustus informed me they had lived in or near Seattle, Washington Ter., a year or more, where Mr. Colburn bought a piece of ground and built them a house to live in; that they were there during the year of 1878; that Isaac Griswold, the brother of Laura and Lucy, was also living there with his family. Laura, Louis and Augustus, informed me that "Al Smith," with his red-headed wife and their child, were also residents of the same place during the year of 1878.

"Lolly," Mr. Colburn said, "took a notion in her head to take a voyage to the Sandwich Islands, where we lived a little longer than a year."

Laura informed me privately, to the sum and effect: "They are building up a new town in southern California called Fresno, where they say wages is good and land can be bought pretty cheap. It ought to be a good place for Colburn to do carpentering, and we are going to try it. He can buy a small piece of ground in town and put up some kind of a house to live in till we can get a start there."

Laura talked in a manner, as can be seen, to give me the impression that this would be her first to go to Fresno or to own any land there; that she would be a stranger on their arrival there. Neither of us mentioned the Church family, and I said nothing to her about my previous journey there, lest she change her mind about going and remain longer in Oakland. Laura presented me with a gold ring and a fan, she said was bought at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. The morning following their third night with me, they said they were going to start for Fresno.

"I wouldn't think you'd want to stay here where that George Manuel and his family live," said Laura, "Fresno will be a better place for you than this. When you get tired of the Adventists and want a vacation, you can come to Fresno and live with us. You won't have to work every day for your board and room rent."

"You are always welcome to come and live with us, as long as we have a roof over our heads," said Mr. Colburn.

Geneva had been glad to be with me again and kept teasing me to go with them. Saying they were on their way to Fresno, the family went from the James residence without any request of my company to the train.

PLOT AND CONSPIRACY.

The last time I spoke to Lucy, at Oakland, was when she called to see Laura at the James residence in 1880, and I had not spoken to any member of her family since she ordered me out of her house, in 1877. I had not received any letter or word from Mr. Colburn, Laura or her children, since their departure from the James residence, in 1880, when they told me they were going then to Fresno.

A Seventh-Day Adventist campmeeting was in progress in the country, near Alameda, Alameda County, California, during the autumn of 1881, that was only a few miles from the city of Oakland. On a Sunday afternoon, a concourse of people had gathered to hear the sermon that was to terminate the campmeeting. A raised platform was there for the preacher, organ and choir. The tent walls were open at the sides, and being one of the choir, afforded me a good view of the congregation as they were entering the tent and being seated. To my surprise—here came my said uncle and aunt, G. W. and Lucy Manuel, of 14th and Castro streets, city of Oakland, and seated themselves at a side of the tent. They were only seated a minute or so, when G. W. Manuel waved his hand at some one or more, who were among the crowd on the outside of the tent, when they immediately vacated, and did not return to the tent throughout the meeting; and this was the first and last I saw them on the camp grounds, or at any other Seventh-Day Adventist meeting, for they were members of the Unitarian Church, then of Oakland. It appeared obvious to me therefore, that they had come there for some reason or design, other than to hear preaching or singing.

When the same meeting was concluded and people were taking their departure from the camp grounds and gathering to their private tents, I was confronted by a red-haired man while alone and

apart from the crowd, who introduced himself to me as "Brother Church," saying that he was a relative of the same M. J. Church, whom I had known when a little child in Napa City, and had lately found at the new town of Fresno; where Laura with her family had since gone to reside. The same M. J. Church, had the shade, characteristics and appearance of the race called Mexicans. Though the red-haired Mr. Church had some facial features of the same Church family, he was a white man, and it did not appear to me as though he could have been any near blood relation to the same M. J. Church.

"I'm a worthy brother of the church," said Mr. Church, "and an old friend of your father, David Manuel; who is now waiting by a creek yonder by the foothills, where the trees and brush are, about a mile and a half from here (pointing to the place). He sent me here to bring you to him in my carriage, where you can have a private talk together."

"What kind of a looking man is the David Manuel you speak of?" I inquired.

"He is a dark, stout, pock-marked man—an old-time friend of M. J. Church in Napa, when you lived there with them. I know who your father is," said Mr. Church. "I have made no mistake in the man. I know him well. He is a brother to George W. Manuel, of Napa and Oakland."

"What does he want to talk to me about? Why does he not come here to talk to me?" were my inquiries.

"I believe it is his intention to make you a present of quite a sum of money, and he wants to talk to you privately. He would attract too much attention coming here," said Mr. Church. "He told me that he thought it was wrong for a girl like you to work every day to support yourself, when he has plenty of means and can afford to help you. He wants to make some arrangements with you about money, so you won't have to work every day for a living."

"He ought to come here to talk to me," said I, "a mile and a half to the lonely place at the foot-hills among trees and brush, is no place for me to go to meet any man."

"I am a good brother in the church, I can assure you," said Mr. Church, "and will see that no harm comes to you if you go there to meet your father in my carriage."

To meet the said David Manuel (one of the four), the former husband of Laura, at a place and manner as Mr. Church described, meant murder, to my understanding. However, it was my opinion at the time, that Mr. Church had been used as a dupe by Dave and his brother, the said George W. Manuel, of Napa and Oakland, and others, to decoy me out to the foot-hills, to make away with me, not suspecting that either Laura or M. J. Church, of Fresno, were then implicated in this plot; for Laura, as appeared to me, had done her best, to prevent my falling into the hands of the ruffian Dave, who was the man that Mr. Church described as my father, awaiting my arrival at the foot-hills.

Mr. Church impatiently continued: "Your father is a wealthy man. He can afford to help you, and it is his duty to provide for his children. If you are afraid to go there with me, I know a good brother and sister of the church, whom I can get to go there with us. They are trusty—can be trusted anywhere."

"Who are they?" said I.

"They were old-time friends of your father and mother in Napa," said Mr. Church. "They are brother and sister Eggleston, of Napa, and are now members of the church. I think you will remember them—there they are—coming now." (pointing to a man and wife that I knew in Napa, as Mr. and Mrs. Eggleston; the parents of Mary Eggleston; the father-in-law and mother-in-law of the same Charles Levansaler, who handed me the decoy note at Napa, in 1873, on the pretext of a boat ride down the Napa river; some accounts of whom are in SKETCH 29).

"It does not appear that you know much about my private affairs, brother Church," said I, "If you did, you certainly would be foolish to think I would trust myself anywhere with that couple. They never were true friends of mine, that I know of. We will end this conversation now. If David Manuel wants to talk to me, he can come here to the camp grounds. I will not go in your carriage to meet him or any other man, at such a place as you describe."

I met the elderly couple, Mr. and Mrs. Eggleston, a short distance from where we stood, who attempted to speak to me. The greeting I gave them, caused them to move on, and the treacherous, old white-haired Eggleston man, gave indecent utterances, because, as appeared, the trap set for me did not come through,

as they had expected. A few minutes later, I saw them standing by the side of the carriage talking with Mr. Church. My said father, the ruffian, did not put in an appearance where I could see him at the camp grounds, from where I took my departure to Oakland, without further disturbance.

GEORGE S. MANUEL DEPARTS FOR FRESNO, FRESNO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

My eldest said brother, George S. Manuel, notified me during the autumn of 1881, that he was going to Fresno, to live with Laura and her family. George was said to be employed most of the time in some department of the "Pacific Press" buildings. However, there were intervals of days and weeks, when I did not get sight of George, or have any certain knowledge of his whereabouts. Whenever we did chance to meet, George generally greeted me friendly, and sometimes inquired how I was "getting along?"

I was employed at folding, book work, type-setting in the finishing room of the type foundry, and as a compositor in the printing department. I was so anxious to learn all I could, that I was most of the time an apprentice in the office, and was not, therefore, paid the salary that others were paid, who continued in one department. For this reason, my services were often called for in various departments, and I knew of no employe of the same office, who put in more continuous hours during the time they were employed, than myself. I did not once speak to my said uncle, G. W. Manuel, or any member of his family excepting Lucy, when she called and requested to talk to Laura, or was invited to their house, during all the time I was an employe of the "Pacific Press Office." George S. Manuel represented to me that he was a frequent and welcome visitor at their home, during all of this time.

George S. Manuel ceased to be my escort to church, or any other place, after Laura's departure from Oakland in 1878, and resumed his old indifference to me as a brother, that was observed, wondered at, commented on, by people in general employed in or about the office.

I became acquainted with a couple of artists, a man and his wife, who told me they were going to take a tour to various towns

in California, to take pictures during the summer of 1882, agreeing to teach me enough photography to be a helper, by which I could pay my way, if I desired to take the summer's tour with them; that I might get a rest and change in the open from the office, to regain my health that had failed, from too steady employment and too many hours, for one of my strength and accustomed to more open air exercise. I therefore, with this understanding, went with the artists to reside in the spring of 1882, expecting to accompany them on their tour in several weeks.

No letter had come to me from Laura, George, or any member of the family since they notified me they were going to Fresno, until now, when two letters came from Laura, requesting me to take a vacation from the office and come to Fresno, for a while. I had struggled too hard to get away from Laura and to remain away from her, to have any thought of ever returning to visit with her.

SOME ACCOUNTS OF MY VISIT AND EXPERIENCE IN FRESNO, FRESNO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

The residence of the artists, with whom I now resided, was in a more thinly populated place of the city, where there were few passers by, out of business hours. While out for a short walk in the same place one day, between the hours of 9 and 12 a. m., I met a large man wearing a star and policeman's uniform, who greeted me in a polite, though firm and decided manner, introducing himself as an Officer of the Law. Our conversation in brief, was to the sum and effect:

"Your relatives here in Oakland have complained to headquarters, that you are overworked in the 'Pacific Press Office,' for one of your size and strength; that you are no more or less than a slave, working for very poor board and room rent, under the guise of religion; and are on this account, at the present time mentally and physically incompetent to support yourself. Will White, the superintendent of your office, has agreed and consented with your relatives, to have you sent to your mother at Fresno, to stay a while until your health is improved. I have orders from headquarters, to see you off to Fresno, or take you there by force, if necessary, to your mother."

Then I explained to the officer that I was going to travel with the photographers during the summer; would be in the open much of the time, and only do enough work while in towns, to pay for my board and few effects I might be in need of; that I was leading a respectable life and would be with respectable people, as I had been; that I was more than eighteen years old, had supported myself several years, and had a right to live apart from relatives if I so desired.

"Your behavior and character are not questioned," said the officer. "As an invalid, the Law can order you to be taken care of against your wish, when you are not doing right by yourself. Your mother, I am told, is wealthy, and willing to support you. If I take you there by force, it will place your sanity in a very questionable light. If you go willingly, I will be at the depot to see you away on the train without people being the wiser of it. You can go there a short time and come back again. If you stay away from the Adventists and continue to have a visible, respectable means of support, it is my opinion, you will get along better—that is, if you want to stay away from your relatives. It appears to me like they will have the best of you on the law points, and I have advised you how to win out, if you will take my advice."

"This is only a trick to compel me to live with people I have struggled beyond my strength to get clear of," I said. "If you only knew how I hate to go to Fresno, I don't think you would have the heart to compel me to go."

"According to all I hear and what you tell me, one or more of the Adventists, it appears, are in the trick, if there is any. I have told you what to do to beat the trick. I have orders to see that you go to Fresno to your mother, if you only remain with her a week. You can come back when you get ready," said the Officer of the Law, "and the sooner you go, I think the better."

I thought of Mr. M. J. Church and family, then residents of Fresno town and County; thought they were my friends, and rather than be disgraced to be taken there by force—like I had committed a crime, I submitted to the officer's demands, who was on time at the depot at Oakland, paid for my ticket and helped me aboard the train for Fresno.

I arrived in Fresno safely, where Laura with Mrs. Fanning the eldest daughter of Mr. M. J. and Mrs. Church, were at the

depot to meet me: who both looked and acted glad of my arrival. The morning following, Laura introduced me to several of her acquaintances, explaining to them that I had come home on a visit from Oakland, where I had been employed at the "Pacific Press Office;" talked and acted like a real mother—that is, for one of her kind. I found George S. Manuel there, who met me civilly. George had surveyors instruments, a buckboard and a valuable horse; said his occupation then was surveying. Louis, Augustus Geneva and Mr. Colburn, all acted and expressed their gladness to see me at home again.

"I'm glad my sister Nene's come home," said Geneva.

She occupied my private room with me at home and staid as close to me as circumstances permitted, showing a decided preference for my company, as did Louis and Augustus, to other members of the family. Louis and Augustus also had a horse and cart for their private use.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Church and family invited and received me at their home like one of their family, said I was to them like one of their own children. Laura was with them at Fresno, like I had known her to be with them at Napa, prior to the year of 1867.

The weather at Fresno was warmer than I had been accustomed to at Oakland, and there were no visible indications from my appearance, that I would be looking for work for several weeks, at least. I revived, however, beyond my expectations in a few days after my arrival, told Laura one morning I was going to take a short walk to look at the town. I found Mariposa, the principal business street of the town, two blocks away, and inquired the location of the printing offices. "The Fresno Republican" was the first I came to, where I entered and asked for a situation as compositor.

No, they had no work for me then, they said, they had never met a lady compositor in that part of the country before, and after some deliberation, came to the conclusion to enlarge their paper and make room for me.

"Five days a week will suit me very well," I said, "I would like the other two days to travel and take views of the town and and plains."

To this they agreed, saying they would send notification when they were ready for me. Several days after, one of the compositors

called, saying, "Your place at 'The Fresno Republican' is ready for you,"—to Laura's astonishment. Though Laura was opposed to this arrangement, I took the place offered and became a compositor for "The Fresno Republican." The proprietor of this paper then was S. A. Miller, to whom I was introduced. Mr. J. W. Short was the editor. The compositors were then, Mr. Frank Clark, compositor and foreman; Mr. William Shanklin and myself, Mr. Hodge came a short time later. Several were employed in the telephone office of the same building. Mr. and Mrs. Miller resided in the same building of the printing office. The engine and press room were in the basement underneath the composing room. Mr. M. J. Church called and informed all employed in the composing room, that I was to him, the same as one of his own children, that he had known me when a little child. We were a cheerful party altogether, and I was pleased and encouraged with my new situation. I generally accompanied Louis, Augustus and Geneva once, often twice a week, over the plains on pleasure drives, with whom my attachment became stronger than ever before. I was getting the idea into my head that I had at least two brothers and a sister, who all three told me that if I went away from home again, they wanted to go with me.

OUR OLD HOUSE ON L STREET.

Our residence was on a corner of L and Merced streets, on a block next to the Court House Square, on one of the most valuable residential locations of the town. On a corner of our yard on L street, was an old, rough-board, two-roomed, one-story house; the front of which faced an end of a low hill or long rise of ground from the left, that had been leveled on the top and filled in around its base, where the ground was some lower than the other surrounding land. When I first took a look at this old house outside and inside, it seemed to me that I had at sometime been in it before the spring of 1882; yet I had no recollection of being on any place like the Fresno plains after the year of 1866. I had seen houses like this one in other places, and after some thought, was not certain that I had ever seen this house at any prior time. All other houses in the near vicinity excepting an old one-story house, that stood on a lot adjoining our yard on Merced street, that Laura said she owned, appeared to be new, or of some more recent date.

During the autumn of 1884, a gentleman acquaintance and myself went on a pleasure drive from the town of Fresno to an old town named Centerville, situated near a bank of King's river, all in Fresno County. When we came to Centerville, and were on a road that I could see extended miles up and down the river bank, my escort stopped the horses for us to take a view of King's river. Near by, was a lone, live-oak tree, with square-shaped rocks piled around it, below the bank at the water's edge; that was the only tree I observed so far as I could see at or near the river banks. As I viewed this lone tree, the rocks piled around it, this river and its banks, they were to me like a forgotten picture of past memory, now being revived, after years' absence. "Yes, I have certainly known this scenery in the past"—I was thinking. Our carriage was at the entrance of a Court, lined with old houses—so old, that moss was growing on their roofs.

"You appear to be in deep thought," said my escort.

"I was, to an extent that you awoke me. A queer old place—is it not?" I replied.

Said my escort: "It is, to people not accustomed to seeing old-time buildings on the plains. That old house with the outside stairs, a porch and door at the side, is a hotel, where we are going to dine."

When my escort opened the side door from the porch of the old-fashioned hotel and we had stepped inside, past scenes were again reviving. When about to open the door of an adjoining room, I detained him, saying: "Please wait a minute and tell me first before we enter: Is the next room to this, the same width, about three times its length, with a front door, a long table in the center of the room and a small one in one corner like the table in this room?"

"That is it. You must have been here before, to describe it. I supposed I had brought you to a place that would be new to you," said my escort.

"I would like to take a look at the next room, before answering," said I.

We entered the room, There it was—sure enough—as I had expected it would be. These facts were convincing that I had been here before. My missing Father—my missing Mother—came to my thoughts—I stood and gazed like one in a dream.

"When were you ever here before?" inquired my companion.

"I could have been no more than three years old, maybe not so old, when I saw this place last, and how strange it is, that I should recognize it after so long a time! It is like a picture in memory. This is my first to discover it since then," I replied.

"Do you remember who you were with?" said my escort.

"That is what is puzzling me. I only recognize the room and the place, as a picture of memory," I said.

We ate an old-time vegetable dinner at this old moss-roofed hotel, and returned safely to Fresno the same evening, after a day of strange reflections.

THE TWO OLD WELLS.

In the front yard of our residence in Fresno on L street, and between twenty and thirty feet from the back of the old house, was an old well, that supplied us with water, and the only one I had seen in Fresno, since the spring of 1882. Surprises continuing—it was at dusk, an autumn evening of 1884; Laura and I were standing at this well, when a woman, a stranger to me, came, carrying a pitcher, requesting it to be filled with water from the old well, which Laura filled for her. The woman addressing Laura, said:

"This is the best water and the oldest well, on these plains. There was another old well, a short distance from this one, that was filled up, years ago. There (pointing to the place), near the sidewalk, on Merced street, about midway between the corner of K street and the fence where that other old house stands, was the spot where the well was. People were very much in need of good well water on these plains then, and I have many times wondered, why a well containing the best of well water, was destroyed on such a place as these plains, and who destroyed it. That well was on, or near your property. Do you know anything about it?"

It was not light enough to discern the expression of Laura's face; yet her movements were plainly discernable. She had stood listening, opposite us by the frame of the well, until the question put to her about the old well that had been filled up; to which she gave no response; put a hand against the frame of the well, like one endeavoring to steady herself for a moment, then slightly staggering, though discernable, she left us at the well and disappeared at the back of the house, without a word of response.. We both

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stood silent, wondering at her abrupt and queer behavior. When Laura was out of sight, the woman said softly to me:

"Is that your mother?"

"She is supposed to be," said I.

"You do not resemble her, and you do not act or talk like her. She is very queer acting. Is she insane?"

"She certainly acted strange and queer this evening; though the question of her sanity, is more than I am prepared to answer," came my response.

"I would think you would be afraid to live in the same house with her. She might be dangerous," said the woman.

"I don't expect to be here much longer," I said.

"Her actions certainly indicate there is something wrong about her," said the woman, "and my advice to you, is to go as soon as possible. I believe that woman is too dangerous to be trusted."

It appeared as though Laura was so shocked or frightened at what the woman had said or asked her about the well that had been filled up years ago, that she staggered, and could not, or was afraid, to give any reply.

THE CLOUDBURST AND THE OLD WELL THAT WAS FILLED UP YEARS AGO.

The winter following the conversation at the well, a cloudburst caused the streets of the business district and many of the resident streets of Fresno, to be submerged in water to a depth that boats and rafts could float, suspending my attendance at the printing office several days.

Laura had neither mentioned to me or I to her, anything about the woman who came to the well for the pitcher of water, what had occurred or had been said, that we three were witness to, the same evening.

The second day of the flood Laura and I were looking from a back window of our house to some men or large boys, on a raft, where the woman had told us the old well was located, that had been filled up years ago; where we could see them lowering and raising a long pole in the water. Louis and Augustus came rushing into the house from the back way, saying:

"Say, Ma, them fellers out there on the raft, struck a soft place in the ground, that don't seem to have any bottom to it.

One of 'em run a long pole down the place and didn't strike bottom. Now they're trying another scheme to see if they can find any bottom to the hole."

Laura turned her back to me, faced the boys and shook her head to them, meaning, that they say no more on the subject in my presence.

"That must be the well that the woman was telling us about," said I.

At this explanation, Laura turned about and faced me, white, both with rage and fear, apparently.

"There never was any well there!" she exclaimed. "It is one of them sink-holes. There is more like it scattered over the plains."

The other language she used to me would not be proper for print, that was to the effect: That both the boys and myself must never again either say that a well, a sink-hole, or any other bottomless place was, or is in the same locality. I neither heard or said any more about the well, while I resided with Laura at Fresno. There is a hardpan under the soil of the Fresno plains varying, I have been told, from eight inches to six feet, under the soil, that is like cement in hardness, and is said to be waterproof. From the fact that a pole could be run past the first hardpan only in the one spot where the well was said to have been in that vicinity, together with Laura's actions and talk, convinced me that the woman had told the truth about the well, that Laura knew some, if not all, of the secrets of the old well "hat thad been filled up years ago."

The out-of-doors exercise and fresh air drives I enjoyed with Louis, Augustus and Geneva, then averaging two days a week, and less hours than I had had in the printing office, had improved my health to such an extent, that I began to think myself able and capable of getting along as well as most girls who were larger, stronger, with more liberty and therefore more chances to learn and improve their opportunities than I had; for I was smaller and possessed less physical strength than the average girl, and incompetent to earn my living where physical strength was required of me; and my chances and opportunities to learn, had been less than any girl I knew of, in California, excepting my three terms of schooling at the "Napa Young Ladies' Seminary," and my chances to learn while employed at the "Pacific Press Office," for which I

worked early and late, often feeling the need of a substantial meal, which I did not always have ready money to pay for, and did not mention while an employe of that office; though I have no doubt my credit was good, had I asked for it.

For more than a year before I ceased from "The Fresno Republican," I began to go into a decline, that was so slow and gradual, that I did not realize it for some time. I could not retain milk or butter on my stomach, and some told me they had an idea that I was being afflicted with "Malaria," and advised me to eat uncooked tomatoes and to drink lemon juice diluted with water. This, I found to give relief, though they did not cure the complaint. My work as compositor did not require one to be physically strong; only a clear mind, enough strength and health to walk to and from the office, to think, sit on a type-stool and to make quick movements with arms and hands. As long as I could accomplish this much, I did not realize my loss of strength and weakness. I was anxious to earn a little more money, so that I would have enough to pay my expenses to leave Laura and to start anew among strangers. I was, unquestionably, under the influence of some poisonous drug; did not, and could not, realize my condition, and was getting weaker mentally and physically day by day, until people told me my face and hands resembled wax, and a little later, said I resembled a walking corpse.

At a time when my mind was weakest, Mr. Colburn had a private talk with me when our conversation was to the sum and effect:

"Nellie," he said, "there is some mystery in the family about you, that Laura has never told me. Is Laura your mother?"

"She once told me she was," I said, "I can remember of being with her since a small girl. Why do you ask the question?"

"Nellie," he said, "I've never found you to be untruthful, treacherous and deceitful, like I have other members of the family. I've tried to be a father to you, and I'm now going to tell you something in confidence. I think you have seen and know enough by this time to consider what I'm going to tell you, and to keep it to yourself. Lolly was taken sick with a fever right after we came here. The Doctors said they thought she had contracted it at the Sandwich Islands, before she came here. I neither slept nor took off my clothes for several days and nights and had about

given up all hopes of her recovery, expecting her to pass out most any hour. I was the one who had you sent for to come here. It was my money that was going to support the family. I knew you were not as able to work and earn your living as the boys, and it looked too one-sided to me. I thought you had as good a right to a home as the boys had. So before Lolly was taken down sick, I talked to her and George about having you come home. They were both opposed to your coming here then, and when Lolly was taken sick and I thought was about to die, I said, Lolly, all of your children are here to see you but one. In case anything should happen, and you don't live, Nellie ought to be here to see you. I've sent for her, and am in doubts, Lolly, that she will get here in time to see you before you pass out. Lolly appeared to be so horrified at the thought of you seeing her die, that I believe it was the means of her rallying from death to life again. Lolly commenced to wring her hands, pull out her hair, and say she didn't want to see you; that if I had sent for you, not to allow you in the house, or to see or to speak to her, unless she was either dead or well. I knew then there was some mystery about you; that it was unnatural for a mother to act that way about her own child. You didn't come home when I sent for you, and Lolly commenced to improve from that time on. After Lolly was well and strong again, I got Louis and Augustus and Neva to stand in with me against George to persuade Lolly into the notion to have you come here. George always was against you coming here and was Lolly's consulter and adviser about everything done on the place, or business affairs. I talked so much to Lolly about all of the boys staying at home, and you, the only one of her children, being away supporting yourself, and how people would look at it, that I think I shamed her, and Lolly said she would write and ask you to come home. I can't believe Dave or his brother George Manuel, are any relation to you. You're a white girl and they are from some other kind of a race. It is my opinion they are full-blood Portuguese. They are treacherous and cruel, whatever they are from. They don't belong to your kind. Nellie, you remember how Lolly and her boys got away with the money you had saved and put away in your trunk, when we lived in Oakland, when they were all of them more able to work and earn money for themselves than you was? I don't think they're any too good to do

the same thing over again. Don't you think you're making a mistake by keeping money in your trunk? You might put it in the bank here; but I have doubts you would get it again if you did. Others, no doubt would, but it is a question whether you would. If you've confidence enough to trust me, I can take your money and keep it for you and guarantee there will none of them get it away from me, if you'll not tell any one I've got it. I own a house and lot here in my own name, that I intend to keep, no matter what comes or goes, and I'll give you my note in my own hand-writing, in case anything might happen to me, you could collect your money on it. I'm offering to do this for you, because I don't like to see you robbed all of the time."

Had I the power to use my ordinary reasoning then, I would have kept my money and fled from Fresno. I let Mr. Henry S. Colburn, my said step-father, have \$300, to keep in his possession for me, with the understanding that he was to send or hand it over to me when I was in need of any or all of it; and he gave me his note in his own hand-writing as security. A few days after I had let him have the money, I discovered that the trunk in which I had kept my money, had been searched and re-locked as before. I said nothing about it, as though I had not observed it. Soon after, I began to have cramps of the stomach, after I had eaten supper and retired nights. I was now failing so rapidly, that I could feel myself going, day after day, and realizing that my time in life was growing very short. Two physicians had prescribed medicine for me with no perceptible results, favorable or unfavorable, excepting on several occasions when they were called to attend me after I had swooned at the office from weakness and pain; when Mrs. Miller, the proprietor's wife, had me brought to her rooms in the same building where she was my attendant until I was able to walk home. My life was saved twice by physicians, on occasions away from the office. I was favored and aided to retain my place in the office, on account of my energy and ill health, where I continued longer than I would have done, to keep out of Laura's company and for the want of my ordinary intelligence. A friend advised me to buy a bottle of brandy, dilute with a small quantity of water and try it for my cramps. I bought the brandy, which I was keeping a secret from those at home. The same evening that I had brought the brandy home, I was seized with violent

cramps after supper and going to bed, that I felt was going to finish me then and there. I grabbed the bottle, poured out an ordinary sized water glass two-thirds full of brandy, completed with water, drank it, and two more in like manner. The cramps ceased for the night and I slept. I continued to buy brandy and drink it secretly without intoxicating effects, that very soon caused my mind and reasoning to get clearer and stronger, and stopped cramps, when I felt them after supper and at other times. About a week's trial of the brandy had elapsed, when the compositors and editor insisted on my vacating the office for the afternoon; that they would do extra work to make up for mine. It was unusual for me to go home between the hours of 2 and 5 p. m., and feeling better and being out for a walk, I decided to call on some girl acquaintances before sunset, and go with them to the ice-cream gardens to pass the evening; where would be dancing and other amusements. It also happened that I went home on an unusual street and direction, tip-toed up the front steps and opened the front door very quietly and listened, to hear if there would be any chance of my getting into the house to get my wrap and out again, without Laura knowing it; when, in the dining room, at the end of a short hall, I heard Laura talking to her boys. I heard some words that attracted my attention to such an extent that I stood listening a few minutes. I could not distinguish all that she said, during this time, but heard enough distinctly, to well understood, that Laura was determined and anxious, to get me out of the way, before she could accomplish a design. I now saw Laura's disposition and character towards me in a more correct view than I had understood it before. She had really calculated on my disposal—no doubt—for years. I now quote what I heard her say to her boys then, that remains vivid in memory:

“There's some land I want to give you boys * * I can't give it to you till Nellie's out of the way. She's the true heir. You boys must turn over a new leaf * * * do different than you've done in the past. * * * She aint your sister * * * She's nothing to you * * * I don't think she'll last much longer * * * I look any day for her to pass out.”

I was too shocked and it was too dangerous for me to listen longer, so I decided to make my escape while I had a chance, without Laura's knowing or suspecting that I had listened. I closed

the front door without latching it, slipped off my shoes until I was off the porch and steps, and hurried away from the place to the house of my acquaintances. We went to the ice-cream gardens that evening, where I ate ice-cream with no ill effects indicating that my stomach had improved to a considerable degree, since the use of the brandy. I remained at the house of my acquaintances that evening, breakfasted with them, and from there proceeded to the printing office. I went home at noon and ate with the family. Laura inquired of my whereabouts the night previous, looking much more than she said, having confused movements and insisting on my drinking tea for dinner.

"If you would drink more tea with your meals and less water, I think it would be better for your stomach," she said.

"It might, I can try it," I replied.

When Laura had placed the cups of tea at the plates for dinner, I transferred my cup with that of Augustus, when Laura returned to the kitchen. When we were seated at the table, I drank sparingly of the tea, ate only such food as I saw others take from dishes. I wanted to find out for a certainty, if Laura was attempting to destroy my life by slow poisoning. Brandy, I thought, would save Augustus, if necessary. I quit work before 6 p. m., the same day, and had a consultation with a physician of the town, that was in words to the sum and effect:

"Doctor, do you think I have any symptoms or appearance of slow poisoning?" I inquired.

"Well—yes, my opinion is, that you have, when I come to think of it. Have you any suspicions that you are being poisoned?"

"Before I answer the question, I would like to have your decision first. That is what I came here for," I replied.

"Is Mrs. Colburn your mother and are her children any relation to you?" were the doctor's first questions.

"She has raised and taught me to address her as Laura, not mother, and once told me privately, when at or near the age of thirteen, that she was my mother; though I have continued to address her as Laura, when speaking to her. Her children have from the time they were small, called me their sister, and I have said her children were my brothers and sister.

"You do not resemble any of them," said the doctor, "You

have features and characteristics very strongly indicative, that you are from some family other than theirs, and it is the general impression here of those who know you, that there is some mystery about your being with the family you live with. Are you an heir to any money or property?"

"I have reasons to think that I am," I said, "though the knowledge of the money or property I am heir to, has been carefully kept a secret from me, by my supposed relatives, and no other has told me."

"It is my decided opinion," said the doctor, "if you quit eating and drinking with any and all of your supposed relatives and get away from them—put the ocean between you, if necessary—that your health would begin to improve and you would come out all right. You have all indications so far as I can observe, of being naturally healthy. That you are an heir to money or an estate of some kind, that your supposed relatives are scheming to get it into their possession, is my decided opinion. A physician might be thoroughly convinced that a person is being poisoned; could give the best of reasons for thinking so, and no argument could change his opinion; yet unscrupulous doctors could and would be paid to refute any and all arguments he might make, particularly in your case. You are employed at type work, that is poisonous to some persons, and their symptoms be like yours. According to the circumstances, I can see their chances of winning out against me, should I attempt to bring up a charge of poisoning against them. In a case like yours appears, that the result would be, no doubt, ruin to us both. You are more intelligent and energetic than the average girl of your age, supported yourself before you came here, and have supported yourself ever since you came to Fresno. Why couldn't you earn your own living away from your supposed relatives as well as with them? I think the sooner you get clear of them, the better it will be for you. If you leave them and find your health to be improving and come out all right, you may then, in all probability, believe what I have told you, and may some time find out the mystery, and what you are heir to."

"Your opinion is the same as mine was before I consulted you on the subject," said I, "and I am very willing and anxious to follow your advice."

When I returned home from the doctor's office, I found

Augustus very ill, sitting in a large, easy chair, his mother sitting by, looking very anxious and worried about him.

"Why, what is the matter with Gus?" I inquired of Laura, "He looks like death. What is the cause of it? There ought to be something done for him right away, before it is too late."

"I think Gus has a spell of "Malaria," the same as you're troubled with," said Laura, "and if you want to do anything, you had better go and tell Dr. that Gus is dangerously sick, and to come right away."

Laura called for the same physician that I had consulted in regards to my poisoning. I hurried and found him in his office where I had left him:

Dr., I have a very urgent call for you. My supposed brother Gus, was taken very ill after dinner today, and looks like death. His mother sent me here to tell you that Gus is dangerously sick, and is in need of your services before it is too late."

"He very probably got a dose, that was intended for you," said the doctor.

"I believe you have guessed it correctly, Doctor," said I, "and I would like to ask a question or two of you before you go."

"Say on," said the Doctor.

"Doctor," I said "I loaned the most of my money out, that I have saved, before I suspected my supposed mother of placing poison in my food and drink. I need this money to go away with, and cannot afford to lose it. It might be several weeks before I can get it into my possession again. If I remain in the house with my supposed mother and her children, refuse to eat with them, there is no telling what they might say or do. What can I do, and what would you advise me to do until I can get clear of them? You must understand by this time, that a person who would attempt to end my life by poisoning, would be apt and capable of destroying me some other way."

"You are smart enough, I think, to form plausible excuses about your health and go visiting awhile until you get your money. I will have a private talk with Mrs. Colburn, your supposed mother, and I don't think she will trouble you about eating in her house. There are too many doubtful of her here, for her I think, to go too far, for fear of being found out. You have friends here, where they have not, and are much better thought of."

I was notified soon after my consultation with the Doctor, that Mr. Miller, our proprietor, had decided to sell out his newspaper and discontinue as a newspaper proprietor; that it was a worry to them all of the composing room, to have me continue there any longer because of my ill health and corpse-like appearance; that they objected to my falling dead in their office, which they were daily expecting. At their request I quit, friends with all employed in "The Fresno Republican" office, so far as I have knowledge of, during the spring of 1885, after I had been employed there nearly three years. I had, during all of this time, bought and made most of my clothes; had passed over to Laura from \$1 to \$3 per week on an average, that she took from me as loans. She refused to take any money from me for my board or room-rent, because, she said, the boys did not pay anything for theirs; that I was the only one of the family, excepting Mr. Colburn, from whom she could get money willingly, when she needed it. However, these loans proved to be like all of my other loans with Laura, she never paid back, and I neither asked or so much as hinted, that I wanted her to make good, any money I had passed over to her during all of my time in Fresno.

I will not omit to mention, that my said aunt, the said Lucy Manuel, of 678, 14th and Castro streets, Oakland, California, came to Fresno and visited with Laura, during the spring of 1885, acting very friendly, and pretending to be very pleased to meet me again. Probably she was, to meet me at her sister Laura's abode, but not because she liked me, or had come there with any good intentions on my part—far from it. It so happened on the second day of her arrival there, that a friend of mine came to town with a request that I accompany the party home on a visit on the plains, at a farming and stockraising district, between twenty and thirty miles from the town of Fresno. As the party was waiting in the wagon for me at the gate, Lucy and Laura stood in the front door.

"Good-bye, aunt Lucy," I said, "I am now going to the country for a visit of an indefinite period, and you will no doubt, have finished your visit here, 'ere I return to town."

The corners of Lucy's mouth drew down; a disappointed, vicious expression overspread her face, as she stood gazing at me take my seat in the wagon and move away—"the bird had flown" from a trap, no doubt.

THE WARNING OF MRS. CHURCH.

Mrs. M. J. Church, I supposed, was a true friend to me, as far as she could be, for one of her surrounding circumstances. I knew that she was a good mother to her children. Mr. M. J. Church and family had all treated me their best, when I met them or was in their company. When I returned from the visit to the country, Lucy was gone, and Mrs. Church requested me to take a walk with her. When we were out of hearing distance of any third party, she notified and warned me to the sum and effect:

“Nellie, I knew you in Napa, when you were a little tot, and you seem like one of my children to me. I have brought you out with me today to do some of what I believe to be my duty, so far as I can, and shield my children. Nellie, I am endangering my life by warning you, to save your life. I hope you will consider and remember this, and that I am doing what is hardest for a mother to do in my circumstances. Nellie, I am sorry to tell you, that my husband, M. J. Church, is not the kind of person he would have you think he is, and is one who cannot be trusted,—so far as you are concerned. He has been in the past, a treacherous, dangerous and wicked man, and has that reputation among some who have known him in past years. We got him into the church, and he is supposed to have had a change of heart. He is a better behaved and appearing man than he was; yet, it is his nature to be treacherous, and there are reasons that I cannot tell you, for my children’s sake, why, I feel confident that he is yet, and will be, while alive, dangerous to you. Place no confidence in him; never be alone in his company; never eat or drink anything he may offer you aside from our table; but don’t let him know or think you are suspicious or doubtful of him. You can do all of this without his mistrusting you. I was a poor servant girl, who had to earn my living the best I could, when I married Mr. Church, not knowing or having any suspicions of the real kind of a man I found him to be. I have raised a family, and I feel like it is a mother’s duty to protect her children before all else; and feel better now, that I have given you warning as far as I can, and protect my children.”

Laura was the one who put poison in my food and drink that poisoned me while in Fresno County—no one else. I felt sad and disappointed to hear this news of one I had supposed was my old-time friend, M. J. Church, whom it now appeared to me was impli-

cated with Laura, Dave and others, in plot and conspiracy, of which they had calculated on my being a victim. It now appeared clear to my understanding, that my said and alleged Manuel relatives and accomplices had forced me to go to Fresno to murder and dispose of me, on account of my being an heir to money, property or land, somewhere and some place, the description and location of which had been, and was being, concealed from my knowledge. After I had listened at the front door to Laura's secret revelation and advice to her boys, when she told them that I was the true heir to some land that she wanted to divide and give to them when I was out of the way, and the doctor had saved Augustus from his dose of poisoning that his mother had intended for me, both Louis and Augustus from this on, avoided my presence as they had never done before; and if I did chance to meet them, they turned their heads and backs and ceased to speak or to recognize me at least three weeks prior to when I left the house and place of their residence. Laura discontinued to trouble me about eating or drinking in her house, after the doctor called and saved Augustus after he had been poisoned by drinking the tea that Laura had placed at my plate and I had transferred to his plate.

I secretly continued the use of brandy when I felt in need of it, without intoxicating effects; had kept out of Laura's presence visiting here and there, for at least six weeks; yet no Mr. Colburn could I find or get sight of, and it was appearing very much as though he was keeping clear of me to get out of returning my money.

Mr. William Shanklin, formerly a compositor of "The Fresno Republican," had been, for more than a year and a half, one of the proprietors and editors of a newspaper at the town of Tulare, Tulare County, that was about forty miles from the town of Fresno. Mr. Shanklin had said to me before he quit "The Fresno Republican":

"If I make a success in getting a newspaper started at Tulare, I would like to get at least one good compositor, who is up to date, and if you would like to see Tulare after you are here awhile, and would like a situation on my paper, send me notification and I will make room for you."

I was feeling so much better and my mind so much clearer, than when I quit "The Fresno Republican," that I believed myself

capable of holding a situation as compositor again—for a while at least. The extra money I had retained in my possession when I quit "The Fresno Republican," was nearly gone, and I was afraid to remain at night in the house with my said mother and her family longer. I therefore, wrote to Mr. Shanklin of Tulare, for a situation as compositor in his office and a small loan of money, requesting that if satisfactory, to telegraph a short answer and the money order the following day; to keep it a secret from any of my relatives, who were trying to prevent my leaving Fresno. The answer and money order came, according to my request, at a. m.; that would give me time to pack my trunks and have them taken to the afternoon train for Tulare. When my trunks were packed I notified Laura, that I must leave Fresno on the afternoon train south. Laura endeavored to prevent my leaving her, by persuasion and threatenings, until noon hour, when Mr. Colburn put in an appearance for dinner. Then Laura leaving me alone for a few minutes, had some private interview with her husband, who returned to the kitchen with her where I was seated.

"Nellie," said Mr. Colburn, my supposed step-father, "Lolly tells me you are going to leave us today, and I would like to have you take dinner with us, so that I can talk to you before you go."

"All right," said I, "if Laura is willing?"

"I have never yet refused you anything to eat in the house since you've been here," she said.

"Why certainly you haven't," said I, "This is my first to be at home at meal time for quite awhile. You know I have been away visiting and keeping out in the fresh air most of the time, to try to get rid of some of the 'Malaria' that you say has such a hold on me."

Mr. Colburn, Laura and myself were the only persons present at the table, and I was very careful not to eat or drink anything that would poison me, without poisoning them.

"Lolly," said Mr. Colburn, "I think when one person does another any serious injury, that it is liable to come home to them sooner or later; and now is your chance to tell Nellie what you ought to tell her before she leaves us."

Laura replied: "I have nothing to tell her. If I catch any of them coming around here, I'll fix 'um."

No explanation was given me by either of them, as to what Laura meant by this expression, that was the termination of it.

"Nellie," said Mr. Colburn, "As long as I have a roof over my head, you are welcome to come to it, and whenever you feel like coming home on a visit, I want you to remember that as far as I have anything to say, you are welcome to come here."

Mr. Colburn arose from the table, saying that he must hurry to get back to work, and abruptly left the room, giving me no chance to ask to talk to him privately, without Laura's knowledge to it. When he had gone, I notified Laura to see to it, that Louis and Augustus had my trunks at the depot in time to be checked for the train south, to which she refused to comply. Then I talked in a manner to give her the impression that friends were waiting near to talk to me before my departure on the train, and demanded of her in plain language:

"Laura, if you fail to have my trunks delivered with all in them, as I have packed them, and at the depot in time to be checked for the train south, I will make trouble for you in town tonight. If you don't think I mean to do what I say, try it, and be convinced."

Then her face took on the same old fiendish smile, that it had when I missed and screamed for My Mother, the morning after her disappearance the night before, at the old house by the Napa river. Laura broke forth in an angry flow of words, that in brief, were to the effect:

"If you leave me and my house now, don't you ever return to it! It is my wish, that you will never have a day's luck or prosperity; that you will be a begger in the streets. If you leave my house now, I will never leave you a dollar or any of my property. I will provide for all of my children and will take good care that it is so arranged with the Courts, that you will get nothing from me."

I replied: "I never have expected any of your property, don't expect any of it, and what cause have I ever given you to think that I intend to cause you any trouble about it? How could I cause you any trouble about your own property?" Laura's only answer, was a fiendish smile.

"I must go now—be sure my trunks are at the depot. I hope I have seen you for the last time," was my parting adieu, while

making my escape from her house. I lingered outside of her premises where I was concealed from her view; saw her harness George's horse and drive away with Geneva in his buckboard. On my arrival at the depot, I saw Louis and Augustus drop off my trunks, turn their backs, jump into their cart and drive away, without a word to me, after I had been their companion and like a sister to them—so long. I got my trunks checked and boarded the train without any difficulty. I did expect something better of Louis and Augustus. As I sat in the car, the expressions that Laura had used to her boys while I listened at the front door, came forcibly and sadly to mind, while the tears were falling from my eyes: "Nellie aint your sister—she's nothing to you."

SKETCH 35.

SOME ACCOUNTS IN BRIEF, OF MY TIME AND EXPERIENCE AT TULARE, TULARE COUNTY, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

I arrived from Fresno at Tulare, where I resided for a short time with Mr. Shanklin and family, and after several days, took the situation as compositor on "The Tulare Register," Shanklin & Pillsbury, proprietors and editors. I felt the effects of the poison by spells for some weeks after my arrival there, for which I secretly used brandy, until a very small amount of it had intoxicating effects, then left off the use of brandy. Mr. and Mrs. Shanklin attended Saturday evening balls, that were respectably conducted for respectable people, young and elderly, given by the "Tulare Library Society" by invitations, whose weekly invitations were extended to me, where I met with both church and non-church members, young and elderly, and passed many social evenings. Though I continued at type work, in the same kind of a climate on the plains, at regular hours, six days a week, putting in more time than I had hitherto in "The Fresno Republican" office, my health continued to improve all the time while employed in "The Tulare Register" office. This was convincing evidence that the type in "The Fresno Republican" office had not been the cause of my decline and distress. I found employed on "The Tulare Register" as compositor, a girl near my age, without the experience and opportunities to learn type work as I had had, and

not, therefore, my equal as a compositor. Another girl came later as apprentice. All of us girls attended balls and were at peace in the office, though neither of them were at any time my company outside of working hours. Our foreman and pressman was a Mr Charters, who would be a credit to any office for behavior.

Mr. Shanklin came accompanied to the office one day with one whom he introduced to us as Mr. Ellsworth, with notification that he had sold his interest in "The Tulare Register" to Mr. Ellsworth, who would take his place as one of the proprietors; that Mr. Pillsbury would continue as our editor, manager and a proprietor. Mr. Shanklin then quit the office and returned with his family to Fresno, where for a while he was one of the proprietors of "The Fresno Republican." Mr. Ellsworth was dark-faced and black-complezioned, dark enough to be a Mexican. His face I recognized to be like one I had seen when a small child, and his name the same as the said Mrs. Ellsworth, Mrs. Church's sister, who Dave and Laura quarreled about soon after the mysterious murder was committed in Dave's blacksmith shop, in the year of 1867, when they were expecting the arrival of Chan or Chandler Manuel, who I understood from their conversation to mean the one and same person. Mr. Ellsworth occupied a place in one corner of the office as job compositor, apart from others, and was the most quiet person I had ever met in a composing room; was particularly cautious about avoiding me. If Mr. Ellsworth spoke to me more than twice after our first introduction, I do not remember it. My dealings were with the editor and other proprietor, Mr. Pillsbury, whom I had found an agreeable, good-natured kind of an editor to get along with, and all appeared to be running smoothly and satisfactorily with all in the office. Mr. Ellsworth was the only one among us who did not look as though he was of the white race. When I had been an employe of "The Tulare Register" from between six and eight months, I found one morning that my case had been pied during my absence from the office; complained to Mr. Pillsbury, who requested me to make the best of it; that he would try to find out who did it. I found my case pied three mornings in succession and the third morning thought it was time to quit. So I requested Mr. Pillsbury to make out my time and pay a month's wages that was due me from the office. This, Mr. Pillsbury objected to, saying, that it

was my duty to remain until they could procure a compositor in my place, to which my quick response came:

"Mr. Pillsbury, I quit right now. I have been expecting something of this kind, and as to why it is done, and who does it, I am of a decided opinion, and, therefore, am decided not to make so serious a mistake, as to remain longer in this office; though I do not think you are aware of the true cause, or the real perpetrator."

"If you quit now, without someone in your place," said Mr. Pillsbury, "I refuse to pay the money due you from the office. You are an heiress, are not in need of a situation, are taking the bread and butter out of a needy person's mouth, by working for your living, where there is no necessity. You travel from place to place hunting for work to keep away from home, the right place for you, where you are wanted and welcome."

"Mr. Pillsbury, I do not earn a dollar that I am not in need of and more in need of, I have reasons to think, than any one employed in your office, though you may not believe it. If I am an heiress, I certainly have received no land, money or property that I might be heir to, and have no way of providing it; the knowledge of which, has been kept from me. If you will inform me, as to how you know or where you gained this information, you will confer a great favor on one who has been wronged, is homeless, friendless and very much in need of money, land or property that I might be heir to," I said.

To my explanation and request, Mr. Pillsbury gave no answer; withheld any and all information from me, as to why he had said I was an heiress and had no right to earn a living. On the pretext that I quit the office without due notification, Mr. Pillsbury refused to pay the month's wages due me. I quit the office then and consulted a lawyer, who ordered Mr. Pillsbury to call at the place of my residence and place in my hands the month's wages owing to me, which Mr. Pillsbury did forthwith, that then ended our dealings. My success in recovering the money from Mr. Pillsbury that I had fairly earned and was in need of, was encouraging, and I consulted an attorney in regards to the money due me from Mr. Colburn, my said step-father, who, when consulted, advised me to write two respectful letters to my said step-father, request him to pay me the money I had placed in his care

for safe-keeping; with which I complied, and from which no answers came to me. The attorney said he would telephone for an attachment to be placed on a house and lot in the town of Fresno, held in the name of Henry S. Colburn, until he paid the money. The evening of the day following, there called at the house where I was residing, George S. Manuel, my eldest said brother, who demanded of me in an excited and ruffled manner, my reasons for having "Colburn's" property attached and thereby disgracing them? To this demand, I firmly responded in a more excited and ruffled manner, meaning all I said:

"If you wish to talk to me, it will be necessary that you keep a civil tongue in your head, or I will have you arrested. Then your disgrace will be worse than the attachment of your step-father's property."

"Do you mean it?" said George.

"Mean it! Certainly I mean it! I have a right to money I have earned and am in need of," I replied.

Then George did his best by wrong argument to get my consent to allow Mr. Colburn to retain all or part of my money in his possession; when I inquired why he took such a lively interest in helping his step-father out in defrauding me.

George replied to the effect: "Because Colburn has no money now on hand of his own and I am the one who will have to meet the bill. I am rather short on money right now myself, and don't feel like paying the whole bill. If you will take part down now, it will be an accommodation to me, and the other part we can pay later on. Then too, it will aid us in keeping run of you, for we always like to know where you are and what you are doing. In case anything went wrong or happened to you, we could help you out."

I replied: "If you assume your step-father's bills, I don't know of any reason why you should not pay them. You are not like a brother to me, and you would do me a very great favor to let me alone in the future, since you have proven yourselves to be no friends and entirely unlike relatives to me. Either pay the money owing to me by your step-father, or return to Fresno where you belong. I will give you until tomorrow morning to make up your mind. If you would like to remain here tonight, I can speak to the proprietress of the house and you can make arrangements

with her for a room here tonight," to which George consented. When their arrangements were made, I bade George a good-evening, retired for the night to my private room, locked and secured the key of the door, where I remained until time to go to the attorney's office in the morning. When I went from my room in the morning I found George waiting, who notified me that he was ready to pay the money due.

I responded: "If you are willing to settle the bill, you can walk with me to the lawyer's office."

"I would rather pay you privately," said George, "I think the less we have to do with lawyers the better."

"I could not settle with you any other way," I said, "The lawyer had the attachment served and is doing the business for me."

After some argument, George consented to go to the lawyer's office, where I introduced him to my attorney as my brother from Fresno, here to settle my step-father's bill. When George had paid the principle, the lawyer demanded the interest due, which George tried to argue out of.

"Pay the interest," said the attorney. "If the truth was known, probably you owe her much more. You have no family resemblance to this young lady, and I do not believe you are her brother. If I were in her place I would not acknowledge you as her brother."

George paid both principle and interest, which the attorney handed to me in his presence, refusing to take any pay for his services more than the cost of the proceedings.

"I will go now to see you off on the train for Fresno," I said to George. Then the attorney warned me saying:

"Be on your guard—don't get too close to the train."

A woman of some wealth and influence, late of San Francisco, encouraged me by saying: "You sew so nicely, make your clothes as nice as a dressmaker would make them, and I believe would make a successful dressmaker, if you understood a first-class system of cutting and fitting. You could be more independent as a dressmaker than depending on printing offices for situations, where spitework and false complaints can continuously be put against you. I have a friend, Mr. D. Edwards, of San Francisco, a very successful dressmaker, one rated to be the best in the City as a cutter and fitter. He uses a tapeline and square the same as

tailors use and told me it did not pay him to try to teach his mode of cutting and fitting, excepting to those of some knowledge and more than average ability in the line of dressmaking. His lessons are high priced, though I believe you could learn with a few lessons. If you like, I will write you a letter of introduction and recommendation, with a request to teach you as a favor to me."

I gladly accepted the letter and departed from Tulare to Oakland, during the autumn of 1886, where I rented a room in a private family; then went to San Francisco and presented my letter of introduction to Mr. D. Edwards, with whom I was successful in making arrangements to take lessons in draughting patterns, cutting and fitting dress linings from once to twice a week, rooming in Oakland, where I practiced diligently early and late. When my course of lessons were concluded, I saw an advertisement in an Oakland paper, that compositors were wanted at "The Oakland Encinel" office, to work on a City directory, where I applied and was admitted, through the recognition and recommendation of some compositors who knew me while an employe at the "Pacific Press" office, prior to my departure from Oakland to Fresno in 1882. The foreman offered me a place on their newspaper, "The Oakland Encinal," which I refused. Prior to my leaving Fresno in 1885, a letter was handed to me by Laura, with the name of the editor of "The Signs of the Times," Pacific Press, Oakland, signed to it, saying that I was wanted and welcome to resume my place in the "Pacific Press" office. This letter I did not answer, thinking that I was showing them a kindly consideration by not involving them in trouble with "the gang." When I say "the gang," I mean my said and alleged Manuel relatives of California, the four said brothers, their accomplices in the plot and conspiracy, whether known or unknown to me. I left off working in printing offices on account of their secret intrigues and persecution; not because I was incompetent either in town or city printing offices to do the kind of work that I sought for. My disadvantage aside from my persecutors, was ill health; the cause of which I have explained. Of course many of "the gang" were, and are, members of lodges and churches, and their money derived from the proceeds of their wrong gotten gains, where there was no necessity for so doing, helped and helps them wonderfully in their plot and conspiracy. I supported myself most of the time while in Oakland

by dressmaking, designing and making complete many costly garments, from which I was credited, an "artiste." My mode of sleeve drafting was then of my own invention; giving better satisfaction than the mode I had learned from the gentleman dress-maker of San Francisco. During this time, there were three artful attempts—there might have been more—to decoy me to 22 California street, San Francisco; a building and occupants, that was then unknown to me. Years later, I read a communication on which the same address, 22 California street, San Francisco, California, appeared, having the same name as one of my said alleged Manuel relatives (of the four, of California), signed to it. This together with other incidents that seemed to connect themselves with the circumstances surrounding me, led me to think that the gang were restless and relentless because of my presence among them, from which I reasoned and planned to myself, according to the following:

"It is appearing very much to me as though the gang are determined to have, or to retain for themselves, all that apparently belongs to me as an heiress. If I drop the surname of Manuel, conceal my identity and existence every way possible from those who have known me to present date, there is a chance they may think me dead. Laura probably would then have no trouble in retaining or claiming the land she told her boys I was 'the true heir to;' for how could I claim property that I know nothing about? From the fact that any property I might be heir to, has been carefully concealed from my knowledge for so many years, appears to me as though the Courts are in favor of the gang having any and all that might belong to me, as an heiress. In view of this, it would be like signing my death warrant to apply to the Courts of Napa and Fresno Counties for information. Yes, it does look as though it is, as Laura and Lucy represented: 'that they could come pretty near doing as they pleased with the Courts.' How could I be heir to any land, unless it was from my parents or relatives, who have been missing since I was near the age of three? I am sure that neither Laura, Lucy, Dave or his brother George W. Manuel, would will any property to me; for they have combined to prevent my having land that Laura said I was 'the true heir to.' To prevent my having it, is why Laura attempted to murder me by poisoning. If they would attempt my

murder after raising me, it certainly looks as though they would have been none too good, to have disposed of my missing relatives, to get what belonged to them. Yes, I remember, that Dave and Laura were dreadfully worried about some land that Dave said, 'Chan' had something to do with. Dave said he must get him out to California to save themselves; that 'when we git 'im out here, we can fix 'im.' When Chan's arrival was expected, the man that was a stranger in Napa, was murdered in Dave's blacksmith shop. Dave said the rest of them were as guilty of the man's murder as his brother Harrison was. So they must have all combined and planned to 'coax Chan out there,' to murder him, on account of land, located somewhere in the East. I wonder if the land that Chandler Manuel owned, had been willed to me? It does appear like it, for Dave wanted to dispose of me soon after they murdered the stranger in his blacksmith shop, and Laura was afraid he would regain consciousness long enough to tell his name; and when Dave assured her there was no danger, her face took on such a relieved and pleased expression, that I wondered at it? When Dave said: 'If we can git Chan out here, we can fix 'im, and make up a little story to satisfy the public,' then the stranger was murdered in the blacksmith shop when 'Chan' was expected. When Dave said 'fix 'im,' he must have meant, murder him. And it does look as though this was when and how Dave got 'the papers to gang-ploughs,' that Laura had hid for him, and then passed over to his brother George, that Dave raved so much about. Well—when I come to think about it, they as good as said so; for Dave could neither read nor write, and at first, did not know what they were. Yes, it must have been my uncle Chandler they murdered, after they had disposed of my other missing relatives who knew me. Who else might be in danger from this fiendish gang? Who knows? If I can contrive to live, I may yet be able to expose and put a stop to their murderous and fiendish occupation? If it did not appear as plain as it does, it would not worry me so much; but I have been saved so far, and must not think any more about it now, lest I lose my courage, my mind become deranged and they get the best of me. For all I can do now, is to try to save myself. I can write my own ads for newspapers in towns where I locate. When one or more patrons on my first arrival in towns, find me to be the real article as advertised, they will bring and recommend

others. New scenery and climate together with the thought that I am no longer known as a relative to people I have so many reasons to think are guilty of the murder of my parents and all near relatives who knew me, will, I believe, relieve my brain—at least for a while. Now this gang who are representing me to be their relative, are planning—no question—to dispose of me, when they find some chance to do so in a manner to evade suspicion on their part; and if, in case they should be suspected and accused of the crime they contemplate, all of them who have openly acknowledged me to be their relative, will be able to prove an ‘Alibi.’ ”

My preceeding plans were soon in operation. I found travels, changes of climate, scenery and most strangers agreeable, and my success was exceeding my expectations; for I was welcomed as a dressmaker and made friends readily in strange places where I was unknown as a relative to the gang, by names other than the surname of Manuel; representing myself to have no living relatives that I knew of, which latter representation was true. That I was being trailed, appeared evident to my understanding, from remarks and questions put to me, to the effect: That some one or more persons were inquiring for some missing relative, of my description. That I had personalities so peculiarly my own, and like the missing relative being inquired for, was strange and puzzling to my questioners and informants, with one exception, they said. Of course, I denied any said relatives, to strangers.

“Who is the person and what is their name, being inquired for?” were my queries of informants.

I did not hear the name, or have forgotten the name of the inquiring party, would be the general response of persons who mentioned the subject to me. In one instance my informant said:

“It was hinted that the missing relative being inquired for, had some kind of insanity. You are too bright and intelligent to be touched with insanity, and when your description was given, I thought they must have had reference to some other party.”

Because of these and other insinuating remarks, because I knew that the gang had been careful, cautious and determined to prevent my having intimate or continuous friends or prosperity, because I was determined if possible to prevent myself from being known as their relative, to save my reputation from any and all of their remarks and insinuations, as well as to escape from their

murderous hands, I had remained no longer continuously in any town since leaving Oakland, thus far, than three months. This mode of living, it can be seen, caused me to lose time, trade, friends—for I could not communicate by word or letter and prevent the gang from ascertaining my whereabouts any length of time, without every precaution I could take, and earn the necessary money required for emergencies, expenses, and extra traveling expenses, to elude them. Had I been less competent at dressmaking, I could not have accomplished it. Could I have remained unmolested a year's time in towns, I could have owned a home with some bank account, in a few years, from the proceeds of dressmaking.

MARYSVILLE, YUBA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

After some experience as a traveling dressmaker, I stopped off at Marysville, Yuba County, California, where it so happened very unexpectedly on my part, that while viewing the long bridge that crosses the river from Marysville, a construction of interest, I here recognized the Yuba river to be unmistakably a scene in my memory of childhood, now revived. That I had not viewed this place since the year of 1866, I could remember. I thought and thought. If I remembered any face I was with when here prior to the year of 1866, I could not connect it with this scene of revived memory. However, I thought I must have been here with the man and woman I was riding in the carriage with, mentioned in the SCENES, before I knew the white woman and swarthy, pock-marked-faced man, who taught me to address them as Laura and Dave.

REDDING, SHASTA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

Redding, was so named, from the soil being red. I came to this town in the autumn of 1888. If I had ever seen this town at any prior date, it would have been before the year of 1866, and I did not recognize it. My dressmaking parlors were located in the best brick building of the town and business street, where I had spent the winter of 1889, in peace and tranquility, without observing any sign indicative that one of the gang might be lurking in the town or vicinity. During the latter part of May, 1889, it so happened, that while in a drygood's store at Redding, glancing casually across the room, the startled eyes of one I had known

when we were school girls at Napa, stood, for a moment, then deliberately crossed the room to where I was, confronting me with:

"Excuse me—" she said, "whatever your name is now, I am sure I knew you in Napa, when we were school girls, as Nellie Manuel."

Acknowledging her recognition—there being no alternative—we exchanged friendly greetings; for I was both glad and sorry to meet her. It was no more than natural that my school girl acquaintance would have some desire to know something about me during our existence apart since then, and she informed me of her marriage to a banker; that they were then residents of Redding.

"What a strange happening," she said, "to find that you are the Mme, La Voise, the French dressmaker, I have heard people recommend so highly as a dressmaker. Why, I have just bought material for myself a dress, to bring to you, before I recognized you here in the store; and to find that you are the same Nellie Manuel I knew years ago, is a surprise. Where are the Manuels your relatives, who used to live in Napa?"

"It is years since I spoke to any of them. They never were like relatives to me. They were scattered over California, the last I heard of them. Both you and your relatives in Napa, no doubt, know more about their general reputation than I do, for they never gave me a chance to find out much about their affairs while I lived in Napa, and you will confer on me no small favor, by not mentioning here the name of Manuel in connection with me, as I wish to keep clear of them. Not one of them is a friend to me," was my request and explanation.

Then my school girl acquaintance announced: "Now that you have mentioned the subject yourself, I did hear of remarks while in Napa, to the effect, that you did have features and characteristics so peculiarly unlike the Manuels of Napa, that people were generally of the opinion, there was some mystery about your being with them. Although we were young school girls when we last saw each other in Napa, I readily knew you from your peculiar personality."

"I have been told more times than one, to the effect, that I was a real specimen," I remarked.

"I would like real well to have you make my dress," she said,

"to have a dress that you have made for me."

"Why certainly, bring it along. My special attention shall be given to it, for school-girl times' sake," I replied.

She brought her material to my dressmaking parlors the day following, and when completed, I asked her:

"How about the dress?"

"It is very pleasing—entirely satisfactory to me," she said. "I would be pleased to have you call at my residence when you can find time, where we may have a chance to renew our school-girl acquaintance."

My time being so completely occupied with business, as well as wishing to avoid anyone whom I had known in Napa, on account of my said relatives, the Manuels (of the four), I never called at her residence, and this was our last meeting.

It might have been a week—or more, from the date that my school-girl acquaintance took her dress from my parlors, when some night marauder knocked and talked at my hall door, two nights in succession; from which I complained to the proprietors of the building, who promised to do their best to put a stop to it. Then the disturbance ceased several nights, and the day after the second beginning, I mentioned the matter to a Mrs. Gillispie, who called to see about a dress she was having made, who expressed her view of the affair in language to the effect:

"It is probably some miner from the mines. There are a good many of those rough fellows in town now. We don't allow such impudence at our hotel. I have daughters of my own, and we won't tolerate such conduct. If you will come and live at our hotel, I will see that no one disturbs you there. You can have all of our dressmaking, and your patrons can come there as well as they can here. You couldn't be safer at a private home than at our hotel."

Mr. and Mrs. Gillispie were then proprietor and proprietress of the "St. George Hotel," Redding, and although my acquaintance with both Mrs. Gillispie and daughters was slight, they were business-like and respectable appearing. Their hotel was on the corner of the next block. It was my intention to leave Redding before the month of July was over, when I could finish the dresses promised for the Fourth, and refuse to take any more until the summer

heat had subsided. This excuse would give me a chance to get away without too much questioning. For after the disturbance of the night marauder, I thought it would be so much like a school-girl acquaintance, to write and tell her mother at Napa about her new dress, who made it, and my location be discovered accidentally by some member of the gang. Thinking the "St. George Hotel" would be a safer place for me, I consented and made arrangements with Mrs. Gillispie, and had all my effects taken there, where I was receiving all the attention and friendly treatment from both proprietor and proprietress that one could reasonably expect; where disturbance of night marauder ceased.

The Fourth of July of 1889, is now past and the weather too warm to sew comfortably. My help are gone, excepting one nice, pretty girl, near the age of eighteen, who is helping me on a small amount of dressmaking left over from the Fourth.

"Mabel, I leave you now to go to breakfast," I said. Though the weather had deprived me of most of my appetite, like it had many others, I was feeling well when I entered the dining room and seated myself at a table of the "St. George Hotel," Redding. The second daughter of Mrs. Gillispie came, received and brought my breakfast order to me, that consisted of a small beefsteak, fried potatoes and cup of tea. I ate sparingly of the steak and fried potatoes; drank no more than half the cup of tea; and without lingering, found Mabel sewing, as I had left her.

"Mabel, I feel chilly," I said, "and am going out on the porch to sit in the sun, to see if I can get warm."

"I wouldn't think you would feel chilly a warm morning like this. There must be something wrong with your health," she said.

It seems to me that I had no more than seated myself on the porch than I returned and dropped into a chair by Mabel, shaking with a chill.

"Mme., you look like death—you are so white," she said.

I replied: "Mabel, I'm dying! Run for Dr. You might get him here in time to save me, if you hurry!"

Mabel first nearly carried me to bed and threw a spread over me. The doctor I sent for, was only a short distance away, and when he arrived with Mabel, their appearance was evidence that they had both exerted themselves to gain time. I was shaking

with a dreadful chill as the doctor was examining my pulse, when I first noticed my finger nails had turned black.

"Doctor, why are my finger nails black?" I inquired.

"You are poisoned," said the Doctor. "I think I can save you. Two or three minutes more—I would have been too late. Swallow this."

Then the doctor hurriedly prepared perscriptions, while Mabel stood—too much excited to sit down, with bated breath and palpitating heart, while the doctor put medicine in my mouth from a teaspoon, every fifteen minutes apart, instructing her about the medicine until near noon hour, with orders for no person to enter the room other than herself, during his absence. It was near the hour of 2 p. m., when the doctor called the second time, remaining with us an hour or so, and called the third time late in the evening. Mabel sent word home and had her meals brought to her, remaining with me throughout the night, giving medicine according to the doctor's orders until he appeared to us near the hour of 8 a. m., when I was found to be able to dress and walk, though very weak.

"You are under my care," said the doctor, "and I now order that you quit this hotel, the sooner the better. I was then taken to a rooming house, a pleasant location, which Geo. Groves was the proprietor of, also proprietor of the "Paragon Hotel," Redding. Here I remained between two and four weeks, attended by the same doctor, taking his perscriptions to eradicate the poison from my system; during which time he inquired:

"Have you any idea why you were poisoned?"

"Yes, I am very decided in my opinion as to who the instigators were."

"Poisoning is serious business," said the doctor. "They ought to be arrested for it."

"You are right about it, doctor," I said. "But how could we prove who placed the poison in my breakfast order? It is because I am an heiress to property of some kind, that has been carefully concealed from my knowledge, so that when my death occurs, others may claim it as relatives, who are not my relatives. To tell what I know about them without evidence to vindicate myself, would make matters worse for me. This evidence I have not yet

obtained. Mrs. Gillispie told me a week or so before the morning I was poisoned at their hotel, that she was having trouble about retaining help in her kitchen; that help were coming and going in their kitchen too often to suit her. The poisoner could have been one of them, and the Gillispie family be entirely ignorant to it. I do not think they were guilty of it. If you know of some reliable physician that you feel confident can be trusted to help me out with proper treatment and concealment until I am able to look out for myself, is the best I know of that can be done for me the time being. To have it understood that Mme. La Voise died from her recent illness in Redding, will, perhaps, satisfy my would-be-murderers, give me safety for a while and a chance to escape from them; for the party who attempted my death by poisoning, knew, unquestionably, who Mme. La Voise was."

"You need medicine for a while yet to eradicate the poison in your system, and care that you cannot get here. I have done the best I could for you. I know a physician, a friend of mine, in an out-of-a-way place from here, whom I will have a consultation with, and see if I can make arrangements with him for you," said the doctor.

Two days later, I was conveyed to an out-of-a-way place, and placed under another physician's care and treatment. While hid away as an invalid, I met by chance and accident the first time, one neat and nicely dressed, namely, James W. King. By Mr. King's permission, I will now relate some account in brief as explanation, to show how we began:

Amid the odor of trees, a stranger interrupted my lone meditation suddenly, apologized for the intrusion.

"Are you a stranger in this part of the country?" I inquired.

"This is my first in this vicinity", said the stranger. "Here for a few days to recuperate my health in the country air; though I find it lonesome. My name is King!"

"An odd place to meet a King," I remarked.

"Beg pardon—a king in name only. The name was passed over to me. My recent occupation was steamboating."

"I am Miss White, Mr. King," was our introduction.

"Pleased to meet you, Miss White, though it is accidental. Sometimes, accidental meetings turn out agreeable," said the stranger.

"It is a good place to rest the mind and nerves, if one can survive the solitude," I recommended.

"Two might survive it better than one," recommended the stranger. "If you would like to try a little of my company, I offer my services. I am safe and harmless."

There was a sound to the stranger's voice with his general appearance, that dispelled my fears. Safe company to one in my plight, would aid to divert my thoughts from my perilous future, for the time being, I reasoned. We continued to have quiet talks frequently, when I learned that Mr. King was an interesting conversationalist, had a much wider knowledge of people and places in general, than myself; though I do not think more than five years my senior. Careful to give very little information about my personal affairs, I was his interested, attentive listener. Our acquaintance yet brief, there were signs that my congenial company was evincing stronger sentiment than friendship; that would be wronging him should I accept, considering myself to be a designed victim of a murderous plot of some kind. Thanking him for his cheerful company that I had appreciated, I notified him:

"I must be off for other localities, and I am to bid you good-bye, Mr. King."

Mr. King looked shocked, wished some explanation, and argued. Having had an intuition from the first, that Mr. King was the one who could be trusted with some amount of my history without using the knowledge to my injury, I decided to make some clear explanation, that would probably satisfy him once and for all with me, and I explained:

"My murder was attempted by poisoning, a short time ago, the cause being, so far as I know, to retain or to claim property of some kind, that I am heir to; and from the effects of the poisoning I am here for treatment. I think I have been here long enough, and if I can keep my existence concealed from the conspirators for a while, it may be that they may think me dead from the poison, claim the property that belongs to me, and cease their search of me. It appears from circumstances as I know them, with what I have heard some of my would-be murders say, that the Courts of California are in favor of them having any and all that belongs to me; from the fact that whatever I might be heir to, has

for years been carefully concealed from my knowledge. Now, you see my life depends on my concealment from all who knew me to present date."

"Can it be that I have run across one like myself?" said Mr. King.

"You don't mean to tell me that you are a victim of a murderous conspiracy, do you?" I asked.

"I guess that is about what it is. I traveled and got away from the gang that intended to do me up, some years ago; though I have not been bothered with them for some time. Now that I have met you half way, why not tell me your first name? I would like to know it. Let me help you out. I think I can come as near sympathizing with you and understanding your predicament as most any one could," Mr. King said.

"My name is Nellie," I replied.

"My name is James. Call me Jim."

"Nellie, if you care to hear some of my history, I will relate mine first, if you will relate some of your history to me. That is, I mean some part to show that you are the victim of a conspiracy. We can both omit names of people and places, if you like. We can then compare notes."

"You probably know the danger of revealing or even hinting that you suspect criminals, do you not?" I asked.

"Yes, where there is murder behind it. Murderers are suspicious and on the alert, and will commit other murders if they think there is danger of their being exposed; and they will, by various ways and means, conceal premeditated murder, as they have, no doubt done in your case," was his explanation.

I will now relate the story without giving details or names; that was according to the following:

MR. J. W. KING'S ACCOUNT.

Mr. King said: "I was left an orphan. My parents disappeared when I was a little fellow, wearing dresses, when I found myself with a white man and a woman as black as a squaw, said to have been man and wife. They had other children with them, all white like myself, excepting one black girl, two years my senior; the true offspring in disposition and color and much to indi-

cate, was the only offspring of the black woman, of us children. We were all taught to call this pair father and mother. This man, apparently, got his money on rades of plunder, away from home most of the time. When he did show up, he exhibited a long buckskin purse filled with money, that was generally gold; sometimes gold and silver. The black woman spent most of her time and money away from home during his absence, leaving us children at home alone to get along the best way we could, and her black girl to report all she knew of us white children during her absence. I hated her, and was the particular object of her hatred, of all the children. She had a treacherous, cruel nature, and spoke some other language besides English. I never did hear any one say what race she was of, but it is my opinion she was either Portuguese or Mexican. I often heard this pair speak of a certain ranch, located on a certain river, in a certain State of the West, with names so odd, that they could be located without any mistake."

"Excuse me," I interrupted, "You are recalling recollections. I have heard of a ranch located on a river, with names so odd, that I remembered them. I wonder if they could be the same as your's?" Then I repeated the names of a ranch and river I had heard Laura and her sister Lucy speak of several times during their secret talks, when I listened under the old house by the Napa river.

"They are the same! They are the identical names!" he said excitedly. "Do you know anything about them?"

"I never saw this ranch or river, that I know of," I replied. "I heard their names spoken several times when near the age of twelve, by two of my gang, when they were talking secrets, not intended for my ears."

"Do you suppose they are in any way connected with my gang?" was Mr. King's query.

"It does sound something like it," I replied, "but please go on—I am anxious to hear more. We can compare notes after."

Mr. King continued: "When I was six, seven and eight years old, the white and black pair informed me that I was heir to some money that had been placed on deposit to be turned over to me when I should come to the age of twenty-one; that the white man of the black and white pair had himself deposited for me; that he himself had also placed on deposit money for the other children

with them, to be drawn when they were twenty-one. There was only one of them younger than myself, and not much difference in our ages. No one ever would tell me the amount of money on deposit for any one or all of us. From neglect, starvation and general bad treatment from the black woman, I often ran away from home and staid away most of the time, fishing and doing chores for strangers, to prevent starvation. I slept in boxes, barrels, or wherever I could find a place to sleep nights, and strangers furnished me with necessary clothing when I looked too ragged and dirty. This did not worry the black woman in the least, so long as strangers did not inquire about where I lived, who my parents were, and ask to interview them in regards to myself. This worried her, and when she thought there was danger of any of them coming to the house or saw them coming, she took to town or to tall timber; thus prevented herself from being seen or questioned by them, about myself. My guardian that had been appointed, came and took me to live on his ranch with himself and family; where fruit, berries, vegetables, meat and plenty of provisions abounded. In fact, it was a luxurious home. Withal, I fared no better than I did before I left the black woman. I was so ragged, dirty and hungry most of the time while with my guardian, that neighboring farmers' wives clothed and often fed me. I ran away from my guardian because of the way I was treated, and returned to town, which worried the black woman. She then had a talk with a white pair, who had no children, who told me they had adopted me as their son. Several days after I had gone with them, my guardian came to our home and boldly ordered my new mother to turn me over to him. She seriously objected to this order, drew a revolver and pointed it at him; which act combined with her general appearance and volley of language poured forth on the scene, caused him to take suddenly to his horse and drive away like one bent on winning a race. I was then left at the mercy of my adopted parents with no further disturbance from this guardian. I tell you now, they proved to be an extraordinary couple; were well-to-do, and had not lived all of their former years in the back woods. Mother was a fine dresser, dancer, singer, and liked good living, wine and whiskey; and as time went on, she developed a love for the intoxicants, until she was often unable to draw a sober breath of days and weeks' duration; yet able to use

a revolver when aroused. Father was as fond of accumulating money and real estate, as mother was of spending money for intoxicating drinks, and was known and recognized to be a man of honor about business transactions. Father also had inherent insanity in him, which only unballanced him by spells, during which attacks he was dangerous, and mother frightened it out of him by pointing the revolver at him. She was an expert with a gun and revolver, and father knew she would not hesitate to pull the trigger if necessary. We therefore had few intimate friends and visitors, keeping his insanity a secret. They were the best of parents about paying my tuition to private schools to see that I got an education. They allowed me the best to eat and plenty of it, for they both were fond of good living. They furnished me with nice clothes and plenty of them; were severe and strict about my being clean, keeping my clothes looking neat and behaving myself properly. They allowed me to have money to spend for theatres, parties, picnics, entertainments, etc., until I became the envy of many boys less fortunate in these respects, who were pleased to share my money for good times with me. My associates and people who knew me then, had no knowledge of my true relatives and fraudulently said relatives, supposing me to be the only fortunate and happy offspring of the pair who adopted me.

Father's inherent insanity was of a murderous propensity, when seriously worried, excited or aroused. He was therefore dangerous during his spells of insanity. Mother, too, was dangerous when threatened or angry, and would shoot at the drop of the hat. In this, she was more than a match for father, who she kept within bounds by drawing a revolver when necessary. I was therefore in peril, when father's insane attacks got the best of him, and was uncertain as to when they would come on him. To keep out of danger as much as possible, I persuaded mother to let me carry newspapers out of school hours, to which she consented. Father was rightly opposed to mother's drunkenness, objecting to pay her whiskey bills, from which she became cross and abusive; for mother was much better natured when drunk, than sober. She was my only protection against father, and to refuse her any money when I had it, would be placing myself in more danger than from father. So I let her have most of my earnings, that she paid out for intoxicants, that father refused to pay

for; though he could well afford it. When mother was well supplied with them, I persuaded her to let me be employed during school vacations; my object being, to make the best of my chances, preparatory to knowing how to earn my living in adversity as well as in prosperity; feeling doubtful and dissatisfied with the pair who had adopted me. I therefore made the best of my opportunities to learn. About nine years from when I first met the pair who adopted me, I brought a letter home from the Postoffice, that father asked me to read to him in mother's presence. Both father and mother had kept their personal and family affairs very close from me, and when I read this communication to them, it was a real shock to them, that I had found out family secrets it contained, never intended for me to know; in short, a communication father had never expected; secrets of his youth—dangerous secrets to father—which caused the blood to leave his face, look startled, and to make some explanation to me. Then both father and mother threatened to kill me outright, if I revealed to any what I had read. Though I promised father faithfully to keep secret that I had read, I knew by his actions, expressions and conduct towards me in general, that he felt unsafe from my knowing so dangerous a secret of his life, that was caused, father told me, by an attack of his inherent insanity. Father was growing more apprehensive of me, for fear of my revealing this secret that he had successfully concealed since a young man; mother's mind and character was becoming weaker from intoxicating drinks, when they surprised me one day, by announcing that they had bought a ranch in the country, several miles from town, that was to be our place of residence in a week or two, where father represented that mother and myself could have an enjoyable time, while he was in town looking after business. I noted the expressions of their faces while telling me about this beautiful and wonderful home they had bought for us in the country, their eagerness to have me like and to consent to live on the ranch with them. Father had accused me falsely several times to mother since I had accidentally discovered a family secret by reading the communication, that were excuses no doubt, in his insane spells, to kill me; when mother saved me, by drawing her revolver on him. I was very decidedly of the opinion, that if I went out on the ranch to live with them, I would not live to see my twenty-

first birthday. Letting them think that the country home would be a joy to me, to throw them off their guard, I packed all the personal effects I could get into a valise, when all was still in the house at night, and the following morning found me some miles from the home of my adopted parents. Being less than twenty-one, I knew they could, and would be very likely to have me brought back home, if they could have me located. I therefore kept in disguises, at country places and near tall timber for some time, doing various kinds of work to keep up necessary expenses and prevent starvation, to get out of their locality. By this management, I escaped from the death-trap. I figured up all the money I had given mother of my earnings, with which she bought intoxicating drinks. The result was, that my adopted parents were the price of a small house the best of me above all that I had cost them for board, room-rent, schooling, clothing and money expended on me. Like you, I could not explain the real truth of why I ran away and deserted my adopted parents, to people who knew me while with them, without making affairs much worse for both parents who adopted me, and myself; who were said to have been the most indulgent of parents to a wild and thankless youth. Of course, many who judged from outward appearances, were fierce in their denunciation of my leaving them, saying to the effect, that I was a wild, reckless and foolish youth to forsake my parents and lose all I might be heir to from them. The surname they carried was King, and this was how I got the name.

While traveling over the country to keep clear of any in search of me by the pair who adopted me, I came to the ranch located on the river known by the odd names we spoke of, and did considerable inquiring of people living in that part of the country prior to, and at the time I was a little fellow wearing dresses and found myself with the white man and black woman, who taught me to address them as father and mother; from whom I derived information with what I knew, that: There owned and lived on this ranch, a white couple with a little boy wearing dresses, their only child, who had disappeared mysteriously from the same ranch, and had not since been seen or heard of, so far as they had been able to ascertain, therefore, thought by some to have been killed or murdered. I learned from them, that this man who had dis-

appeared with his wife and little boy, had the same first and surname as the white man who lived with the black woman, who said this ranch was his; that he was the true owner of it; the same man who taught me to call him father when I was a little boy wearing dresses and found myself with them. I learned that his description was not the same as the man who had disappeared from this ranch with his wife and little boy, and therefore, not the true owner of this ranch, as he had represented to me; more—I was later seen and recognized by one who was an intimate associate with the couple who had disappeared from the ranch, to be their same little boy whom he had known with them on the ranch; who said my parents had told him then that I was their only child; said also that my parents were the true owners of the same ranch, prior to their disappearance.

After I was twenty-one, I returned to the vicinity of the Kings who adopted me—I could not go there before, without falling into their hands—to see if I could find out anything about the money on deposit for me when twenty-one; went to the Court House and inquired for Records in my true name—that is, the name of my true parents (who, I have no doubts, were murdered), I was informed: If there were any such records as I called for, they were not to be found in their proper places; that I had better hire an attorney to look over the Records for me. I hired one, who reported to me, that others by the same surname (the black girl included), had drawn thousands of dollars, as my relatives on Record; though he had not found on Record the total amount due me. The Records showed that thousands of dollars to my account had been drawn by my administrator, who drew the money without my knowledge and without my sanction and appropriated it to himself; who then was rated to be a millionaire. This administrator never did expend as much as a dollar of this or any other money for my benefit, neither his father before him. I learned also that the black woman, said to be my mother, who could not have been any blood relation to me, the one who lived with the white ruffian man, had hired lawyers and sent them to an Eastern State, who represented this ruffian white man, the said husband of the black woman (who was carrying the same name as my missing father), to be the true and lawful heir to an estate which I believe was my missing father's, that I was the true

heir to, which they sold and returned to the West with the proceeds; of which I was never offered a dollar, or in which I was never recognized, that I know of. I had reasons to think that this black woman would not hesitate to commit any crime that she thought she could get away with. The Judge of the Probate Court, was one of the black woman's lawyers who was sent East, to sell and settle the estate, who allowed the administrator to draw any amount of money on my account, without due process of the Law. Of course, you can see, that I could not appeal for any justice there. I felt enraged when I found how my parents had disappeared, how I had been robbed of all of my inheritance from them, and had made up my mind to employ another attorney to see what he could find on Record about the ranch my missing parents had owned and had disappeared from, when I was secretly notified to leave that part of the country immediately, or I would not live to get away; and this was the end thus far, of my search of Records.

I was a diligent, energetic and thinking youth, when I lived with the pair who adopted me, during which time, I was the inventor of an invention, that I used freely to further the wealth of my employers, who promised to keep secret my invention until after I was twenty-one and could get it patented; for I could trust no one said to be related to me whom I knew. I learned, that during my absence from the place, my former employers had appropriated my invention to themselves and had obtained a patent on it, from which they derived a fortune. Thus ended all that I had in that place, excepting the clothes I wore and a few personal effects I carried away with me in my valise."

I later saw Court Records and living witnesses, thoroughly convincing to me, that the foregoing declaration of James W. King to me, was all true.

I then related to Mr. King some events in my past history to show that I was also a designed victim of murderous plot and conspiracy, after which, he said:

"Nellie, you are now in greater danger and less able to protect yourself from your gang, than I am from mine. You need protection. We are two of a kind. Both robbed of our parents, relatives and inheritance, in the way of murderous gangs of plotters and con-

spirators. It is not so easy to get away with two, as it is one. Who can believe, understand and sympathize with you more than I can? You have led me to believe that you think considerable of me, and I have placed more confidence in you by revealing what I have to you, than all others, believing that you would take no advantage of it. As much as I have been wronged, I am willing to let my case go, to try to save and protect you from your gang, if you are willing to promise to let me be your husband, companion and future protector; take our chances together in the future? You are now all I care to live for.

"Yes, Jim, you shall be mine, and I will be yours," was my answer.

We left the place where we first met, of which I make no mention, to protect friends and witnesses. Mr. King procured employment, and I went away for further treatment, to try to get the poison eradicated from my system.

A week or so prior to when I was poisoned while at the breakfast table of the "St. George Hotel," at Redding, California, impulsively, without any premeditation, I requested a young woman who called on me, to take charge of one of my albums, that she was to conceal until such a time as I would call or send for it; to which she agreed, and carried the album away with her. I also left two trunks filled with clothing and other articles, in care of Mrs. Groves, wife of the proprietor of the "Paragon Hotel," Redding, to be taken care of, until such a time as I would send for them. Several weeks after Mr. King and I had left the place where we met and became acquainted, I wrote a letter to Mrs. Groves, requesting her to send me the bill of my indebtedness to her, for the care of my trunks; from which I received a reply, according to the following:

"Dear Mme. La Voise:

I cannot tell you how surprised I was to get a letter from you! I supposed you to be dead and buried. A doctor here signed your Death Certificate, and it has been commonly reported here, that you are dead. How strange it all is! There must be some mystery about you—there must be something wrong. I cannot understand it.

Your trunks were put away in the baggage-room for safe-keeping. Supposing you to be dead, I had thought no more about them. To my astonishment, I found they had been stolen

from the baggage-room. I have made a diligent search to find some article that belonged to you, and fail to find any. What can I do or say, under such extraordinary circumstances? Please write and advise me. I am glad to learn that you are yet among the living. It is all so strange! What can I do?

Mrs. G. Groves."

I answered the preceding letter, requesting Mrs. Groves to call and get my album from my lady friend, with whom I had entrusted it, from which my album duly arrived in as good a condition as I had last seen it. These letters passed through the U. S. Mail, and I knew Mrs. Groves too well personally and by reputation, to doubt any and all that was said in her letters. There being no doubt in my opinion that my gang got away with both trunks and their contents, I did not trouble the lady any further about them, although their contents were valuable to me, as well as to the gang. Of course it was reasonable, that my gang would want all of my belongings as evidence of my death, after the signing of my Death Certificate, so that they would have no difficulty in retaining or getting into their possession, all that I was heir to, that they had always concealed from my knowledge.

SKETCH 36.

Readers, I now introduce to you my husband and hero, James W. King. We are located in the city of Astoria, Clatsop County, State of Oregon, in the year of 1892. Mr. King is engaged in the seining business at the beach, and I have dress-making parlors at 586, Third street, the principal business street of the city.

After a thorough explanation and warning to Mr. King, as to who and what the individual characters of the members of my gang whom I knew and suspected were, we both were decidedly of the opinion, that to let them continue unexposed, meant ruin and murder to us, and no telling how many others, according to our past experiences. Neither of us were detectives. It was a business that neither of us had the least liking for; nevertheless, it was a force put with us, as well as a duty we owed to others who might be, or become victims from them, with no idea as to the true motive or cause of the crimes, and there-

fore, no defense for their protection. To stir up long-tried, experienced, desperate ruffian criminals, as some of them were, with the sneaking treachery and deceptiveness of others, we knew was dangerous; but we were beginners, and therefore, had courage to press on in the work—more—there was no other alternative for us. I began to feel or imagine, that I had been watched and warned by the invisible, to do my part towards exposing them. Neither of us having a house, lot, or bank account in our possession to start in with, no more than what money we could earn with our hands, I insisted on doing dress-making to earn money to help out with; for in our position, we needed more money than Mr. King could earn alone, under favorable chances, to offset adversity, and to be used in detective work, traveling expenses, etc.

Our courage at times almost failed us, when we saw the evidence of what money and wealth could do, in the possession of such unscrupulous criminals, backed by their secret deceptions used with church members and lodges they were members of, used by them only for a covering and their protection in crime. I speak from personal knowledge and experience, as I knew some of my alleged Manuel relatives of the four. With few exceptions, we both concealed, as much as possible, the name Manuel, with our histories from first acquaintance; talked over and debated on our case out of business hours; not knowing how or where to begin, to seek a clue to search out evidence to unveil the links in the chain of the mysterious plot and conspiracy; when, it so happened one evening after dress-making hours, that a lady called to consult me about buying material for a dress, when Mr. King was present. It being out of business hours, we became sociable. The lady mentioned in conversation, that she had lived in the vicinity of Sonoma County, California.

Mr. King inquired of her: "Did you ever know any man by the surname of Manuel, living in or near the vicinity of Sonoma County?"

"Yes," said the lady, "I knew of a man who lived on a ranch at Calistoga, Napa County, by the name of David Manuel, with a wife and several children. He is reputed to be wealthy."

"What kind of a man is he," Mr. King asked.

"I am not personally acquainted with him," said the woman, "though I did, some time ago, read some accounts in newspapers about his being involved in a lawsuit with some woman in regards to a valuable estate in San Francisco, on the water front, though I never read or heard how it terminated."

"That man is reputed to be my wife's father," said Mr. King.

"If I had a father as wealthy as he is said to be," said the lady, "I would try to keep run of him and get my share out of what he leaves behind him. He is pretty old now."

When the woman had gone, I asked Mr. King if he hadn't made a mistake by telling her that David Manuel was reputed to be my father?

"No," he said, "I have been thinking seriously that we ought to try and get some acknowledgement from them as to your identity, now that you have been reported dead and your Death Certificate signed. That was a daring piece of work to do while you were yet alive. Do you really believe your gang were responsible for your being poisoned at Redding, and getting away with your trunks and all of their contents?"

"Oh yes! Certainly! I could not believe otherwise, from what I know. I heard Laura tell the boys when I secretly listened at the front door in Fresno, that there was land I was the true heir to, that she would divide among her boys, when I was out of the way. It looks to me as though they were in a hurry to get it, and seized the opportunity to poison and dispose of me where I was a stranger and unknown by my true name."

"There! Now you are seeing through the trick as it appears to me," he said. "In case anything did happen to you, I need some acknowledgement from them as proof of your identity, to fortify myself against them; or in case anything happened to me, without it, they might deny they ever knew you, give you no chance to prove to the contrary."

"Yes, you are right about that," I said, "But they are so deceptive to those not familiar with their deceptiveness, dangerous plots and schemes to destroy and ruin—besides murderous, that I am afraid it will place us in greater danger, if I write to any of them, let them know I am alive and married. What worries me most is, that they are very liable to try to get away with

you first, to prevent you from searching their histories, property, and claiming what belongs to me."

"You may be right about that," said Mr. King, "But I will be on my guard to see they don't get away with either of us. I am one of quick movements, and surprisingly quick and stout when excited or angry; am very sudden and sure shot with a revolver, and would be right in using one in cases of necessity for our defense and protection; particularly against such criminals as we are very probably going against, according to what you tell me, though I never saw any of them that I know of, or heard of them until I met you. I can very readily believe all you tell me about them, from my own past experience, besides the confidence I have always had in you from first sight. A confidence I have never had in any other; though others and Courts will not accept my word for it without proof of what you tell me. There is no telling what we might catch onto, if we can get some of them to write to us. At any rate, their acknowledgement of you, we must try and get for our defense. I am in favor of trying to get a letter from your said wealthy father, David Manuel, of Calistoga, California."

"Why, that old black-looking, ruffian desperado, cannot read or write, and no doubt would come or send someone of his gang here to kill both of us if I write or inquire about him. His appearance and reputation is so bad in Napa, that people are afraid to give any correct account or opinion of him, because of their fear of the wicked-looking Mexicans he kept about the blacksmith shop for his protection. They were the worst looking Mexicans I ever saw, and apparently of the worst of their kind; though I am willing to risk it if you think it will be worth our while to run the risk," I said.

"I have no doubts they intend to dispose of both of us," Mr. King said. "Some of them may be here now, watching for some kind of a chance at us. So where is the risk in trying to get letters from them? You can write nice letters, such as to give the impression that you have not the least suspicion of their attempts to ruin, rob you of property or murder you. You are known where they live as their relative. There would be nothing strange appearing about your writing to find how they are getting along, after being absent from them so long. We

must try to do something to discover and find evidence to show their plot and conspiracy, to save ourselves from them. We can never live—if we live at all—in any degree of safety or prosperity until we do.”

“All right, I will face it and do my best, as bad as I hate to acknowledge people to be my relatives who I believe beyond any doubt are responsible for the loss of my parents and true relatives I knew. I know that Laura attempted to murder me, several times; though it was done in a manner that I could not prove it on her, without other evidence I did not have.”

I wrote letters of inquiry to Sonoma County, California, and one letter to my said father, D. A. Manuel (also known as David Manuel), from which no reply came from him or any representative. Answers came from the other letters, of which No.'s 3, 4, 5, are the exact wordings and spellings; which I quote as evidence, having the originals with envelopes, evidence that they passed through the U. S. Mail:

No. 3.

Petaluma, Cal., Dec 26th 1892

Mrs. J W King.
Astoria Oregon.

My Dear Madam.

Your favour of the 20th was duly received this day making enquiry about your Father, David A. Manuel. the name was familiar to me and on examining the great Register of Sonoma County, find David A. Manuel. Registered as living at sonoma City in this County, that is, his post office address is Sonoma. he lives at a place Called St louis, which is only a few miles from the Town. there is also two Manuels, Registered at Santa Rosa one H. G. age 26 and Leroy 23, but David A. is aged 66 years, at the time of Registration last fall. we will write the old gentleman he will no doubt remember us at any rate we will do all we can to assist you in finding him, you need not make any apologies, for calling on us in this matter, we are at all times ready to do any little thing of that kind, it is the most Natural thing in the world that you should wish to find him, if possible and if we can help you which we are sure we can if he still lives, and we think he does, we shall only be too glad to do it and may find him happy at least in his old days, I am yours very

respectfuuly & J. L. Dinwiddie
Ex Sheriff

No. 4.

Petaluma, Cal., January 21st 1893

Mrs. J. W. King.

Astoria, Oregon,

Dear Madam,

Your favour of the 18th, is before us, and in answer we will say that at the time we wrote you, we wrote D. A. Manuel, and directed our letter to Sonoma City, Sonoma County, Cal, in one of our envelopes, and it has not been returned to us, so we conclude that some one has taken it from the Office. we have now written to G. W. Sparks. of Sonoma who was a county Officer during our Term, and he is now a Constable, and is well acquainted in that vicinity, no doubt he can give some information in regard to the matter. your Father may be Dead, but we have not heard of it, but it is certainly strange that he does not answer any one, we shall be glad if we can assist you in any way as coceive it to be not only our privolidge, but your duty to find if possible the wherabouts of your Father.

yours very respectfully J. L. Dinwiddie.

No. 5.

Petaluma, Cal., February 4th 1893

Mrs. J. W. King. Astoria. Oregon.

Dear Madam.

again replying to your favour of the 18 th of January, we will say that we wrote over to a friend in Sonoma, and we find that David A. Manuel lives in Sonoma or 4 miles from there, with his family, and my friend thinks there is no doubt but what he received your letter. he certainly received one from me, which he did not answer. he certainly has or thinks he has reasons for not answering, as of this I could not speak he is I am told a Member of the Masonic order in sonoma. we have now given you all the information we could, it is no trouble now for you to find him and he was well last week.

yours very respectfully

J. L. Dinwiddie

Temple Lodge,

No. 14 Sonoma City F and A M.

This would find his Lodge in case of Death you could find out through the Secretary.

When No.'s 3, 4, 5, were read, Mr. King said we had better try to get some letters from some of my other said Manuel relatives. I thought it would be better to first try a letter to my eldest said brother's wife, and wrote and sent a letter to her. We were

slightly acquainted prior to their marriage. Omitting some pertaining to religion, No. 6 is an exact copy of the wording and spelling of extracts from the answer that came, with her name signed to the letter:

No. 6.

Escondido, San Diego, Co. Cal.

July 28. 1893

My Dear Sister Nellie.

To say I was surprised to hear from you would be putting it mildly. by some mistake. the letter was forwarded to Geo while I was visiting my parents at Sausalito. so when I came down here a few days ago. I did not know you were among the living until to-day when Geo ransacked his valise. he threw me your letter after so long a time. therefore you will pardon my long delay in answering I know.

I have not live in Fresno for nearly two years. we have our home rented out and I travel around with Geo. he has been very busy as Consulting Engineer of San Diego Co. therefore I am here most of the time with him boarding. our daughter Daisy has been with my mother at Sausalito, until this trip she is with us at Geo's request. we are in the best of health and in good spirits * * * considering the position Geo. holds he has been very successful * * * In regards to the rest of the folks. you no doubt knew of Aunt Lucy's death in Oakland? she has been dead about a year now or more Uncle Geo is married again. I was in Fresno last May. and became acquainted with Gussie's wife. they were married last December. she was a Miss Clark of San Francisco. they were in Fresno until June when they went to the City. and Gussie is going to some business College while there is nothing to do on the ranch which he is forman of. Bro Louis is Engineer now in Fresno taking the place Geo held. he has giving him all his work there. and is doing nicely Neva has grown taller and heavier than I am. * * * Mother and Colburn are in good health. they are taking life easier and do not work so hard. they have there house remodeled and refurnished. every thing looks nice and cozy. the other house Mother build besides hers on L Street, is always full besides the other houses they make a comfortable living.

Dear Nellie I hope you are as happy in your married life as I have been and that you may live a long and useful life * * * Geo and Daisy join me in wishing best wishes and much love to both of you and that I may have the pleasure to hear from you soon again I remain as ever your sister

Lizzie

The following letter was, or was supposed to be from my eldest said brother, George Manuel, who was also known as George S. Manuel; and is an exact copy of the wording and spelling of the letter:

No. 7.

“Winchester, San Diego Co., May 20, 1893

Dear Nellie

Yours of recent date addressed to Lizzie was forwarded to me here. To say that I was glad to hear from you would put it too mildly. I had lost all track of you since you left Oakland. I have charge of an irrigation district here; but expect to leave here for Escondido in about a week or ten days. I have not been at Fresno much for nearly a year past. have been engaged in schemes here and other parts of southern California * * * Gus is married and is foreman & manager on a big raisin vineyard in Fresno. Mother is growing old and feeble. She has had two sinking spells during the last year from which it was feared she would not rally at the time, so Louis writes me. She is well now. Aunt Lucy died something over a year ago, of cancer. Uncle George is married again to one of Riley Griswold's girls. I have not seen him or her since he was married. Daisy has been learning the photographer's trade in San Francisco. I think she has about completed her apprenticeship. She has also taken lessons in crayon and painting in which she shows unusual talent. Hoping to hear from you again soon I will close. Please address as before at Fresno and it will be forwarded until further notice, as I may be in Escondido—Oceanside San Diego or this place.

As ever your brother

Geo Manuel.

I told Mr King we must be on our guard from when we wrote letters of inquiry about my said father David and David A. Manuel, one of the four said Manuel brothers formerly of Napa, and sure enough, while letters 4 and 5 came, night marauders began to work secretly, quietly and cautiously at our hall doors and back frosted windows, to effect an entrance into our rooms, when all was still at night; but we were not asleep as the marauders supposed, when they began their work nights. Our doors and windows were securely fastened, while we quietly heard them walking in the hall—from the sound—in their socks, and we saw one of them standing at a frosted window, to our full view, trying to turn the fastener of the window. It sounded

some nights as though there were several of them. Neither of us spoke to them, opened a door, or let on as though we knew what was going on in the hall; but sat prepared for them in case they attempted to cut their way through a window or door. Knowing they would be prepared, should Mr. King open a door or window; for they were not there for robbery. Staying awake nights on guard and carrying on business daytime, was too much for both of us. As a consequence, Mr King had to give up his work for a while to get necessary sleep and rest, and be my protector; so that I could rest my mind and nerves and keep up with my dressmaking. I was responsible for some expensive material and dresses on hand, and had girls employed. Those occupying rooms on the same floor of the building, said they supposed the nightly invaders of the hall, were there for the purpose of robbery; but wondered why they were more persistent about our doors than theirs, and we did not tell them why. The proprietors of the building and the police were notified. The police promised to keep sharp lookout to see who entered the entrance door nights from the street, and the roomers were given pass-keys to the same, as a preventative of the night marauders entering the hall.

"I guess you were right in saying the old desperado would send some of his gang to do us up," said Mr. King. "It appears very much like it. All was going smoothly with us until you wrote letters of inquiry about him. These letters from your gang at Fresno, are very endearing to you. They put out the impression that Augustus is one of some education and capabilities and book learning, as well as being one of considerable ability as foreman and manager of an extensive vineyard enterprise; and not the kind of a person you have represented him to be, to me. They do not put forth the poverty role in these letters, as you tell me they have done in the past with you. How do you account for this change in them?"

"There is no change in them," I said. "They put out such impressions to persons and people not acquainted with them. Believing that you will read their letters and knowing that you are a stranger to them, they wish to decidedly impress you with the idea, that they are true blood relation to me. Augustus told me himself that he was excused from school attendance,

because he could not apply his mind to book learning. Up to when I lived with them in Fresno, he told me that he had not yet learned to read or write. Gus could not do a foreman's part on any ranch or vineyard, where ability or management is required to make a success. He is not so constituted, and you will agree with me if you ever have a chance to find out for yourself."

"Oh—I believe what you say about them," he said. "I have seen and heard people like them before. I would like to test their affections for you, and don't know of any better and more useful plan than money matters. They are so flourishing and pleased with their family ability and talent, maybe they will give up, to keep up their deceptions. I ought to get some money from them to make up for what they are causing me to lose by being home here."

"I believe they are very well supplied with money and property," I replied, "but they never have been in favor of my having any, and I do not believe they will stand very much of a test. I think it may give you some evidence as to what they are, and I am in favor of it."

We were talking of building a small boat of some kind, and wrote to George S. Manuel, my eldest said brother, for fifty dollars (\$50.00) towards it, from which I received the money order and following reply:

No. 8.

Winchester, San Diego Co., Cal., Aug 10 1893

Dear Nellie

Enclosed you will find M. O. for \$30.00 Thirty dollars. I sent you \$20.00 several days ago, which will make up the \$50.00 you requested. Hoping that this may accomplish what you desire I remain

Your brother

Geo Manuel.

No.'s 9 and 10 are letters from my said half-sister, Geneva Colburn, who signs her name as Neva, and are exact copies of the wording and spelling of the originals:

No. 9.

Fresno Cal.
March, 21 94

Dear Sister Nellie.

We received your letter and was glad to hear from you. We will send you \$5 this month.

We cannot send you more because it can't be collected. Gussie is married. Hard times over took him, so that his wife had to go home. Gussie has only lately got work. Louis has not had work for some time. Pa doesn't work because he has got too old. We will send you money when ever Ma has it. What is your boat. Steamer or sailing vessel. We have been having very windy weather here, but now the sun is out, and it is very pleasant. It will be nice when you get your ship rigged. I think it would be a nice way to live unless it is too cold. We will send you some papers to read. Hoping to hear from you soon.

Your Dear Sister Neva.

P. S.—Next time I will write a longer letter to you. Excuse poor writing as I am in such a hurry.

No. 10.

"Fresno, May 14.

Dearest Nellie.

I received your letter morning and was glad to hear from you. We were also glad to hear that you were going to start. Ma sends you six dollars with this mail. Ma says she would send you more if she only had it. But it just seems impossible to get any money, and when the money does come there seems to be so much to spend it for. We were very sorry to hear that you had been sick, and hope you will be well when this letter reaches you. We have had very queer weather lately. Friday, Saturday, & Sunday was very warm. Monday the rain poured down in torrents. I suppose it rained all over the coast. Gussie is working now. He is foreman on a large fruit ranch near the foot hills. If the place suits him, he will send for his wife and baby. We are all well and have the best of health. Hoping you will be the same. I remain as ever your dear sister, with love to you and Mr. King. Your dear sister

Neva.

I conducted my business morally and respectably. My patrons were of the best in the city of Astoria and surrounding country; more, I was friendly and sociable with many of them, treated my help right, and have no doubts that both Mr. King and I have yet friends living in that part of the country who will remember us, though they never knew our troubles and the struggles we were undergoing; that Mr. King had given up all to try to protect and shield me from my gang, and is worthy of their respect and sympathy; yet with all considered, some patrons called after working hours, saying they would like to have some nice dresses made, and one of them brought expensive material to be made into dresses for the "World's Fair," apologizing for

calling after dressmaking hours, saying that quite a number of ladies, members of the M. E. Church, of Astoria, were going about to various people and business men of the city, threatening to ruin their business, if they permitted their wives to bring any more dresses to me to make. When I inquired their reasons for so doing, their answers were to the effect: That they could not learn from them their object or cause more than they would say:

"Mrs. King's charges are too high to have her make dresses for us. She charges more for her work than any dressmaker in Astoria. She is too high for us, and we don't propose to allow her to continue in the dressmaking business in Astoria."

"Who are the ladies?" I inquired.

"They are all of them members of our church," one of them said, "but not any of them are acquaintances or patrons of yours. As many as eleven of them travel in a bunch going about threatening business people who patronize you."

"We would like to have some nice dresses made to wear at the 'World's Fair,'" said one. "You are the only dressmaker in this part of the country, who can make them to suit us. We came here after dark, so that we would not be seen, and have my husband's business interfered with on account of it."

Neither Mr. King nor I were members of any church, and did not persecute those who were members. Quite a number of my patrons were Methodists, with whom I was friendly. To have ladies going about doing their best to break up my business, was very insulting, where there was no right cause for it, and was worse than we expected, believing beyond any doubt, that my gang were the principle, if not all the cause of it; and our persecution together began at Astoria, and not until we wrote letters of inquiry about why my said father, the ruffian desperado (who was one of the four), did not send a reply to the letter I wrote him, after telling people that I was his "little gal." Readers, this is a sample of undermining work of my gang, who are in possession of my inheritance, while feigning affection for us, which some of them cannot carry out, as you may see by other letters to follow. If Mr. King ever had any doubts of any I had thus far told him about them, our experience at Astoria, is giving him some convincing evidence, and that it is not hallucination on

my part, as my gang had represented against me for their protection. Our persecution would not admit of our being church members, had we so desired. My busy time for summer trade was over after the Fourth of July, 1893. While finishing the dresses on hand, Mr. King and I talked over our affairs and decided to rest our minds and nerves and recruit our health by going several miles from the city of Astoria into the thick evergreen forests near Young's river, where the birds flit and sing, and wild berries abounded, and make it our home for a while; there enjoy ourselves and lay plans for the future; there also, to keep up a correspondence with members of my said and alleged relatives, that we had already begun; for I wanted Mr. King to get well convinced and satisfied, as to what they would prove to be to both of us. A friend let us have the use of his boat for pleasure, and leaving dressmaking sign and furniture as it was, with a promise from our next-door roomers to tell patrons who called, that we had gone away for a vacation, we departed for the river, the streamlets, bushes and tall timber, to a two-roomed, unpainted, rough-board house, hid among the timber in an out-of-a-way place, where we were not liable to be sought for or found by objectionables, near a neighboring settlement of well-to-do farmers, from whom we could buy some of our supplies if necessary. We had no water-rent, house-rent, wood-bills here to meet, where Mr. King could go to and from the city through cover of brush and timber unobserved by those of human form, could bring out necessary supplies from the city, mail letters and get return answers through the Postoffice, without there being much danger of his being followed without observation.

We had been in the woods several days and nights, when we heard a cat call after dark in the evening, near our front door, that I recognized to be a friendly voice. Being especially fond of cats, I started at once to find it, against Mr. King's excited protestations and warnings of danger.

"These woods are full of wild animals prowling about nights. That is very probably a wild cat, and very liable to tear you to pieces, if you go out there and attempt to pick it up," he said.

Something I cannot explain, impelled me to go out and interview the cat, feeling there was no danger. With the door wide open to give light, in which Mr. King stood with a revolver to

use if necessary for my protection, I could see its shining eyes from where it was concealed behind a bush. After some little coaxing and petting, it willingly allowed me to pick it up, when I found its weight to be more than any tame cat I had hitherto attempted to lift.

"Get away from the door!" I called out, "it is a heavy one, but so far is gentle, and I am going to bring it into the house. It is purring—a sign that it is gentle."

"A wild cat!" said Mr. King, as I brought it through the door. "It is a powerful animal, and has a nose on it like a lion."

Interruptingly I said: "See! It has closed its paws as a precaution against scratching me—it is so gentle."

I carried it to the fireplace where the fire was burning, placed it on a stool, petted and admired it, when it put out its paw to feel of the fire.

"It is a wild cat, I think. It don't know what fire is." I said.

"Of course it is a wild cat!" said Mr. King. "There is something strange I cannot account for, about its coming here and being so docile and affectionate with you. Why, I don't believe anyone else would ever attempt to do the same as you have done with a wild cat, and get away with it, without getting hurt."

"Maybe it was sent to us," I replied. "You like animals, come and make friends with it. I don't think it will be cross or dangerous to you."

Sure enough, it was as harmless and affectionate with Mr. King as with me.

"What a fine big fellow you are, Tommy," Mr. King said admiringly, while fondling our guest, and we named the cat Tommy—the pride of the home. Tommy made his home with us from that night on; proved to be an honest, faithful friend to us, willing to give his life at any moment he thought necessary to guard, protect and defend us from harm, better than any watch dog could be; though we were the only two human forms, so far as we could learn, that Tommy would allow to touch him, or make friends. Tommy traveled with us through the woods when we went fishing, would wade in water, became our companion, and would never go away from the house if he knew that

one of us was there alone; but would stay on guard until the other returned.

It so happened that Mr. King went to the city for supplies one forenoon after Tommy had gone for a stroll in the brush, while I remained in the house for his return; when during the afternoon a man appeared at the cabin and inquired for Mr. King.

"I am expecting him every minute," I replied, "Be seated until his return."

Though the stranger was properly behaved, explaining that he was acquainted with Mr. King, I did not like the idea of being there alone with him, with our surrounding circumstances. The stranger was no more than seated, when Tommy appeared on the scene, eyed the stranger fiercely, pacing to and fro restlessly between us, lashing his tail from side to side; which annoyed and frightened the caller until he took his departure. Tommy darted into the brush to secretly follow the man until he saw him a safe distance from the house, then returned lashing his tail and talking in his cat language that I understood to mean: I have driven him away at a safe distance; for which I praised and encouraged him. Tommy then sprang into my lap and rubbed his head against my face affectionately. Tommy and Mr. King rejoiced together when the latter returned home a half an hour or so after the stranger had gone, and Tommy's supper consisted of the best the house afforded.

After a year and a half in the woods and one of the most enjoyable times we ever had together, our Tommy came home with injuries—we thought he had been shot—from which he died. We buried our faithful friend that we both believed was sent to us, with regrets and tears at his loss. Feeling unsafe to remain there in the woods any longer, we returned to Astoria, and went from there to Portland. We had written another letter of inquiry about my said father, the ruffian desperado, when Tommy came home injured, the answer from which, Mr. King requested to be forwarded to Portland. Mr. King was employed on the steamers of the O. R. & N. Co., when we went to Portland. A letter was forwarded to Portland, of which No. 11 is an exact copy of the wording and spelling; which I quote in evidence that there were four men known in Napa County and vicinity, State of California, as the four Manuel brothers, whom I have previously described.

The brother accused of the murder committed in Dave's blacksmith shop in 1867, was the fourth brother, whose mention is omitted in all letters of the gang to us. This was my first information of the whereabouts or resident place of the said Hiram C. Manuel (one of the four), which had been concealed from my knowledge since a child; whom I never saw, that I know of:

No. 11.

Sonoma Valley Bank.

David Burris, President.

Fred T. Duhring, Vice-President.

Jesse Burris, Cashier.

Sonoma, Cal., Feb. 8th 1895

Nellie Manuel,

Madam:—

David A. Manuel is a member of our Temple Lodge No. 14, F. and A. M.

He resides at Calistoga, Napa County, California.

His brother George W., lives in Oakland, Cal., and his brother, Hiram C., here.

Very truly Robert A. Poppe, Sec'y.

Mr. King was handed a letter from the Portland Postoffice, from my said half-sister, Geneva Colburn, who signs herself Neva; written for her mother, Laura C. Colburn, who is my said mother, and a former wife of the alleged David Manuel (one of the four, who is also known in Napa City as David A. Manuel), which was written in the year of 1895, and not 1894, according to the letter. No. 12. is an exact copy of the wording and spelling of it:

No. 12.

Fresno, Cal. March 18th 94.

Dear Nellie,

Your letter was received here this morning, and I hasten to answer. Mother received a telegram, but she says she does not know Mr. King, and does not know what right he has to telegraph here for money. Ma says you used to support yourself before you was married, and if your husband cannot support you, why don't you come back to California and not stay there and starve. You have been sent considerable money, but I think you have had but very little of it. Remember I'm too old to be received. Times have been as hard in Calif., as in Oregon. People live in Oregon, have plenty to eat and plenty to wear, and it is very strange you have got a husband that can't support

you two. I will send you \$5 hoping that you will get a little of it. Please let me know what you intend to do. Stay in Oregon & starve or come back to Calif. Your dear Mother, Mrs. Colburn. Dear Nellie I'm very sorry for your misfortune, but can not do any thing for you my self. Hoping you will be well and better off when this reaches you.

Your sister Neva.

The foregoing No. 12, was the last money order we received from any of my gang, and the total amount we received from all of them together, would not exceed ninety dollars (\$90.00), and terminated our correspondence with them, as well. This letter also shows how my said mother Laura C., was seeking an accusation against my husband, whom she never saw, and acknowledges she did not know, after sending so much affection to us both through Geneva's letters to me. This is the woman who had helped to rob me out of a fortune and had attempted to murder me.

Mr. King insisted on my giving up dressmaking in Portland, while he was employed on steamers, and absent from home. Money was what we needed, and though I did not keep open dressmaking parlors, I took private orders and made dresses with locked doors, to protect myself.

The letter from Mrs. Groves, of Redding, Shasta County, California, was not the only information that came to us, that my death had been reported and my Death Certificate signed. While we were residents of Portland, State of Oregon, Mr. King came home one evening with information, some of which, was as follows:

"By chance and accident," said Mr. King, "I met and was introduced to a California acquaintance of yours, who knew you when you lived with your said mother, brothers and step-father. Mrs. Groves must have told the truth, when she wrote you that you had been reported dead, and your Death Certificate signed; for I had an argument on the Steamer today, on the same subject, with a man who told me that it would be impossible for me to be married to the Nellie Manuel who was a compositor on 'The Fresno Republican.' 'Why that lady has been dead for years,' he said."

"'You are wrong about that,' I said, 'That party is my wife, and was alive when I last saw her two days ago.'"

“‘You might be married to one by the same name, claiming to be that party, but I know that party is dead, and has been dead for years,’ the man persisted.”

“‘How are you so sure of it?’ I asked. Please explain, I would like to know.’”

“‘Why I was personally acquainted with her and her relatives in Fresno, when she was a compositor on ‘The Fresno Republican.’ ‘I was present in the Court, when her Death Certificate was produced by her eldest brother, George Manuel, and her property divided among her brothers, George, Louis and Augustus Manuel. So you see that I am not mistaken. You have married some one who is personating the true Nellie Manuel, the sister of George, Louis and Augustus Manuel.’”

“‘I will prove to you that my wife is the party you speak of, if we live long enough,’ I told him. ‘Where was the property that belonged to my wife, and where was her Death Certificate signed and produced?’ I asked.”

“‘If you can produce your wife and prove to me that she is the same Nellie Manuel who was the compositor on the ‘Fresno Republican,—there never was but one—then I will explain matters to her; for I must be sure, that she is the right party I have reference to,’ was the man’s final answer, and I could get no more information from him.”

“You see I was right about getting letters and money from some of your said relatives, to have them acknowledge your identity, and that you were living, don’t you?” said Mr. King.

“You were right,” I replied, “according to the circumstances. I think now, there is nothing they will not attempt to do, in the way of crime, if they think they can safely get away with it, without getting caught and exposed.”

Seven years later, Mr. King did produce his wife to the same man, who, at sight of me, took on a look of astonishment, turned whiter, and sank into a chair.

“Do you know her? Do you know me?” Mr. King asked him.

“Yes—I know her—I know you both,” the man said.

“Is she the Nellie Manuel you knew when a compositor on ‘The Fresno Republican’ newspaper, the true Nellie Manuel, the said sister of George, Louis and Augustus Manuel, the said daughter of Laura C. Colburn?” Mr. King asked the man.

"Yes," said the man, "she is the one and right party I told you about."

"Then she is not dead, nor personating any deceased Nellie Manuel, is she?" Mr. King asked him.

"No, she is who she says she is, and there are plenty here witness to it. You can depend on that," said the man.

"Was there anything against her reputation here?" Mr. King asked the man.

"Her reputation was of the best here, as far as I knew and heard," said the man.

"Then why not tell us where the property is located, that belonged to me, that was divided among my said brothers, George, Louis and Augustus Manuel, and which Court my Death Certificate was produced in, by my eldest said brother, George Manuel?" I asked the man I had known during my residence in Fresno, prior to the year of 1886.

"That would place both myself and family in too much danger," said the man. "If you can get your gang arrested and locked up, then you may call on me as a witness, and I will answer the truth to questions put to me, as far as I know and can; not before."

This man's name I withhold, for his protection, as readers will see.

We had been residents of Portland over a year, when night marauders began their endeavors by attempting to turn the key in our hall door, that was securely fastened nights when Mr. King was absent on the Steamer. This only occurred when he was absent. I then kept a pet cat with me nights on guard, that would come and wake me noiselessly when anyone was at the door, and growl when I spoke to any outside, understanding the danger. I could then hear them taking their flight through the hall. I would then complain to the proprietor, after which their nightly attempts to effect an entrance during my sleep, would cease for awhile, then begin again. From the sound of the feet, that was faint, there were generally more than one; there might have always been more than one. Other roomers were undisturbed by them in the same building, as far as I could learn. Mr. King thought it might be better for us to change our place of residence and go farther away from the gang. After finding

another rooming place and making special arrangements with some explanations for my safety, he got the Company to transfer him to a Steamer on the Snake river, State of Idaho, during the latter part of 1896; saying that he would "try the run," see how he liked the town of Lewiston, and if all appeared well enough, would have the Company give me a pass to Lewiston.

During August, 1897, I received a letter from Mr. King, saying that he was dangerously ill—had been poisoned—to come to him as soon as possible. I procured a pass from the Company, succeeded in getting away from Portland without unnecessary delay, and proceeded to Lewiston, Idaho, finding Mr. King alive, walking about the Steamer, though looking and acting very ill; I feeling rejoiced to find him alive.

"I have no enemies on the Steamer, that I know of," he said, "though I feel sure by my symptoms and feelings, that poison of some kind was in some of my food or drink and it appeared as though one or two more got some of it, from their symptoms. For three days and nights, it was a question with me, whether I would live or die, and it is by force of will, that I am keeping up now; yet I think the effects of the poison is wearing off, and I will feel better in a few days. Rooms and houses for rent, are hard to find now in Lewiston, but I succeeded in finding one room for rent, on the principal street, the safest place I could find, that would do until you could get located and find rooms."

"Then you must quit the Steamer and go there with me," I said. "You should not be trying to do anything in your state of health. I came to take care of you, and you must quit the boat until you are feeling well. It appears to me as though the gang are responsible for the poison placed in your food and drink. I have been afraid they would try to get at you first, so that they could destroy you as a witness, an heir of what belongs to me, and get a better chance at me when you are out of their way."

Mr. King took to his bed soon after my arrival in Lewiston. I sent for two doctors, who called often and prescribed medicine often. I watched and attended Mr. King alone, night and day, most of the time, doing my best to look and talk cheerful when he was awake, observing that the least noise or worry caused him to fail; though when he slept, I wept most of the time. It was

a week or so, from the time the two doctors called, when I dreamed that the following morning I would find him dying; and I felt as though I would soon follow. Though his suffering was intense at times, I wondered if it could be any worse than my mental suffering. When I inquired how he felt in the morning, his answer was:

"I can feel myself going. I will not be with you tomorrow, unless I change for the better today."

"I cannot bear the thought of your dying now, Jim," I said, "You must not die—I will call another doctor immediately."

Dr. Brown, a new-comer in Lewiston, had been recommended to me the day before, who came in a few minutes. I think the doctor took pity on us both, when he saw the expression of our faces, and felt that he had come with the determination to do his best.

"Your husband is a very sick man," he said, "and cannot live, unless he changes for the better within the next two hours; yet I have hopes of saving him, and will try my best. Your husband is suffering from the effects of poison."

Then I explained that Mr. King had been poisoned while on the Steamer, and had sent for me. The doctor prepared medicine to be given every fifteen minutes, a drop at a time.

"If this will not do the work," he said, "I cannot save him. I will call in an hour and see how he is getting along."

What an awful suspense this was to me! Mr. King was all I had; and I a stranger in a strange place—the hunted victim of a murderous conspiracy, from which it was now a question whether my husband would live or die!"

I kept saying to the effect: "Keep up your courage, Jim, I have more confidence in Dr. Brown, than any doctor I have yet talked to. I believe he understands what ought to be done for you, and intends to do his best to save you."

At the lapse of half an hour or so, Mr. King said he thought he was changing for the better, and his face took on a more hopeful expression.

"I believe that medicine is helping me, Doctor, my wife says she has more confidence in you than any doctor she has yet talked to," he told the Doctor when he called.

The doctor looking pleased and encouraged, replied: "You are looking better, and I have hopes of saving you. It is very encouraging to me to find two like you and Mrs. King, who appreciate my efforts. It is the good care your wife is giving you, that will be the saving of you from now on."

Dr. E. Brown was attentive and cheerful company during his calls, and Mr. King slowly improved, with the best we could do for him, and we spoke of the Doctor as our "worthy friend." Some of both Steamer crews came during Mr. King's illness, to inquire how he was getting along, offering their services and financial aid. Three months had passed, before Mr. King was able to dress and go out on the sidewalk for a few minutes' walk at a time, and when the spring of 1898 arrived, yet weak, as a result of the poisoning, he insisted, against my protests, on going back on the Steamer; saying the kind of work he would do would not be too much for him; that "the runs on the river, fresh air," etc., he believed, would improve both health and strength; that he must earn money to help carry us through. Promising me faithfully to be on his guard against danger from the gang and getting poisoned, he returned to the Steamer. The same year, we began occupying a small house by ourselves on Snake River Avenue, where I put out my dress-making sign, where I became known in Lewiston and near towns, as Mrs. J. W. King, dressmaker; using my husband's initials to conceal my name Eleanor and Nellie Manuel, on account of the gang. Mr. King was Steward of the Steamer Lewiston, where he had continued since his illness without any vacation, and was again failing, from the loss of too much necessary sleep; when I insisted on his taking a vacation. This was during the month of April, 1899. We had neither of us written any more letters of inquiry to or about the gang, since the arrival of No. 12, and I had, by this time, become well known and established as a dressmaker, in the City of Lewiston, State of Idaho.

SKETCH 37.

It was a warm day in summer, 1899. Our small residence on Snake River Avenue, was very near the sidewalk; two of the windows and kitchen door were open to let in air and breeze;

Mr. King was home on a vacation, and then a short distance from the house doing a little repairing on a chicken house for one of our nearest neighbors, Mrs. Krouting. It was between 12 m. and 1 p. m., when I was alone in the house, and heard raps at the front door. Supposing it to be some one to see about a dress, I opened the front door without any suspicion of danger, where stood confronting me, a light-complexioned white man—a young man, near the size and height of Mr. King; who feigned the deaf and dumb act, by withdrawing pencil and pocket book from his garments and beginning to write, to draw my attention, while he slipped a foot in the door-way to prevent my closing it. While writing, the stranger suddenly forced himself into the room, caught hold of one hand, while I held fast to the door-knob with the other, pulling towards a closed door of the same room, that led to a room that was darkened by the blind being drawn. While in this act, I repeated screams for “Jim, come quick and save me!” At my repeated screams for help, the stranger slackened his efforts to pull me from the doorknob; stepped aside, still holding fast my hand, to look through the two open doorways to see if any one was coming to my rescue; when Mr. King came into view with hatchet in hand, that he had been using to repair the chicken house. Then the stranger and apparently would-be assassin, immediately vacated the room and was on the sidewalk in front of the house, by the time Mr. King got to the front door. Supposing my gang would be prepared for emergencies in their schemes and plots of crime, and protect themselves by the use of their money and as many false witnesses as required, I thought of giving them no unnecessary chances at us, where we had neither evidence nor witness for our protection or defense. I therefore prevented Mr. King from doing any violence to the apparently would-be assassin, when he came excitedly inquiring the cause of the disturbance, by saying:

“I was trying to prevent that deaf, dum or drunken man on the side-walk, from going through the house, and called for your help.”

The man then feigned drunkenness, staggering about the side-walk, and when Mr. King demanded an explanation for his conduct, answered in broken English, like one dazed, to the effect:

That he had made a mistake by going to the wrong house, not knowing where he was.

When the stranger thought his answers had pacified Mr. King, he staggered in the direction of the principle business street of the town, until hid from view by trees along the low wall fence at the front of the Kroutingier residence, when Mr. King said:

"I have doubts of that fellow, and I'm going to conceal myself at the side of Kroutingier's fence, to see how he acts."

At his first glance from the side of the fence, I saw him break and run in the direction the man had taken, and I stepped out on the sidewalk, where I saw them both running full speed, and turn up Main street, where they were hid from view. Mr. King returning within half an hour, said:

"That man was shamming drunkenness. He was no more drunk than you or I. He was running, when I saw him by Kroutingier's fence, and I tried my best to overtake him. I was gaining on him, and saw him cross Main street to the Masonic Temple. I was only a little ways behind him when I reached the same corner, when he had disappeared. I inquired of several men in the vicinity where the man disappeared, who told me they neither saw the man I described, or could think of anyone they knew, of the same description. That fellow was here for mischief of some kind. There is no telling what he had his mind made up to do, when you called me."

"Who lives in the nearest house to the Masonic Temple?" I inquired.

Mr. King answered: "A family by the name of Coburn. They are old-timers here. The old man is a Justice of the Peace here."

I replied: "I wonder if they are any relation to my said step-father, or any of his outfit?"

"Oh no!" he said. "Their name is Coburn. Your said step-father's name is Colburn. There are others by the name of Colburn, besides your said step-father and relatives. It don't look reasonable to me that members of your gang can be living in every town and city we go to. I'm sorry I mentioned the name, because you'll worry now, and imagine the Coburn's here are related to some of your gang."

I had instructed Mr. King about dressmaking, before we left Astoria, so that he could be proficient help to me, in cases of danger, emergencies, etc., when it would be necessary for us to stay near together for our protection from the gang, who as can be seen, were determined that we should not live. And Mr. King was a better cook and housekeeper than myself, from his experience on Steamers as cook and Steward; though he could do considerable better in money matters at his own occupation, than helping me at home. But the time had arrived when I saw that we must work on my case; work hard, and fortify ourselves from danger. It was a force put with us—we had no other alternative, and I told him so.

I said: "Jim," it is awful to live day by day with murder staring us in the face, from the gang; and I will begin this evening to give you more complete explanation about them and myself, than I have hitherto. When I tell you more about how the man acted, who you chased down the street today, I think you will see the necessity of our keeping together for our protection. We never do get tired of each other's company, and will try to make our efforts at detective work interesting. We can talk on the case and hold consultations over it evenings, and attend to business through the day; besides, think of all the letters there are to be written, and planning how to write them."

"I am willing to do most anything I can towards running down your gang, and like to be with you at home; but we need money and must have money, and I don't like the idea of you working continuously at dressmaking. It is certainly a hard pass that we have come to, when I am compelled to quit work to stay at home to prevent you from being murdered by men rushing into the house off of the street in broad daylight; although it encourages me in thinking your case may be easy to get at, if we can get on the right track to run it down. And I will try staying at home for awhile to see what can be done."

"That will suit me fine," I said, "As long as I have any kind of health, I am better satisfied when making dresses than to be idle, thinking too much about our danger and what the gang has done to us both. And pleasant company and to see you alive and safe from them every day, will give me much more encouragement."

Mr. King was desperate when I gave him a full account of how the man had acted that he had chased down the street, and entered into the work with determination. After consultations, he thought it would be better to first try to find out about the property that Dave and Laura acknowledged to the Court of Napa County, California, was theirs, at the time of their Divorce Proceedings. While on the Steamer, Mr. King became acquainted with ex-Congressman, James W. Reed, who he consulted about how to obtain some information from Court Records from Napa County, California, who communicated with Attorneys for us, as a favor; of which No. 13 is an exact copy of the wording and spelling of his answer, that he gave to us:

No. 13.

Clerk of Napa County,
State of California

Jas. W. Reed.

Napa, Cal., December 30th, 1899.

Attorney at Law.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter I will say that, they is no Esate in this Court of one Davind A. Manuel, I think the party that you are inquiring about is still living hear in the Valley at a place called Calistoga, the part that I speak of is about 73 years old and I see that his wife Laura C Manuel brought suit against him for divorce in the year 1868, but the suit was dismissed on motion of the attorneys for plaintiff. The Manuel I speak of is David A. Manuel and he lives at Calistoga Cal, and is in prety good circumstances. If they is any other information I can give you please let me know, the Manuel that I know hear is married and has four children.

Yours very truly,

N. W. COLLINS, County Clerk.

The following No.'s 14, 15, 16, 17, are the wordings and spellings of communications to me, as will be seen, from Webber & Rutherford, Attorneys-at-Law, of Napa City, State of Califarnia, as they came from the Postoffice, U. S. M., of Lewiston, Nez Perce County, State of Idaho:

No. 14.

Webber & Rutherford,
Attorneys-At-Law.

Mrs. James W. King,

February 10th, 1900.

Snake River Ave.,

Lewiston, Idaho.

Dear Madam:—Yours of the 3rd, inst. addressed to our county clerk Mr. N. W. Collins, has been refered to our office by Mr.

Collins with other letters, and communications regarding other matters, and we will reply by saying that if you so desire we shall make personal investigation of this matter for you, and if we can recover any of the property you speak of will take same on a commission.

Our Mr. Webber is familiar with some of the property mentioned being a life long resident here, and we shall if you will instruct us give the matter a thorough examination.

Kindly advise us in the premises, and awaiting the same,

We remain very truly yours,

Webber & Rutherford

No. 15.

Wallace T. Rutherford,

E. L. Webber.

WEBBER & RUTHERFORD,

Attorneys-At-Law,

Winship Block. - Rooms 1 and 2.

NAPA, CALIFORNIA.

February 12th. 1900.

Mrs. James W. King,

Snake River Ave.,

Lewiston, Idaho.

Dear Madam:—Following our letter of yesterday to you, we will now say that a member of our office had made a short investigation into the matter, and find the following state of facts. Your father, David C. Manuel on the 8th of June, 1870 began suit in what was then the District Court, for a divorce against your mother Laura C. Manuel, alleging desertion. On the 18th. day of June, 1870 a decree of divorce was granted your father, and Lewis and Augustus Manuel Children of the marriage were awarded to your father, while Geo. and Elenor were awarded to your mother. The property belonging to the community then, consisted of the following:

Lot one Block 15 of Napa City. Lot 6 of Block 3 of Napa Abajo. The N. W. quarter of Sec. 13. N. Half of N. E. Quarter of Sec. 14 and S. E. Quarter of Sec. 11 all in Township 6 of Range 27, situated in Davis County, State of Missouri consisting of 320 acres. Also the S. W. quarter of Sec. 24 Township 13 S. of R. 22 East M. D. M. situated in Fresno, California, containing 160 acres.

Your mother secured after the divorce a portion of lot one Block 15 consisting of dwelling house and lot, also lot 6 Block 3 of Napa Abajo.

The balance of the Napa property, together with the Missouri ranch went to your father, and the Fresno property went to your mother.

Your mother shortly after married one Cobburn, and in 1875 applied to the court to vacate the decree of divorce, so far

as related to the custody of Lewis and Augustus, and that they be given to her, which the court did under a decree dated June 8th, 1875, and requiring her to give a bond in the sum of \$1000 that she would faithfully educate etc. these two children, which bond she gave by having J. A. McClelland and David L. Haas as sureties.

Your father remarried, and some time after-wards went to live to Calistoga, this county, where he now is.

Your mother, we are unable to learn anything about. Is she dead or alive, and where is she? We believe she went to Fresno on the ranch she received, but can not ascertain this as a fact, but perhaps you can enlighten us. If she is dead, when did she die?

Of course there was nothing given the children, and the children were entitled to nothing until either your father or mother died, in which event, each child would under our law be compelled to receive its share, or something from the parent.

The property that was owned here, has all been sold, long ago, and unless the records of this county would reveal something, we will say now that we believe your parents own nothing in this county.

If you can advise us as to your mother's whereabouts, we can easily put some one on the track of her, and endeavor to pump her for information.

Awaiting yours,

We remain very respectfully,

Webber & Rutherford

No. 16.

Webber & Rutherford.
Attorneys-At-Law
Napa, California.

February 21st. 1900.

Mrs. James W. King,
Snake River Avenue,
Lewiston, Idaho.

Dear Madam:—We received your letter of the 17th. inst. a few days ago, and since writing you last we have made further research into the matter. After such research, we are unable to find any property to which you are entitled. Under the divorce proceedings the property was divided between your father and mother, and of course under the law, as it then existed and now exist, each was at liberty to do with it as he or she saw fit. The court did not decree any of this property to the children, but to the respective parties, husband and wife.

If either of your parents were dead, and left a will or died without a will we could then be in a position to get your share of either parents property.

We will advise you to not make your presence known to either of your parents, for the reason that if they believed you were in existence, and they have any property, they could each make a will and cut you of with a dollar, on the other hand if they believe you are not in existence, they may make a will and not mention you at all, in which event under our law, the will is entirely void, and you would share equally. If either die without will, of course you will take with the rest.

We will keep this matter before us, and if any thing turns up will immediately let you know.

Yours truly,

Webber & Rutherford

No. 17.

Wallace T. Rutherford.

E. L. Webber.

WEBBER & RUTHERFORD

Attorneys-At-Law,

Winship Block, - Rooms 1 and 2.

NAPA, CALIFORNIA.

March 30th. 1900.

Mrs. J. W. King,

Lewiston, Idaho.

Dear Mrs. King:—Yours of the 25th. inst. to hand and contents noted, and replying we will say that we have written to Missouri to ascertain what facts we could. We have received reply, saying that a son of one Charles A. Manuel has been found, Chas. A. being a brother to your father, and we are now attempting to trace your parentage, as we fell confident that David Manuel or his former wife, are not your parents, taking into consideration all the circumstances, and we are prone to believe that the Missouri property was your own; this of course is hard to ascertain, but in time will dig it out.

Your father who is in Calistoga, refuses to communicate with us at all, or have anything to say, and is much worried.

I wrote to Short in Fresno, and he too refused to answer, but we are now tracing the family in Gresno.

Will write you further.

Yours respectfully,

Webber & Rutherford

No. 18, is a copy of the wording and spelling of an account in a newspaper, as it came from the Postoffice, U. S. M., of Lewiston, Nez Perce County, State of Idaho:

No. 18.

"THE LATE G. W. MANUEL.

Particulars of His Death—Sketch of His Life.

(Oakland Enquirer, April 19.)

George W. Manuel, the capitalist and father of ex-Councilman Walter G. Manuel, and Mrs. L. S. Burchard, died suddenly early this morning at the family residence, 678 Fourteenth street, of hemorrhage of the stomach. He was taken ill only last evening at 7 o'clock and took to bed at once suffering with the hemorrhage which finally rendered him unconscious. He remained in this condition until death ensued, about 5 o'clock this morning.

The funeral will probably take place on Saturday from the family residence, interment being in Mountain View cemetery.

Mr. Manuel was only 63 years old. He was born at North Troy, Orleans County, Vermont, where his family had resided for several generations, one of his ancestors having taken a prominent part in the war of the Revolution. Upon the death of Mr. Manuel's mother in his eleventh year, the homestead was sold, the family moving to New Orleans. Later Mr. Manuel engaged in contracting work and for three years helped build the famous Erie canal. Finally he removed to Aurora, Illinois, where he married Miss Lucy Griswold, his first wife, who died here in Oakland in 1890.

It was in 1857 that Mr. Manuel came to California. He settled in Napa City and was one of the most prominent men of that county during his long residence there. His business was the sale of agricultural implements and he controlled several valuable patents on gang ploughs, some of the machines he sold thirty years ago being still in use in the valley.

In 1874, together with his wife, and two children, Mr. Manuel removed to this city, at that time being possessed of enough of the world's goods to warrant his retiring from active business. It was then that the family home on Fourteenth and Castro streets was built. For three years he was associated with his son in the commission business, but in 1888 the latter obtained entire control, having bought his father out. In the same year Mr. Manuel and his wife went abroad for twelve months, enjoying travel in England and the continent. Two years later Mrs. Manuel died and in 1891 Mr. Manuel married his first wife's niece, Miss Jennie Griswold, who survives him. The issue of this marriage was one child, a daughter, named Helen, 5 years of age.

While in Napa Mr. Manuel took a great interest in the affairs of the Odd Fellows, being at the head of the local organization and taking an active part in securing the erection of a

lodge building. Since his residence in Oakland he has neglected his affiliations with that Order. However, he joined the Masons and was a member of Oakland Lodge. His Masonic affiliations were confined to his Blue Lodge membership.

In politics Mr. Manuel was always a Republican, though he never held any public office. Years ago when in Napa he was one of the leading members of the Unitarian church and during the pastorate of Dr. Wendte was one of the trustees of the local Unitarian church. He died possessed of property worth between \$100,000 and \$150,000, which consists largely of realty situated here, in Napa and San Joaquin counties.

No. 19 is a copy of the wording and spelling of my last communication from Webber & Rutherford, Attorneys-At-Law, as it came from the Postoffice, U. S. M., of Lewiston, Nez Perce County, State of Idaho:

No. 19.

Webber & Rutherford.

Mrs. J. W. King,

July 8th, 1900.

Snake River Avenue, Idaho.

Dear Madam:—We have received all of your letters, but have been unable so far to ascertain anything that will give us a footing to institute proceedings on your behalf.

The only thing that we can bring suit on for you, is to find property in which you have or it could be claimed you have an interest, and we have devoted all our efforts in this matter, to arriving at that point but have been unable to do so.

We can not ascertain anything definite from Missouri, but we shall keep examining into the matter, and should we be able to learn anything sufficient to enable us to bring action for you, we shall advise you, but you can go wherever you desire as there is nothing in the matter so far to prevent you from going, only keep us advised as to your whereabouts.

Yours respectfully,

Webber & Rutherford

An Attorney-At-Law, of Lewiston, Nez Perce County, State of Idaho, procured for us, a sworn statement of some of the Divorce Proceedings, of the alleged David Manuel (who was one of the four said Manuel brothers of Napa), and his wife Laura C., who were the same couple who taught me to address them as Laura and Dave, after I had missed My Mother and others, and found myself with them at the old house, by the Napa river. Who were the same Dave and Laura, the said parents of George S. Manuel; who were my said parents, and the parents of Louis and Augustus Manuel; who all three boys were my said brothers,

and I their only said sister, represented by the name of Eleanor. No. 20, is a copy of the wording and spelling of the same sworn statement, which I quote here as evidence:

No. 20.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT, 7TH JUDICIAL DISTRICT
IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF NAPA STATE
OF CALIFORNIA.

LAURA C. MANUEL,	}
Pltff.	
vs.	
DAVID MANUEL,	
Deft.	}

Now comes the above named plaintiff and complains of the above named defendant and for cause of action alleges and shows unto this Hon. Court as follows, towit:

That the plaintiff is now and for more than six months last past has been a resident of the County of Napa, and State of California.

That the plaintiff and defendant were on or about the 17th day of March A. D. 1852, in the State of Illinois, lawfully married, and that plaintiff and defendant thereafter lived and cohabitated together as husband and wife.

That the fruits of said marriage and cohabitation between plaintiff and defendant are four children, towit: George aged fourteen years; Eleanor aged ten years; Lewis aged three years, and Augustus aged two years; all of whom are now living.

That during all the time the plaintiff and defendant so lived and cohabited together plaintiff faithfully discharged all her martial duties and obligations towards defendant, as a good and dutiful wife and at all times treated said defendant with kindness and forbearance.

Plaintiff further alleges on her information and belief, and so charges the fact to be, that the said defendant wholly disregarding his marriage vows and obligarions, did, at Napa City in the County of Napa and State aforesaid, at divers times between the 20th day of November 1868 and the first day of April A. D. 1869, have adulterous intercourse with, and did commit adultery with one Mrs Ellsworth, whose christian name is to the plaintiff unknown, that said acts of adultery were committed by the defendant with said Mrs Ellsworth at Napa City in said County at divers times, to wit: on or about the 22nd and 29th days of November, 1868, on the 28th day of February, 1869 and on or about the 31st day of March 1869.

That said acts of adultery were committed by the defendant without the consent or procurement of the plaintiff, and that said several acts of adultery were committed without an consent,

agreement or understanding, thereto had beetween plaintiff and defendant, and that plaintiff has not lived or cohabited with the defendant since the discovery of said adulterous intercourse of deft with saidEllsworth.

That the defendant is on account of his violent temper, vulgar language and immoral conduct an unfit and improper person to have the care custody or control of said infant children; that plaintiff is competent and qualified to maintain and support said children.

Wherefore plaintiff prays for a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between this plaintiff and the defendant, that plaintiff may have the care custody and control of said children, and that she may have such other further and additional relief in the premises, as to the Court may seem equitable and just, and for cost of suit.

T. J. Tucker and R. Crouch
Attys for Pltff.

COUNTY OF NAPA, ss.

Laura C. Manuel being duly sworn deposes and says that she is the plaintiff above named that she has heard the foregoing complaint read and knows the contents thereof, that the same is true of her own knowledge, except as to matters therein stated on her information and belief and that as to those matters she believes it to be true.

Laura C. Manuel.

Sworn to before me May 25, 1869.

Rob. Crouch

County Judge.

(Endorsed) Filed May 26th, 1869.

C. B. Seeley, Clerk,

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, }
COUNTY OF NAPA. } ss

I, N. W. COLLINS, County Clerk in and for the County of Napa, State of California, and ex-officio Clerk of the Superior Court in and for said County, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of the "Complaint" in the action of Laura C. Manuel vs. David Manuel.

as the same appears of record in my office, with the original of which said copy has been compared by me and is a correct transcript therefrom.

COURT
SEAL.

In Witness Whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the Seal of said Court, at my office in the City of Napa, this
26th day of September A. D. 1901.

N. W. Collins, County Clerk.

and exofficio Clerk of Superior Court

By H. L. Gunn, Deputy Clerk.

No. 21, is the wording and spelling of a communication from John C. Leopard, Prosecuting Attorney of Gallatin, Daviess County, State of Missouri, as it came from the Postoffice, U. S. M., of Lewiston, Nez Perce County, State of Idaho, which I quote here as evidence:

No. 21.

JOHN C. LEOPARD,
Prosecuting Attorney Daviess Co.,
Office Court House Block

Gallatin, Mo, July 23rd. 1900.

Mrs. James W. King.
Lewiston, Idaho.

Dear Madam; Yours of the 17th instant received, and in reply will say that I have looked up the records relative to the lands you describe in your letter and find the following:

The S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 11 was purchased from the State of Missouri by one David A. Manuel February 18th 1857. On the 25th day of January 1875 David A. Manuel and Charlotte S. his wife deeded it to R. M. Barnett.

The N. $\frac{1}{2}$ of the N. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 14 and the W. $\frac{1}{2}$ of the N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 13 was pre-empted by David A. Manuel. Both of these tracts were sold to David. Schaffer. One was sold in 1868 and the other in 1869. these deeds were signed by David A. Manuel and Laura C., his wife. He doubtless was married twice. These last two tracts are now in possession of S. C. Shaffer and I think he is a son of David. Shaffer. The first of these tracts is still in the possession of the Barnetts. I do not know through whom you claim. But if you will write me the full particulars I will give it prompt attention. Very often a title appears all right on the face of the record but not good when the history of the title is brought out. Please let me hear from you and if there is no way to get at it for you it will cost you nothing.

Hoping to hear from you soon I remain,

Yours Truly.

John C. Leopard

No.'s 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, are copies of the wording and spelling of letters as they came to us from the Postoffice, U. S. M., of Lewiston, Nez Perce County, Idaho:

No. 22.

J. D. COLLINS
SHERIFF
OF FRESNO COUNTY

Fresno, Cal. July 26th 1900

Mrs. James W. King,
Lewiston, Idaho.

Dear Madam:

Your letter of July 20th 1900 received to day— I refered Same to Mr. Jarvis Streeter— of Fresno County Abstract Company, who informed me that the S. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 24, Twsp. 13 S. R. 22 East was pattented to John Martin before the year 1870— John Martin deeded the above land to David A. Manuel— David A. Manuel deeded Same to Joseph S. Elliott; and the said land now Stands on the records in the name of a man named Michel, "Deceased." Mr. Streeter found no record of and deed made to Mrs. Laura Manuel—The Cost of and Abstract Mr Streeter informs me will be forty to fifty dollars—The Dist Attorney is O. L. Everts and the County Clerk is Geo. W. Cartwright—

Yours Truly

J. D. Collins Sheriff

Per Nelson. U. S.

No. 23.

EVERTS & EWING

Attornneys-at-Law

Fresno, Cal., Aug. 8, 1900.

Mrs. J. W. King,
Lewiston, Idaho.

Dear madam:—

Your letter of July 31st, addressed to our Mr. Everts, came duly yo hand this morning, and owing to the fact that Mr. Everts is away on his vacation I took the letter from the officemyself and receipted for it myself, which receipt you will get. Mr. Everts is the presiding District Attorney of this County, but still we have not dissolved partnership, and from the fact that he is busy with his own duties matters of this kind would fall into my hands anyway.

I have read with considerable interest your letter and the copy received from the Attorneys in Napa City which you have had employed, and find therefrom that you are interested, from what you say, in lands in the State of Missouri. If you have any further definite information in regard to this property, please send it to us, and nore particularly give us the name of the town or the County from which your people came in the State of Missouri.

While we do not know Mr. Henry S. Colburn in person we know where he lives, at 1459 L Street in this City. We also knew Mr. Geo. Manuel, a Civil Engineer of this County who died a year or so ago. We also knew Mr. Louis and Mr. Gus Manuel, personally, and we knew by sight the daughter who is married to a man by the name of Anderson in this City. We do not know by sight the mother of these boys, and the wife of Colburn, your supposed mother, but we are satisfied we can give you the news you desire if you have any interest whatever in the property that they own, provided we have the proper evidence on which to work.

We personally knew Mr. S. A. Miller, editor of the Republican, and both of us resided here at the time you were in his employment. We also know Mr. J. W. Short, the present Post-Master in this City who was at that time editor of the Republican, and who afterwards became one of the proprietors thereof.

We can of course look up the Court Records and find the nature of the case you brought and to which you refer, but as the Records are now voluminous we would like to have some definite idea in regard to the time at which this suit was brought; also we would like to have such information as you have at your command as to whom you think your parents were, their names, your name, your age, the supposed place of your birth and information of this nature.

We seldom ever take matters of this kind, as indefinite as this is, and after receiving your next letter we will give you an exact statement of what your chances are in regard to the matter.

Of course you understated that it will be absolutely necessary for you to prove definitely to whatever Court the case comes before facts which are necessary to establish your claim to this property; also give us the names of people who knew you when you were here, and the parties who know of the treatment that you received at the hands of your supposed parents.

Hoping that for the present this is satisfactory,

Yours truly,

Everts & Ewing

By

D. S. Ewing

Dictated.

No. 24.

Lewiston, Idaho, 1—7—1901

To the Hon. Superior Judge of Aurora, Illinois

Dear Sir:

Wishing to gain a little information which is an important matter to me, and being particular to gain facts, having reasons to believe there has been fraud practiced upon me, and as there is a probability this matter may be brought into Court I make an

appeal to you to do me a very great favor and to see to it that the County Clerk of your County give me the true statements of questions which are as follows;

I wish to know the names of the two gentlemen who married Miss Laura C. Griswold and Lucy Griswold, two sisters, who I have been told, were married in your City between the years 1848 and 1856. As they have or did have relatives living in your respective City, you will greatly oblige me if you keep them ignorant of my inquiry. For you will be showing kindness to one who has been wronged,

And Greatly Oblige,

Yours Very Respectfully,

Mrs. J. W. King,

Snake River Ave. Lewiston, Idaho.

Answer of the Hon. Superior Judge, of Aurora,

Kane County, Illinois.

At request of Judge Southworth I have examined the Marriage Register of this County, and fail to find anything of the marriage of the Ladies inquired of,

Yours,

Chas. A. Miller.

St Charles, Illinois,
January 17, 1901.

No. 25.

Du Page County, Ill.
H. F. Lawrence, Clerk.

John H. Batten,
County Judge.

Wheaton, Feb, 2, 1901.

Mrs. J. W. King,
Lewiston, Idaho.

Dear Madam:—

In reply to your inquiry of the 27th ult. will say Upon examination of the Marriage Records in my office I find only two licenses issued between the years 1845 and 1860 where the name of the bride elect is Griswald.

On November 30th 1847, Mary Griswald was married to one Vincent H. Freeman, and on June 15th, 1853 Sylvia M. Griswald was married to one Gerome B. Woodworth.

Trusting this to be the information you desire, I am yours truly.

H. F. Lawrence

No. 26.

Woodstock, Ill., Feb. 4, 1901

Mrs J W King
Lewiston Idaho

Dear Madam

In reply to yours of the 27th I find as follows

Alice	Griswold	Married to Horace Burton May 20—1843
Harriett	"	married to Hosie Ballou Dec. 25—1845
Maria A	"	married to John T Skeel Oct 29—1849
Marietta	"	married to Leonard Cary Mch 29—1850
Synthia	"	married to John W Smith Sept 14—1857
Laura	"	married to David Manuel Mch 17, 1852

Don't know any of these parties.

Yours Truly
G. F. Rushton

No. 27.

County Court of Kendall County
H. S. Hudson, Judge.
William Hill, Clerk.

Yorkvill, Ill. Feb. 6—01

Dear Madam;

Do not find either of the names you mention on our marriage record.

I find that Emeline Griswold married John Reese in 1849. We have a family of Griswolds living at Plano in this County.

The name is Elihu Griswold, and he had a brother named James Griswold.

now deceased.

Most Respectfully Yours,
Wm Hill
Co Cek

No. 28.

James W. King Esq
Lewiston. Idaho.

Stockton Feb 7 1901

Dear Sir. Yours of the 3rd Just received asking for information about myself and family. I will answer your questions to the best of my ability

I was born in Chacewater, Cornwall, England my age is 45 May 16 next. left Cornwall with my mother for California in

1870 and resided at Douglas Flat & Murphys Camp in Calaveras Co. Cal, almost continuously until 1889, and have resided in Stockton all the time since the above date.

Family Names William Manuel. Father. Mary Ann Manuel Mother. Eligah Manuel 1st son William Manuel 2nd John Manuel 3rd Mathew Manuel 4th Joseph Manuel 5th Mary Ann Manuel 6th Baby girl Died 7th Thomas Henry Manuel 8th My Father came to California 1856 and went back home to Cornwall 1859 and died there in 1865. Eligah Manuel left home for New-Zeland or Australia in 1857. and we have not heard from him since. William & John left home either later part of 1859, or early part 1860, and stopped for about a year on Lake Superior Michigan. and then came on to California and resided in Calaveras Co. William stopped here for a short time and then left for Frazier River, British Columbia. received one or two letters from him after he went there. But have not heard from him in any shape since 1865. John Manuel died 1898 leaving Family. Mathew Manuel came to California in 1861 and was drowned in a mine near Murphys shortly after he came. Joseph Manuel came to California in 1864 or 1865. he is living a few miles from this town has a wife but no children. Mary Ann Manuel Daughter Died in Cornwall 1866. Mother Died April of last year. Eligah was single when he left home but do not know any thing about him after he left no pictures of him in existance that I know of. William was single when he left for Frazier River and of course we know nothing of him. after that. I think that Mother had a picture of him that was taken soon after he came to this country in her possession but whether it is amongst her efects or not I could not say but if necessary I can look it up. I have answered everything to the best of my ability of course all my brothers left home except one before I was old enough to remember them.

Whether I am the right or wrong party I hope you will oblige me by sending a few lines to notify me

Yours truly

T. H. Manuel
414. E. Main St
Stockton, Cal.

We wrote letters from the State of Idaho, to find out whether my eldest said brother George S. Manuel and my said mother Laura C. Colburn, were yet alive, that were not addressed to any of my said relatives; from which No. 29, is a copy of the wording and spelling of a letter as it came from the Postoffice, U. S. M., of Lewiston, Nez Perce County, State of Idaho, containing a newspaper clipping, of the death and funeral of Lizzie, the wife of George S. Manuel:

No. 29.

Turlock Stanislaus Co

California Feb 17. 1901

Dear Nellie

I received your letter this morning and hasten to reply. I was very glad to hear from you. I had about given up hearing from you having had my letters returned from your former address. I suppose possibly you are something like myself, changing from place to place.

I have been here for quite a while putting in a system of irrigation works. I am about done however and will probably go to some new place in the near future. I shall leave one of my deputies here however who will forward my letters wherever I am. I also make my headquarters while in San Francisco at No 22 California St. You had best address your letters to this latter place for the present.

Daisy is married and has one child a pretty little girl about 7 months old. Her husband is Car inspector on the Santa Fe, Rail Road at Fresno. Her address is Mrs Walter Mitchell 2229 Merced St Fresno Cal It may be well for you to save this address. You can write to her if you should again lose my address as I shall keep in communication with her. She will be pleased to hear from you anyhow.

Lizzie is free from all earthly trouble. She was burned to death by the explosion of a kerosene lamp in Sept. 1899. She lived only a few hours after the accident. I was here at the time and did get the word in time to see her before she died. She had just rented out our property and was preparing to join me here when she met her death. She could have saved herself if she had not staid and tried to save some others in the house: they escaped but she did not. I am happy in the thought that she died a christian, and I hope to meet her sometime. The same fire destroyed the house, books, &c. So you see I am somewhat broken up. I enclose you an account of her funeral. She had one of the largest in Fresno. Hoping to hear from you soon I remain

your brother Geo Manuel

L A I D T O R E S T .

Funeral Services Over Mrs. Manuel.

The funeral services over Mrs. Elizabeth Manuel were held yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Adventist Church. The altar was beautifully decorated with flowers. The principal piece represented "A gate Ajar." It was made of maiden hair fern, white roses and other flowers and at the bottom was the name

"Lizzie," formed of buds. Other floral tributes were an anchor and a harp of heliotrope, tube roses and carnations.

As the funeral procession entered the church the choir sang softly "Resting Sweetly." The procession was led by Elders Thorne and Knox followed by ten little flower bearers, the Sabbath school class of Mrs. Manuel while living. These were followed by the pallbearers, J. O. Carlsen, Henry Stand, Louis Chester, L. Sharps, Dr. Hare and G. Hendrich. Following the coffin were the relatives and the immediate friends of the dead lady.

Elder Knox of Oakland, and old friend of Mrs. Manuel, opened the services with a passage from the Scripture. Elder Thorne of Fresno, Mrs. Manuel's pastor, followed with prayer. The choir then sang "The Gates Ajar for me."

Elder Knox preached the funeral sermon. He spoke of the sincere Christian life of the departed, her work in the church and the earnest fulfillment of her duty to her family and neighbors. Miss Smith sang a solo, "Farewell," while the many friends who filled the church took their last look at the dead.

A great number of people followed the hearse to the cemetery. Here Elder Knox spoke some closing words and the little Sabbath school children, Leona and Leota Wotton, Eva Kellogg, Flora Beeson, Julia Jacobson, Hazel Ingels, Jessie Hoxie, Earl Harkness, Lloyd Harkness and Elmer Church, cast into the grave the flowers they were carrying.

No. 30, is the wording and spelling of a letter in more than part, as it came from the Postoffice, U. S. M., of Lewiston, Nez Perce County, State of Idaho:

No. 30.

Monterey, Cal. Feb 19 1901

Mr. James W. King
Lewiston Idaho

Dear Sir

Yours of the 12th inst duly received Contents noted in answer to it would state to you that Four of my Brothers came to California in early days Am the fifth one the youngest I came to California the year of 1872. One of my brothers had died then I think the year of 1869 or 1870 about Sept or October, as near I could learn of his death Supposed to be accidently drowned in Sacramento River while employed on a steamer or boat his age at the time was about 22 years Single man his name Edward Manuel Native of France.

Yours Truly

A. A. Manuel

No.'s 31, 32, 33, are the wordings and spellings of letters as they came from the Postoffice, U. S. M., of Lewiston, Nez Perce County, State of Idaho:

No. 31.

County Court of Kendall County

H. S. Hudson, Judge.

William Hill, Clerk.

Yorkville, Ill., Feb. 19—01

Mrs J. D. King,
Lewiston, Idaho.

Dear Madam: In reply to your letter of the 12th, will say that Elihu Griswold has one son by the name of John.

James Griswold has six children,—Celestia, Horace, Julia, William Eliza, and Jennie.

I do not think they ever lived at Aurora as they have owned their farms near Plano for nearly fifty years.

Most Respectfully Yours,
(No name was signed).

No. 32.

San Francisco Cal.

Mr. Jas. W. W. King

Yours of 12 inst at hand, In reply I was born in California. My Father in Vermont, of French, English German decent. I had several Uncles on my Fathers side who left home earley and came west, some of whom we have not heard from for 30 or 40 years. I can give you the names of them if you think we are the family you are looking for. Kindly let me know, your object in seeking this information.

Resp. Yours

Harvey S. Manuel

417 Folsome St

Feb 20 1901

S. F.

No. 33.

Du Page County, Ill.

H. F. Lawrence, Clerk.

John H. Batten.

County Judge

Wheaton, Feb. 28, 1901

Mrs. James W. King,

Lewiston, Idaho.

Dear Madam:—

In reply to yours of the 10th inst, which for some unknown reason was delayed in reaching its destination, will say: Will further answer some of your questions as follows:

I find that Mary Griswald was married to Vincent H. Freeman Nov. 30, 1847 by Rev. Joel Wheeler, and the County Clerk's

name that issued the license was H. H. Cody, who is still alive and has a residence somewhere in the City of Chicago; but where, I do not know.

Sylvia M. Griswold to James B. Woodworth, June 15th 1853, by Rev. John Young, and the clerk who issued the license was Myron C. Dudley, who is dead.

Now regarding the other information that you desire, I would not have time to make the investigation, were I so inclined. In fact, I know nothing of the parties nor their whereabouts, and if you have that knowledge, my suggestion would be that you correspond with someone in the vicinity in which they reside.

Yours truly,

H. F. Lawrence

No. 34, is the wording and spelling of an important letter as it came from the Postoffice, U. S. M., of Lewiston, Nez Perce County, State of Idaho:

No. 34.

North Troy Vt March 8th 1901

Mr. King

I, received your letter this day and will say that one David Manuel Lived in this Town some sixty years ago His Family consisted of Six Boys their names are as Follows

Gardener	Manuel	
Chandler	"	
Wilder	"	
Roswell	"	Died Troy Vt
Willard	"	died in Mass
David	"	Died in N H

all born in Troy Vt.

Gardner Manuel Died here

Chandler Manuel left this Town, and went West about 1844. he had three boys Names as follows

Chandler Manuel Jr
David "

I do not know the third boys name.

Wilder Manuel, hade Several Boys when he left here for Mich his sons were named William Manuel

Roswell	"
Henry	"
Samuel	"

Gardner Manuel, has one Son living in Richford Vt his Name is Chas. C. Manuel

Roswell Manuel now Dead, has one Son living in Newport Vt by the name of Lorenzo Manuel.

Should you have occasion to write me again Direct to Chandler Bailey No. Troy Vt I hope this may furnish you with the information you wanted

Yours Truly

Chandler Bailey

To. James W King

No. 35, is a valuable letter, that came from the Postoffice, U. S. M., of Lewiston, Nez Perce County, State of Idaho, which I quote in more than part:

No. 35.

C. C. MANUEL & SONS,
Manufacturers of
Butter Dishes, Wood Pie Plates,
Swell Drawer Fronts and Veneers.

Richford, Vt., 3/27" 1901.

Mrs James W. King

Lewiston,

Nezperce County,

Idaho,

Dear Madam:—

I am in receipt of your letter of Mch. 16," asking for information about my relative, Chandler Manuel.

I am not able to give you the specific information which you ask as I have no family records or genealogy to which I can refer.

I was born in '37 so was a small boy when Uncle Chandler left Troy but I well remember the cause of his leaving, as it was an extraordinary one and made a lasting impression on my mind.

As I remember Chandler, he was a man of medium height, one arm gone (I think the left arm was gone) he was a very keen and smart man. He had three boys that I remember, Leonard, David, and Chandler Jr. and three girls Susan, Eliza, and Levisa.

They were a nice family up to the time that Aunt Betsy the mother died, which might have been a year or two before they left Troy.

After her death the family went to pieces.

A few years later, the three girls of the family came to our home and reported that they had heard from the father and brothers in the West and that the father was dead, and that is the only information that I have ever received since their departure. Susan and Eliza are both dead and Levisa went to Chicago and I have no knowledge as to whether living or dead.

Chandler had six brothers all of which are dead; Wilder who went to Michigan, Rozel father of Lorenzo of Newport, Vt., Wildard, John, and Gardner my father, and David, the youngest who died in Boston about one year ago.

There is a Rozel who lived in Kansas and was a son of Wilder and therefore a cousin of Lorenzo of Newport.

I know of all of the families belonging to these seven brothers with the exception of Wilder and Chandler.

As to our Nationality, I remember of hearing my father say that he was of Welch decent but our name leads me to think that we must have sprung from the Spanish.

I have but one brother living, Ira F. Manuel of Toronto, Kansas, who is several years older than I and who might give a more detailed account of the family than I am able to do.

I am not a visionary or sensational man, but your letter has sufficiently aroused my curiosity so that I should be pleased to learn from you more of the particulars as to the object of your search.

Very respectfully,
C. C. Manuel,
Per B.

No. 36.

Apr. 3 1901.

Newport Vt Orleans County

Mrs James W King

Dear Madam

I will reply to your letter although I don't know as I can give you any information regarding Uncle Chandler Manuel as he emigrated west before I was born. I have often heard Chandler Jr & David spoken my relatives older but know nothing of their whereabouts. I have been informed by Cousin Charles that he had written you what he knew about them, and that he had referred you to his older brother in the west. If I can possibly learn any thing in regard to them I will inform you.

Respectfully
Lorenzo Manuel

No.'s 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, are copies of the wordings and spellings of letters as they came from the Postoffice, U. S. M., of Lewiston, Nez Perce County, State of Idaho. They contain some acknowledgments to my story, and are therefore evidence. There are signs of the gang in them, and are all, in my opinion, forgeries to our letters. Like the gang, they are contradictory, and cannot carry out a stright story; are deceptive and baffling. I think some, if not all of them, were written in Lewiston, State of Idaho. Being a printer myself, I know that this could be done, if some one or more of the Postoffice would pass over the letters; although I do not accuse them here.

No. 37

City of Aurora, Illinois
 Department of Police
 City Hall

Aurora March 13 1901

Mrs James W King

Lewiston Idaho

Dear Madam

I received your letter a few days ago, I would be pleased & will do all I can to help you in this matter.

you will see by this letter that I did not receive your letter until a few days ago. I will take up the matter at once and let you know from time to time what I find out

I remain

Yours Respectfully

Frank Michels

Chief of Police

P S your letter did not have any Postage Stamp & Postmaster at Lewiston sent me notice of letter at your place for me

No. 38.

City of Aurora. Illinois
 Department of Police.
 City Hall.

James W. King

April—30—1901

Lewiston, Idaho.

Dear Sir; Yours of the 20th inst at hand and after due investigation I find as follows; that we are unable to tell what family Mary or Sylvia came from, nor can we find out who Vincent Freeman or Gerome B. Woodworth are or when, or who they emigrated with. We find that one Amos Griswold a relative in some way left Algonquine McHenry Co. about 1852, and went to California.

With reference to Laura Griswold we find as stated in your letter that she married David Manuel. We also find that one George Manuel brother of David married Lucy Griswold sister of Laura, these marriages occurred about two years apart. The first couple married having emigrated to California and returned when the second took place we are unable to ascertain which couple was married first, The last heard of David and Laura Manuel, they were located at Napa, Cal. George and Lucy Manuel are located at Oakland, Cal and are reputed to be very wealthy.

Regarding Amos, Riley, Isaac, Leander Griswolds and sisters Maria, Maranda, Ella, I will state as follows; Amos is dead, Riley is in Michigan, Isaac is in California, Leander's where-

abouts are unknown, Maria or Mrs Thompson lives in our city and has a son named Germaine S. and a daughter named Mrs Emmet W. Smith, both of whom reside here Maranda is some where in Michigan, and Ella died at Springfield, Ill.

Wheaton and Algonquin both being small places and being at a loss whom to address there confidentially, and it as it would be a matter some expense to go there personally I hope the: information so far given will be satisfactory

Yours Very resp'y

Frank Michels,

Chief of Police.

No. 39.

C. C. MANUEL & SONS,,

Manufacturers of

Butter Dishes, Wood Pie Plates,

Swell Drawer Fronts and Veneers.

Richford, Vt., April 13, 1901

Mrs. James W. King.

Lewiston, Nezperce County, Idaho.

Dear Madam:—

I am today in receipt of your very interesting letter and from your statements, you certainly have endured much hardship.

Whatever I may see fit to do in aiding in the apprehension of your persecutors, I assure you will be done, prompted by the spirit of justice rather than a greed for what money there may be back of it, for there may be but little financial return for the expense that may have to be put into the prosecution, although if your suspicions can be proven and justice obtained there ought to be something to off set for what outlay I may make.

I am a humble follower of our common Savior and I assure you that whatever confidence you wish to place in me will not be betrayed.

Judging from your statements, my opinion is, that it will require very cautious and wise manipulating to dislodge criminals who have been so long unmolested, and especially so if they are entrenched with lawyers and officials. I do not think it would be wise for me to go to you at once for there must be a well formed plan, backed up with all the evidence that it is possible to get.

I am writing to day to some of our family in Boston for the purpose of locating a Mr. Perkins who married your fathers sister, Eliza. She is dead but he may have some knowledge that can be used. A reply to this inquiry will doubtless develope some other source of information.

It will be best to spend some time in getting returns from different branches of the family, which I think I can do.

In reference to pictures of your Father and Mother, at the time when they left Troy there was not such a thing known in the place, as photography, not even a daguerreotype. There may be pictures of later date that could be had if it is possible to locate them.

I judge from your letter, that you have lived in California and have since come to Idaho.

I have a brother-in-law in San Jose, Cal. who is a Christian man who might possibly be used to advantage a little later.

At what place in California are these people located, who are forfeiting the name of Manuel? If I am to aid you in ferreting out this crime it will be necessary that you give me all of the information that you can, not that I want to get into my possession anything by which I can secure a portion of this property, for if the laws in the State of California are like those in most States, you will be the sole heir to the entire property providing that it can be proven that you are the only child, and it will in no way effect the rest of the Manuel family.

If there was any doubt as to your grand father, Chandler, being my Uncle, it could be proven by refering to our County records, which will have records of the affair where my Father paid the bail.

As to the Manuel traits, your discription of yourself is certainly convincing. I never knew a Manuel but what had more than the ordinary mechanical ability and could sing.

Were you old enough to have any recollection of ever having seen your Father or Mother?

You say that you are secretly watched all of the time. Will it not be unwise to have mail passing through your Post Office, addressed to a Manuel? If you should prefer, you can adress your communications to Lock Box No. 2, Richford, Vt., and they will reach me, or if it is desirous to send registered mail, I can give you another name to adress to.

If there is anything to be done which will bring to justice such desperate characters, it will have to be done by as few as possible, that is it will not be wise to give your story to any one unnecessarily.

I will advise you of whatever I may learn through the other branches of our family.

As I remember your Father, he would if living, be a man from seventy to seventy five years old.

Very sincerely yours

C. C. Manuel,

By Frank.

No. 40.

C. C. Manuel & Sons,
Manufacturers of
Butter Dishes, Wood Pie Plates,
Swell Drawer Fronts and Veneers.

Richford, Vt., May 2, 1901.

Mrs. James W. King,
Snake River Avenue,
Lewiston, Nezperce County, Idaho.

Dear Mrs. King:—

I herewith enclose letter from my attorney, giving his opinion of your case as it appears to him, after studying our correspondence, and which opinion was formed entirely independent of any suggestion from me,

You will notice that by the records, uncle Chandler did not leave Troy until 1848, instead of 1844. This date is more in conformity with my mind.

Since receiving Mr. Young's letter, my mind is refreshed by the fact that Leonard did return for an appearance in court, which relieved my Father of a portion of the bonds for which he was holden. These dates may be of value to you.

I have not heard from our Boston relatives, but will inform you of any thing new which I may learn.

Very sincerely,
C. C. Manuel.
By Frank

No. 41.

John Young,

George B. Young

YOUNG & YOUNG,
Lawyers,

Court House.

Newport, Vt., May 1, 1901.

C. C. Manuel Esq.,
Richford, Vt.

Dear Sir:

Chandler Manuel was indicated at the June Term, 1848, and the case was continued from term to term until the June Term, 1850, when the bonds were called and forfeited. At the December Term, 1850, a writ of **scire facias** in favor of the State Treasurer against Gardner Manuel declaring upon the bond given for the appearance of Chandler Manuel to answer to that indictment was entered and chancered down to \$50.00, and a judgment for \$50.00 and costs entered against Gardner Manuel. This is all the records and dockets show in reference to this indictment against Chandler Manuel. Every paper connected with the case has disappeared. A minute on the docket and also on the book of records, page

208, says "States Attorney has files". There is nothing in the records, dockets or files by which we can determine the offense for which this indictment was returned.

At the June Term, 1848, Leonard Manuel was indicted for perjury committed in a suit in favor of Chandler Manuel against Franklin Corey, John P. Sartle and James A. Kendall. This case was continued from term to term until the June Term, 1850, when Leonard was tried by jury and acquitted by a verdict of "Not Guilty". This is shown by the record on page 207, and by the docket of the June Term, 1850, of Orleans County Court.

I have been looking this matter over and thinking it over a considerable today. The whole matter is a curiosity to me. While this whole theory may be well founded, the murder committed and the second murder proved, it hardly seems to me probable that Chandler Manuel and his boys or either of them after 1848, when Chandler was indicted, could have accumulated any such property as this correspondence seems to indicate. I can very well understand that if Mr. Manuel was possessed of the amount of property suggested in the correspondence, the inducement might be sufficient for attempting to perpetrate the crime alleged.

The correspondence assumes that Chandler went west about 1844, but the indictment against Leonard shows that the suit in favor of Chandler, in which Leonard was charged with committing perjury, was tried before Justice West in 1848. The annals of crime, however, show cases as peculiar and improbable as the one described in this correspondence.

If you grant the inducement for the crime suggested in this correspondence, I can easily believe that the circumstances, in the main, alleged in the correspondence, and the murder might take place and might be concealed in the manner suggested. You will note that this correspondence assumes the crime to have occurred between 1860 and 1865. It is true that some large fortunes were made between 1850 and 1865 and investment in real estate, then of little or moderate value, may have advanced sufficiently to give the estate the value suggested.

Does not this correspondence as a whole, suggest to your mind monomania or hallucination on the part of the writer? Of course, in the long time covered by this alleged conspiracy ample opportunity must have occurred to make away with the writer, if such intent was really in the minds of the perpetrators of the first murder claimed.

Again, Would you naturally expect that the governor of California, on a simple letter from an unknown woman in Omaha, charging this crime, would order a proceeding instituted for the arrest and trial of the parties charged without a thorough investigation on the part of the Government into the evidence now

existing and the circumstances tending to establish the charge of murder?

It is quite evident from the letters that Mrs. King is quite unsophisticated in the way or manner of doing business in the Courts, and bringing about the results which she seeks to attain.

So far as a civil suit to recover this property is concerned, she must needs have money with which to carry on the litigation. If she has such evidence as she indicates in her letter, namely: evidence conclusive that the murder was committed by the parties referred to in her letter and now living, the State would immediately assume the initiative and the whole burden and expense of bringing the guilty parties to punishment. Of course it might require some money to meet her expenses in laying this matter properly before the prosecuting officers in California where the murder is claimed to have occurred.

As I said in the beginning, the correspondence is to me a curiosity. If I was a public prosecutor in the locality where the alleged offense was committed, if committed at all, I should certainly devote sufficient time to the matter to examine thoroughly all the correspondence and matter which she has before I should be satisfied whether or not there was foundation to her charges.

I return herewith the papers in this matter.

Truly yours,

John Young

No.'s 42 and 43, are the wordings and spellings of letters as they came to me at the Postoffice, U. S. M., of Lewiston, Nez Perce County, Idaho, which are answers from one I had known in school-girl days, in Napa City, Napa County, California; to whom I wrote for information, which I quote here as evidence to my true story. I thought that whatever my friend Mr. Henry C. Gerford would write me, would be true, and I believe it yet; though it does appear from his correspondence, like the case I was getting him into was too overwhelming, and he quit; nevertheless, he was good enough to furnish some of the information I desired, for which I openly express my thanks:

No. 42.

Phone Black 266

LAW OFFICE, HENRY C. GESFORD,
Napa, Cal.

Dear Madam:—

Jan. 11, 1902.

Your letter of the 3rd. inst. addressed to me at 733 Guerrero St. San Francisco duly received at this place. Yes I remember

you very well and often wondered whatever became of you. I am glad to hear that you are still living and I trust that all is well with you. Rest assured that nothing contained in your letter shall ever be known and that what researches I make On your behalf will be made in the most secret manner possible, and no one shall ever know that I have heard from you. I practised law four years in San Francisco, but owing to failing health returned to Napa where I am now practicing as you will see by this letter head, however I also have an office in San Francisco and am there several times each month. As to the information you desire it will involve a good deal of investigation, but as you say your means are limited and for that reason and childhood friendships, I will make but a small charge for the services you desire rendered, say \$25, which you can send me upon receipt of this. If I could employ some one to assist me in this matter I could ascertain the information much sooner for you, but being compelled to keep everything secret I shall have to do the work myself at odd times and hence there will be some delay in giving you the desired information. I saw your father not long since in Napa, he now residing in Calistoga and beng involved in a law suit over some land. He has grown old rapidly in the last few years. I have never had occasion to do any business for him for some reason or other he never having taken much fancy to me. Your brother George I used to see once in a while, but have not for some years, some one told me that he was in Battle Creek, Mishigan at present. My sister Mary whom you mentioned is now living in S. F. and the rest of my people all live here. If there are any other facts in your possession which in your judgment will assist me in the investigation necessary to be made please give me the same in detail in your next letter. It will not only be necessary to examine the records of the Courts here, but also in San Francisco, and if you desire an estimate of the value of any properties it may be necessary to examine the records of the Assessor in each place. Let me hear from you soon and address your reply to Napa.

Yours,

Henry C. Gesford.

No. 43.

Napa, Cal. Feb. 24, 1902.

Dear Madam:—

Your letter of the 30th. ult. received. I have deferred replying because I desired to consider the matter further before I gave an opinion. I thank you for you testimonials, they are satisfactory.

Now as to sending you money to come here on, that at present is impracticable, moreover I think it better for you to

remain there than to come here until further developments. There are some questions which I desire you to enlighten me on, to wit:— You say there were three Manuel brothers, namely; Chandler Manuel, David Manuel, and Leonard Manuel, one of whom was your father and the other two were your uncles, and that you are the only heir to all of the property. Do I understand you to mean that all three of those Manuels are dead and that you are the only child of one of them and that the other two had no children and have you any idea which one was your father? Further how could David A. Manuel, George W. Manuel and Hiram Manuel or either of them obtain possession of the property of your father and two uncles, and when do you think they obtained possession and where?

Now that you have given me so much data, which I shall hold in the strictest confidence, I want you to give me a full history of this matter summarizing all of the evidence in your possession, so that I may determine what to do in the premises. I begin to understand the case, to some extent, but hope that you will put me in possession of all of the facts so that I may proceed more intelligently.

Let me hear from you soon.

Yours,

Henry C. Gesford.

No. 44, is the wording and spelling of the letter that terminated our correspondence:

No. 44.

Napa Cal., Mar., 20th 1902.

Dear Madam:

A letter from Mr. J. D. McConkey, in addition to all other facts which have come to my knowledge through correspondence with you and other wise, have convinced me that I cannot afford to spend further time with your matters. What you should do is to employ some good detective agency to ferret out all of these facts and then place all your evidence in the hands of a lawyer and let him then proceed as his judgment may indicate. For the services I have already rendered, I make you no charge. This is to say to you that any relation of attorney and client which may have heretofore existed between us is hereby terminated. I return you all correspondence received in this matter. Again let me assure you that this matter shall remain with me inviolate.

Yours,

Henry C. Gesford.

(Incl. 5.)

No. 45, is the wording and spelling of a letter that was brought to us from the Postoffice, U. S. M., of Asotin, Asotin County, State of Washington. The envelope containing the

letter, was stamped, Richford Vt Jan 14 1902. Asotin Jan 18 1902. Authorities on the U. S. M., subject, say that no letter could go by U. S. M. from these places, in so short a length of time as five days, during the year of 1902. We therefore could come to no other conclusion than, the envelope and letter it contained, were forgeries. According to the circumstances, who would have any object to write such a letter to either of us, other than the said and alleged Manuels of the four, of California?

No. 45.

Richford Vt Jany 13th 1902

J. W. King

Asotin Wash

Dear Sir

yours of 4th inst received & will say I had a talk with C. C. Manuel and he tells me that his uncle Chandler got into Prison and his Father bailed him out and he ran away & his Father had the bail to pay. And that was in 1849, and his Sons left Vermont about the Same time. Since then he has known but very little about them none of the Sons was married when they left Vermont. C. C. Manuel refers you to William Donigan South Troy Vt. he says he will know more about them then he does. any thing I can do for you in the future would be glad to do so

Resp J. H. Gross

D Sheriff

Signs of the four, are very apparent in No. 46, which is the copy of the wording and spelling of a letter as it came from the Postoffice, U. S. M., of Lewiston, Nez Perce County. State of Idaho:

No. 46.

C. C. Manuel & Sons,
Manufacturers of
Butter Dishes, Wood Pie Plates
Swell Drawer Fronts and Veneers.

Richford, Vt., January 23, 1902

Mr, James W. King,
Lewiston, Nez Perce County,
Idaho.

Dear Sir:—

Our Constable states that he has received a letter from you making some inquiries about our correspondence. I beg to say that the last letter I received from you was dated May 9". My last letter to you was dated May 2".

My conclusion in the matter was that if you had a competent attorney who was convinced that you had a winning case, he would be willing to put up the money with which to carry it through.

There is a Mr. Wm. Donigan of Troy. Vt., who used to go to school with boys who knew some of these Manuel boys, and Mr. Donigan tells me that one of these early school mates wrote him at the time of Geo. Manuels death which leads me to believe that this Geo. Manuel was originally from Troy, Vt.

I think that you might get some interesting information by writting to this Mr. Donigan.

Very truly, C. C. Manuel

No. 47, is the wording and spelling of an AFFIDAVIT from a very reliable man, who recognized my face to be a strong resemblance to a man he had known in the State of California, during the last of the '50's and first of the '60's; who said there was no doubt in his mind from what he remembered and what I had told him, that I was either the daughter of the same Leonard Manuel, or the same Leonard was my uncle:

No. 47.

AFFIDAVIT.

Lewiston Nezperce County Idaho 3/3 1902.

This is to certify that during the year of 1858 to 1860, I saw and knew a man by the name of Leonard Manuel who was an extensive cattle dealer and who owned a Spanish grant comprising leagues of land on the San Joaquin and Fresno plains and who was well known in the southern part of Calaveras County California at that date. I afterwards read an account of his murder in a San Francisco Newspaper which was supposed to have taken place some time between the years 1864 and 1865; the cause and his murderers being unknown to me. I also knew of a man going by the name of William, or Bill Freeman, who was known to have lived around the plains during the years 1858, to have been personally acquainted with Leonard Manuel, and who apparently had no visible means of support. As I remember Leonard Manuel, he was a healthy, robust, red-cheeked young man, and was prominent in that part of the state where he was Known.

State of Idaho)
County of Nez Perces) ss

Personally appeared before me John D. McConkey, a Notary Public in and for Nez Perces County. State of Idaho, Samuel W. Childs, who being duly sworn, deposes and says that he has read the foregoing Statement and that the same is true of his own knowledge and belief.

Samuel W. Childs

Subscribed and sworn to be me this 4th day of March, 1902

John D. McConkey

Notary
Public
Seal

NOTARY PUBLIC
in and for Nez Perce County,
State of Idaho,

Mr. King, myself and others are witness to having seen and read a letter from one, of Tuolumne County, State of California, to the effect: That during the year of 1902, the Records of Tuolumne County, State of California, showed, that a man by the surname of Manuel, whose Christian name had been erased from the Records of that County, had been murdered by a Mexican; that because self defense had been the plea, there had been no prosecution. Murdered between 1864 and 1865.

No. 48, is the wording and spelling of a statement in part, of a right and much respected gentleman, the Hon. J. D. McConkey, of Lewiston, Nez Perce County, State of Idaho:

No. 48.

STATEMENT IN PART.

Lewiston, Idaho,

March 4, 1902

THIS CERTIFIES that a gentleman has just made a sworn statement before me to the effect that he knew one Leonard Manuel between the years 1858 and 1860, and that the same Leonard Manuel owned land on the San Joaquin and Fresno plains at that date, and who was murdered between the years 1864 and 1865. I am personally acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. King of this City, who have been hunting evidence for three years to bring his murderers to justice. I have not only seen evidence with Mrs. King's statements that point very strongly, if not to my mind conclusively. as far as circumstantial evidence is concerned, that Mrs. King is either the daughter of Leonard Manuel, or he was her uncle.

It also appears from evidence in possession of Mrs. King, that two other families have been wiped out, probably by the same party or parties who are responsible for the murder of Leonard Manuel, as well as suspicious circumstances that others by the same surname have met death through their hands. I have also seen letters to show that these same people are doing everything in their power to prevent and pervert justice, by obstructing and interfering with correspondence.

(signed)

J. D. McConkey,

Justice of the Peace.

No.'s 49, 51, 52, are copies of the wordings and spellings of letters as they came to Mr. J. W. King from the Post-office, U. S. M., of Lewiston, Nez Perce County, State of Idaho; and are very fair samples of the gang's accounts mixed with truth and error, to cover murder and property:

No. 49.

Mr James W King
Clarkston Wash

Dear Sir:—

The Editor of the Gallatin Democrat handed me a letter you had wrote to the Sheriff of this county asking about Chandler & David Manuel, who lived here in 1860 as you wanted to correspond with them.

Mr. King as I am a Son of Charles Chandler Manuel & a Nephew of David Manuel, who I presume are the parties you are asking about,

I will answer your letter as best I can as you did not state the character of Information wanted I hardly know how to answer your letter,

But will say that Charles Chandler Manuel Died in 1886, and David Manuel, Left here some time after 1860 , as I was not Borne until 1866 I can not give the exact date he left nor where he went to but I have heard Father say he left her between 1860 & 66. I will further say that there was One of the Brothers in Oakland Cal. some where about 1875 & 85 but I do not know which One, as there was 5 Brothers of them, Charles Chandler, David George, Leonard, & Henry. I never saw any of them except Henry who was here between 1882 & 86 & have not heard from him since. I saw a few days ago in the Scientific American the address of a Geo. Manuel, In Sanfrancisco Cal, who I thought might be an Uncle of mine. I am going to write to him in a few days, & I think there was a Sister who married a man by the name of Otis who lived in Chicago Ill, when last heard from which was years ago. Mr. King If you succeed in locating David or any of the rest of them I would be thankful for the Information & address of any of them.

Mr. King if there is any other Information you want I would be pleased to hear from you & I hope you will answer this letter at once.

Gallatin Mo,
May 12th 1902.

Yours Truly
Wm. M. Manuel

We met by chance a Mr. Calbert, with whom we became somewhat acquainted, who informed us that he had relatives living in Gallatin, Daviess County, State of Missouri. We re-

quested Mr. Calbert to do us the favor to find out from his relatives, if a one-armed man, with his three sons, namely, Chandler Manuel Sr., Chandler Jr., David and Leonard, had lived in that County during the '50's; to which Mr. Calbert said he had complied, and gave us the letter returned to him in answer to our inquiry; of which No. 50, is the quotation of the part that pertained to our inquiry:

No. 50.

Gallatin Davis Co Mo
May the 21th

Mr. Calbert,

Dear Cousin It is with pleasure that I respond my self, of the preasent oppertunity of answering your most welcome letter wich came to hand a wek or more. I would have answered it before now, but we wanted to find out all we could a but the People you spoke of before we wrote. we saw one of David Manulies sons William Manuiel. he told Mr. Mallory quite good eal In regards to your Enquiry. those men all once lived in Davies County and Chanler Manuel ond land here. he is dead his sons lives here. those others nanuels are his unkels one which lives in Oke land Calafornie which I believe is Leonard. the one here is William if you write to him he will give you what information he Can
yours

M. T. Mallory

No. 51.

OUR SECOND LETTER FROM WILLIAM.

Gallatin Mo May 27th 1902
Mr James W King
Dear Sir:

I received your letter of the 20 inst & was thankful for the information in regaurd to my Uncle & Cousins I had all ready wrote to the Geo S' Manuel you spoke of but I have not got any answer yet. the Geo W Manuel you spoke of was an Uncle of mine. Geo. S. Manuel I think is a son of David A. Manuel, he had a son Geo. Mr. King there is knou doubt about Chas Chandler & David A Manuel being Brothers. Chandler & David both Pre-empted land in Daviess County & David A Manuel sold a part of his to Shaffer who you speak of.

Mr King if you will Kindly inform me who you are & why you want to know if Chandler is a Brother of David Manuel who Preempted land & sold it to David Shaffer I can and will give you all the information you will want I am as anxious to know why you want to know about these Brothers as you are to find out about them.

I think Wilder Manuel was my Grand Father I am not positive I can find Out if nessary all a bout him Mr. King if you will state why and what information you want I will give you a detailed history of them so you will know positive whether they are the Manuels you want to find Out a bout you will please answer at Once.

Yours Truly

Wm. Manuel.

No. 52.

OUR THIRD LETTER FROM WILLIAM.

Gallatin Mo June 16th 1902

Mr James W King

Dear Sir:—

yours of June 7th at hand & contents noted.

Mr. King I do not wish to be misunderstood In this matter but I want to be plain. from the reading of your letters there seems to be a tinge of a mysterry a bout them that I can not understand.

As to your relative you have taken me on surprise but will say, that in looking Over Fathers Old letters. I find a letter written by David Manuel from Napa City, Napa Co., Colifornia dated March 1875. In this letter he stated that he left Missouri in 1863 & he & his wife had parted & he had remarried & had 4 children by his first wife & 2 by his second wife, & his first wife had also mrried again. he also mentioned his first wifes name as Laura & he was married when he left here and he is the same David Manuel, who sold his property to David Schaffer

Mr King I would like to ask you a few questions. from what State did your relative & the Manuels you refer to emigrate from to Missouri. & of what kin is your relative to you. what year did they emigrate to Mo. in

how long has it bin since you have seen any of the Manuels you spoke of (in Oakland & San Francisco)

I wrote to Geo Manuel & I was in hopes I would hear from him before I answered this letter. will you please give me the street & number of Walter G. Manuel of Oakland & I will write him & if they are cousins of mine we can ascertain the whereabouts of your relative.

Mr. King you intimated that you would like to see Missouri & see what it looked like. while I am Only a humble Engineer I would be peased to entertain you the best I can & I would like verry much for you to visit me & we can talk this matter Over thoroughly

Yours Truly

Wm Manuel.

P. S. why did you ask about Wilder Manuel. what was your relatives maiden name.

No. 53, is a copy of the wording of an account that appeared in a Tuolumne County, California, newspaper:

No. 53.

Information Wanted.

We publish the following letter by request:

Clarkston, Asotin Co., Wash.,
May 7, 1902.

Mr. H. L. Howe, Undertaker: Dear Sir—Wishing to gain some information in regards to some relatives, I have just been informed did live near your city about 1858 to 1864, and if you will aid me I will be very thankful to you. I was told one Leonard Manuel, who was well known in the southern part of Calaveras county. He was a cattleman and was murdered about 1864 or 1865. If you can find some old settlers that would remember him and the circumstances; also what became of his wife and child and where he was buried. I wish to find his wife and child. As we have not been able to learn the names of any of the old settlers, if you will send me the names of those who knew him I can write to them also. I am sure there must be some living there yet that will remember him and all the circumstances and what became of his wife and child.

Yours very respectfully,
James Andrews.

P. S.—I was told there were two brothers by the name of Frosts, but could not learn their Christian names. They lived on the Stanislaus river and they were cattlemen and knew Leonard Manuel well. If I can procure their address and names in full, or learn from them the circumstances and some one around Knights Ferry.

J. A.

No. 54, is an exact wording and spelling of a letter as it came from the Postoffice, U. S. M., of Clarkston, Asotin County, State of Washington. Hiram C. Manuel, (one of the four), was startled and anxious about the inquiry of the missing Leonard Manuel, who No. 48 says was murdered between the years of 1864 and 1865; that can be seen from his letter of 54, showing that he was watching and on the alert for such inquiries, representing his place of residence to be San Francisco, instead of Sonoma County, California, according to No. 53; and is evidence with other No.'s, that the said Hiram C. dodges about from place to place, when being inquired for, as does his brother, D. A. Manuel, of Napa County and vicinity:

No. 54.

Sanfrancisco May 31 1902

to Mr Andrews

der Sir I Saw an Adveertisement in a toulimania Co Paper in
 Regards to a Man by the Name Lenoard Manuel i would like
 Very Much to Know Something about him My Self as i have a
 Brother by the Name of Leonard Manuel have not herd from
 him for about 50 years we ware all Born in Vermont he would
 about 71 or 72 years old now if you will Plese give Me what
 information you Can and oblige

Hiram C. Manuel

246 Fair oaks St

Sanfrancisco Cal

in haist

When we had received and read all of the letters signed C. C. Manuel, of the foregoing, since the receipt of No. 35, we were decidedly of the opinion, that if the same C. C. Manuel responsible for No. 35, had written any more answers to our letters after our receipt of 35, that they did not reach us as written or dictated by him; that if he had received any more of our letters written to him, after our receipt of 35, that they did not find him, as we had written them. It can be seen that all letters signed C. C. Manuel, or those represented to have come from him, are gradually undoing the dates and accounts as given about the three missing Manuel brothers, Chandler Jr., David and Leonard Manuel, sons of Chandler Manuel Sr., who all came West and disappeared from the sight and knowledge of their relatives in Vermont; which account is decidedly incriminating to the four said and alleged Manuel brothers of California, namely, David A., George W., Hiram C., and Harrison; and it can be seen that No.'s 49, 51 and 52, are making strenuous efforts to help out in this direction to the interest and saving of the four said Manuel brothers and their gang in the State of California and Daviess County, State of Missouri. It appears from the contradictory accounts of all of the foregoing numbers signed C. C. Manuel, excepting 35, from the fact that 35 is incriminating to the gang, that they have intercepted and forged answers each way, to prevent truth from reaching each way, and have composed answers to letters that are calculated to disgust, baffle, deceive, to impress readers with the idea that I have some kind of a hallucination. Letters plain enough to be seen from their contents, intended to discourage my search for any more in-

formation in regards to the missing Manuels, Chandler Manuel Sr., and his three sons, Chandler Jr., David and Leonard. They are so much like the gang and their sayings and dealings towards me, that I believe they are responsible for them. They are in their interest, and decidedly against my interest. In view of all this, we went to an Attorney and requested him to write and address a letter to C. C. Manuel, Richford, Franklin County, Vermont, to see what kind of a reply that he would get. The Attorney wrote the letter for us, in which he put questions; some of which were:

"Did your relative, Chandler Manuel Sr., have any more or less than three sons when he left the State of Vermont? When did they leave Vermont? What were their names? When and where were they when you last heard from them?"

To this letter an answer came through the U. S. M. Not one of the lawyer's questions were answered, which angered the Attorney, not understanding the tricks of the gang, who gave us the letter, in the utmost disgust, of which No. 55 is a copy of the wording and spelling:

No. 55.

Richford, Vt., July 19, 1902.

Mr. Charles L. McDonald,
Lewiston, Idaho.

Dear sir,

I am in receipt of your letter of the 12th inst., making inquiry as to Mrs King and her relatives.

I will say that any questions which I may be able to answer will receive my very best attention. You are mistaken about Mrs. King's father being by brother. Mrs. King's grandfather, Chandler Manuel, was a brother to Gardner Manuel, who was my father, which would make my relation-ship to Mrs. King's father first cousin

I have become very much interested in Mrs. King's story, and at one time I thought quite favorably of going on to make a more thorough investigation, as she certainly relates a very tragic story.

As you have intimated the supposition that she is working on is that the original David Manuel, who went from Troy, Vt., was murdered and that the alias David Manuel is another family entirely. There is a Mr. William Donnigan, who now lives in Troy, Vt., and was acquainted with George Manuel a brother of David Manuel, also a man by the name of Pike, who originally went from Troy, Vt., to California. Since having the correspondence with Mrs. King, I was in conversation with Mr. Donnigan

and he spoke of receiving a letter from this Mr. Pike in California, announcing the death of George Manuel. Mrs. King claimed to me that this George Manuel was a brother of the alias David Manuel.

This bit of information has led me to believe that she must be mistaken in some way, for evidently this same family of Manuels that are now in California, must have come from Troy Vt., and we cannot see how that a strange family could have come up to take their place without this Mr. Pike having knowledge of the matter.

As I stated before, any question that I can answer or any information that I can give, will be given cheerfully,

Very respectfully,

C. C. Manuel

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No. 56, is the wording and spelling of a statement given me by the County Attorney of Nez Perce County, State of Idaho:

No. 56.

Miles S. Johnson,

County Attorney

Office of

COUNTY ATTORNEY

Nez Perce Co., Idaho

Lewiston, Idaho, Jan 7th, 1903

To whom it may concern:

From letters and statements made to me I have come to the conclusion that there is good grounds for believing that Mrs. J. W. King has an interest in a large estate in California and if she can substantiate in Court what has been stated to me she ought to recover a large sum and I believe that she should go there and commence the necessary proceedings to determine her rights.

Yours truly

Miles S. Johnson.

No. 57.

"George W. Manuel, now deceased, had deeded the Manuel block on Main street to his wife, Jennie E. Manuel. The instrument of gift was filed for record with Recorder Deweese, Friday. **Napa Register**, 1900."

Recorder Deweese, of No. 57, was one of the Deweese brothers who were escorts to Carrie and Anna Belle Colburn, in Napa, in 1875.

No. 58.

"Walter Manuel of San Francisco, a son of the late G. W. Manuel, was in Napa to-day. **Napa Register**, 1900."

No. 59.

"The marriage of Miss Jenine E. Manuel and George W. Clopp, took place at noon Saturday at the bride's residence, 678 Fourteenth street, Oakland. Mr. and Mrs Klopp will spend their honeymoon at Del Monte. **San Francisco Examiner**, 1904."

No. 59 is an announcement of the marriage of the flourishing widow of the said deceased G. W. Manuel (one of the four), of Oakland, 678 Fourteenth and Castro streets; and No. 58, is a personal of the son of G. W. Manuel.

It appears from the plot, conspiracy together with the answers to our correspondence, that the four said Manuel brothers of California, sent Shaffer and Barnett their accomplices, "to hold the land for them, to answer all questions to satisfy the public," to Daviess County, State of Missouri, to hold the land for them that belonged to Chandler Manuel Sr., and his three sons—there were no more than three sons—namely, Chandler Jr., David and Leonard; who were originally from the State of Vermont. It appears also, according to the name, circumstances together with our correspondence, that Charlotte and the said David Manuel, of Sonoma, St. Luis, Calistoga, Napa, one of the four, of the State of California, sent their eldest son William Manuel back to Daviess County, State of Missouri, years after, to aid their accomplices Shaffer and Barnett; who writes confusing, contradictory accounts and tells different stories in Daviess County, than he does to those writing for information; and gets possession of letters directed to Officials of the same County. It appears from No.'s 15, 17, 21, 49, 51, 52 and 60, that the same William Manuel represents himself to be a son of three different fathers, namely, Charles A. Manuel, Charles Chandler Manuel and David Manuel. Why this is done by him, will appear evident enough, I think, to readers, when taken into consideration with my true story. It is not strange therefore, that inquirers and Attorneys from other places not knowing the truth of the plot and conspiracy, become confused and baffled by the information that comes to them from Daviess County, State of Missouri. We found in a Gallatin, State of Missouri, newspaper, the address of an ex-Marshall of the same County and State, who had left there, and was living in Leesville, L. A., to whom I wrote and mailed

a letter, asking information about Manuels living in Daviess County, Missouri; of which No. 60, was the wording and spelling of the answer returned to me through the U. S. M., of the city of Fresno, Fresno County, State of California:

No. 60.

Leesville L a June 9

yours to hand and in Reply will say that I will help yew all I can thare was one family by the name of manwel lived near Gallatin tha tha are old setlers the old man is dead but has two sons living thare now one by the name of William and one by the name of Warren manwel the old man name was charley he died some 20 years a go if yew Rite yew had Better Rite to William at Gallatin Davis county Mo and when yew anser this and give me all of the partickwlars give me your age & and if yew are married or singal and what yew maden name and the name of the people that Stold yew give me your history as near as yew can up to now yow need not fear that I will give yow a way I was marshall thar for 6 years and know all of the old settlers maby I can help yew out

Yours with Resp

J. W. Mitchell

tha all coll me Dady Mitchell up thare

Laura and George S., her eldest son, taught me when small, that my birthplace was Pike County, State of Missouri, 1861, where Mr. King inquired for marriages of Manuels and Chandlers, and No. 62, is the wording and spelling of the answer, as it came to me through the U. S. M., of the Pacific Postoffice, King County, Washington:

No. 61.

RECORDER'S OFFICE.

of Pike County

Harry H. Brown Recorder

Bowling Green, Missouri

James W. King
Pacific

3/25-1911

Washington

Dear your letter to hand. I find no name of Manuel on the Marriage Record but find that one J. Chandler was married to Miss Mary Frances Truslow, on the 24th day of April 1864.

The above parties came from Louisana Mo.

I am yours Very Truly

H. H. Brown

A CONTINUATION OF SKETCH 37.

When we read No. 18, in Lewiston, Idaho, I asked Mr. King how the newspaper account impressed him as a whole?

Mr. King said: "It appears to me as though it was composed to cover; to give readers the idea that the said G. W. Manuel was of a prominent ancestry, who possessed energy, mechanical ability, genius, and most everything inherent that he did not possess, that is characteristic among white people and not Mexicans of the dark races; who are various nationalities mixed with Indians, who do not possess the morals and character of full-blooded Indians. Of course there are exceptions among all races of people; but I speak of the average criminal type more particularly; for George W. was decidedly of that type. I believe from what you have told me, that the said George W. Manuel's surname was something other than Manuel, and that he married a Miss Sylvia Griswold, and not Lucy Griswold; that Laura, was a Miss Mary Griswold, and married a man by some surname other than Manuel; that the same two Misses married in the same County in Illinois where Laura told you she crossed from Aurora over the Fox river, where they procured their marriage license.. It appears to me from what you have told me, that all of the four said Manuel brothers of Napa, took the name of Manuel to gain possession of land and property, probably money in bank, that belonged to others by the same surname; your father, uncles and other relatives who came to California included. Your mother, I think, was the writer and composer of the novel that came out in the "New York Ledger" under the title of "Hetta," or, "The Broken Home;" and there is no telling how much your gang derived from the sale of the same story, or what money, land or property belonged to your mother, that the gang have confiscated to themselves. The most of the wealth of your parents may not have come from your father or his relatives, but there was money, land or property of some description willed or known to be yours, at the time your parents and relatives you knew disappeared; it could not have been otherwise, or your gang would have put you out in short order, like they did your other relatives; and the evidence to show that I am correct, was

the fact that Laura took you before Dave McClure and took an oath to that effect. You heard her yourself say, that "you was the true heir to land," she wanted to divide among her boys, when you were in Fresno; but your gang had to be cautious about how they disposed of you, for fear of the crime being proven on them, from the fact that they were claiming relationship to you to get the property that was yours by right of inheritance from your relatives. That all appears to me from your story as plain as the nose on your face. I know that it could have been easily accomplished in the time and place and among the kind of people that were your surroundings, when the plot against your relatives and yourself was laid by your gang. Did I not have a similar experience of my own? The lawyers and Judges of the Courts were not always to blame, either, for they were compelled to go by the evidence and witnesses who came before them and brought to them. If they were decidedly of the opinion that there was a plot and crime behind it all, they were ignorant to facts and witnesses to expose the same, and many of them could not do Justice on account of the members and power of the criminal and dangerous element in California during the '50's and '60's; who had the reputation of uniting with criminals of various kinds and nationalities to murder and plunder peaceable white people who then came to California."

I said: "I have no doubts that you are correct about Lawyers, Courts and Judges in many instances, in California; nevertheless, it does look to me from what I have seen, heard and know, that some of the Officials and Lawyers of California, where the gang reside and are known, were willing to let them have very much their own way about defrauding me of my inheritance; as long as they did not murder me in such a manner as to bring out the true cause, which would expose the true plot, conspiracy, perjury, slackness of some courts, and expose the real kind of people my said relatives of the four, really were; and the amount of inheritance I had been defrauded out of, from missing, murdered relatives. If I did not think they had been taken advantage of in the most treacherous way, and have been murdered in the most brutal and cruel way, I would not feel so bad about it all; but I know the dispositions of two families of the said Manuels towards me, when they were supposed to have

been treating me their best, and I have a horror of what appears to me they have done to my relatives who I believe were feeding and clothing them when the plot was being laid against my parents in the State of California, before other relatives came there in search of them and me. I do not say that Lucy liked crime as an occupation; but I could not think as I knew them, that George W. and David A., two of the four, could like any kind of an existence other than a criminal career, and Laura included. That appealing wail of distress and grief that sounded in my ears from the Napa river when a child, has since caused me at times, to break out in sobs and tears at the remembrance of it. I believe the said George W. Manuel, was the one, or among others, who murdered My Father; and that is why his eyes were haunted. I now believe that Dave and Laura were the couple who murdered My Mother, when I last saw her at the old house by the Napa river, and missed her in the morning, and found Laura, with a fiendish smile on her face, that was such a shock to me, that I never forgot when and where I first saw Laura."

"Mr. King broke in excitedly: "Well, I'm going to tell you now, as I have told you before, that I believe Dave and Laura did murder that woman who brought you to the old house with her that night you last saw her, and threw her body into the Napa river near the old house, where you heard that wail of distress calling your name from the Napa river. They might have given her a stunning blow that made her unconscious, and when she hit the water, gave that same kind of a wail of grief and distress calling for you, before she breathed her last. She was either your Mother, or some woman who thought as much of you. Oh—the fiends! I am determined to get the best of them at the risk of my life! It is like getting some satisfaction for what has been done to my parents and me! It looks to me as though that old house and grounds must have belonged to your parents or some of your relatives. If the truth was known, it appears as though all of the ground they were in possession of shortly after you missed your parents, belonged to your parents or relatives. The links in your story, appear like it. I have an opinion from what you have told me, that the said Hiram C. Manuel, one of the four,

went by the name of Amos Griswold before he took the name of Hiram C. Manuel; that the said Jennie Griswold is the said Hiram's daughter; that the said Hiram C. Manuel, of Sonoma, one of the four, is Lucy's brother. Lucy and Laura might have been related, but I have doubts that they were full sisters. Their style, language, and raising as you have described them to me, does not indicate it. They were both enemies to you in the plot, and it appears to me as though Laura was preventing them all from defrauding her out of her share of the plunder, by retaining you in her custody at all hazards, until such a time as she could dispose of you in some kind of a manner, that neither they, or anyone else could prove it on her, claim whatever had been willed to you by relatives, and the others could not influence or stop her as long as she did not expose them and the plot, which would expose herself.

Mr. King said: "If G. W. Manuel did die in the manner which the newspaper account said he did, according to the circumstances, it appears as though he committed suicide. If he is dead, I am sorry of it. I would like to get him before the Courts. I am afraid every one of this gang will have their deaths advertised in newspapers, when there is any serious danger of their being arrested or notified to appear before a Court on any complaint we may put against them, and will, in this way, effect their escape. This would be the easiest and surest way they could beat us in their games, and this is where I am afraid we are going to lose out. It does not appear the least reasonable to me, that a Mexican would have been born in North Troy, Orleans County, Vermont, during the '30's, of ancestry who lived there several generations; or be an inventor of valuable inventions; particularly, Gang-plows. I never did hear of a Mexican being an inventor or a patentee. They ploughed with a crooked stick in Mexico, during the '60's, and do yet. It is not characteristic of them to be inventors, or Indians either."

I inquired: "Do you know when the famous Erie Canal was completed?"

Mr. King replied: "I think I can find it in our Almanac." Searching the Almanac, Mr. King announced: "The Almanac says the famous Erie Canal was completed in the year 1825, which is no doubt correct. If the said G. W. Manuel (one of the four),

was born in the year of 1837, as the newspaper account says he was, then the famous Erie Canal would have been completed 12 years before he was born. He could not, therefore, have been a contractor to help build the famous Erie Canal, as the newspaper account said he did."

I continued: "He must have been a swift inventor, swift lover, swift traveler. Just think! An implement and valuable patent controler, landing in California from the State of Illinois with a wife like Lucy, before he had seen his twenty-first year. People would think him remarkable, who believed all the newspaper account said about him, and to do all of this when there were few railroads, and no railroad from Illinois to California. Do you suppose the patents were given to him?"

Mr. King replied: "No, not one of them. I believe as you do, that the Gang-plow papers to patents were taken from the man they murdered in the blacksmith shop, in 1867, when they murdered him and took everything off of him, to conceal his name and identity, and the same man was your uncle Chandler; and that was why you heard no more about him, or the land your gang wanted, that he was probably the true owner of. If we could get trace of land that belonged to one Chandler Manuel, we would, no doubt, find land that some member of your gang was either in possession of, or had sold, if we could prove it on them."

I said: "According to what I heard them say, neither George, Lucy, Dave or Laura had money enough to buy a house and lot, when they first arrived in California."

Mr. King said: "According to your story, your said Manuel relatives (of the four) must have been guilty of the murder of your parents and relatives who came to California, to get whatever belonged to them. How could it be otherwise, and your story be true?"

I said: "My story is true, as I know it. You can depend on it, however it came about."

Mr. King said: "There were many fortunes made in a short time in California, during the '50's and '60's and '70's, without crime in the years of gold and plenty; but there is all to indicate, according to Laura's story she taught you, what you remember, have heard and seen, that your gang were of the kind who got

their living and wealth by plunder and murder; who, as time went on, found it necessary to conceal past crimes and their true occupation, by blinds, perjury and deception, which they have been educating themselves and their children to, as appears."

We decided to write to Daviess County, Missouri, to find out there, who sold the land there, described in No. 15, and who it was sold to, that we understood Webber & Rutherford in No. 17, to mean, belonged to me, before my said father, David, David A., and David C. Manuel (one of the four), sold it. No. 21, was our answer which revealed to us the whereabouts entirely conclusive, of the accomplices of the gang: namely, Shaffer and Barnett; whom I heard George W. Manuel tell Laura in 1867, they would "send back, to hold the land for them, to answer all questions to satisfy the public." From the fact that the man who sold this land to Shaffer and Barnett, had a wife named Charlotte, and a former wife named Laura, was a resident of Napa, California, and had sold the land to men by the names of Shaffer and Barnett, established the true identity of the man who sold it, beyond any question or dispute, who was no other than the said David Manuel, the said brother to Harrison, Hiram C. and George W. Manuel, of California. We sent letters of inquiry to Kane County and surrounding Counties and other Counties of the State of Illinois, to find out if there was any one or more marriages recorded in those counties, of Manuels married to Griswolds, or Griswalds; from which we received answers, denying there were any found on Records of Kane County, or surrounding Counties; and No. 24, contains the contents of one letter I wrote, that was returned to me, with the answer written on it; which disputes there was any Laura or Lucy Griswold married to Manuels; and therefore, disputes No. 18, that there was any Lucy Griswold, married to any G. W. Manuel, found on record, where the newspaper account said they were married. True to Mr. King's guessing from my story, came No. 25; which appeared from what I had heard Mrs. Ritchie, Lucy and Laura say, according to my true story, that the initial S., in George S. Manuel's name stood for Sylvester, named from his aunt Sylvia; that Laura's name was Mary, and Lucy's name was Sylvia; that according to what Laura told Emma Ritchie, that the initial G., in Walter G. Man-

uel's name, stood for Gerome. The old fashioned way of spelling Gerome, was with a G., and not a J. Was the true name of G. W. Manuel, Gerome B. Woodworth? Was Dave's true name Vincint H. Freeman? Was Lucy's true name, Sylvia M. Griswald? Was Laura's true name, Mary Griswald? Or, did they use these names to represent other people who had disappeared as mine had? We sent another letter of inquiry of the same parties, the answer of which, was No. 33. From the fact that Griswald was spelled with an o, and Gerome had been chenged to James in No. 33, when we sent a second letter inquiring the names of men who married Mary and Sylvia Groswald, it appears as though the party responsible for No. 33, was not aware that we had already received No. 25; that from No. 33, it appears, we were getting nearer some trail, than was desirable. When Laura and I were residents of the home of G. W. and Lucy in the last of 1867 and first of 1868, I often heard Laura and Lucy speak of men by the names of Young, Cody, Wheeler, and sometimes Dudley, and gathered from their conversation, from what I could understand of it, that men by these names had lived somewhere, not many miles from a place called Algonquin, which place I often heard mentioned by Lucy to Laura. Who these men were, or why they mentioned their names so often, is more than I know; and if I ever knew any more about them, I do not remember it.

No. 23 says: "George Manuel, a civil engineer of this county who died a year or so ago." On account of this affirmation, I wrote letters inquiring when, where and how, George S. Manuel died; also a letter inquiring if our said mother, Laura C. Colburn, was yet alive; which accounts for No. 29. Neither Mr. King or I answered No. 29, and we found the same George S. Manuel, my eldest said brother, alive, later.

The A. A. Manuel, of No. 30, and the Harvey S. Manuel, of No. 32, are unknown to Mr. King and myself.

No. 18 boldly represents one of the four said Manuel brothers, namely, the prominent, swift, agricultural-implement-gang-plow-patent controler, of Napa and 678 Fourteenth and Castro streets, Oakland, of capitalistic fame, was of a prominent ancestry; who occupied a homestead in North Troy, Orleans County, Vermont, of several genrations; who was known as a Mexican in Napa and

as a brother to the said Mexican of Napa and Calistoga, the said and alleged David A. Manuel (one of the four), who sold the land in Daviess County, State of Missouri, to their accomplices, Shaffer and Barnett, according to facts within my knowledge, that can be evidenced by many living witnesses, and No's 15, 17 and 21.

Mr. King said: "How do you know but some of your relatives might have lived in North Troy, Orleans County, Vermont, and the object of the newspaper publication, was a bold dash on the part of the late G. W. Manuel, to account for, in his and other members of his gang's possession, property and money in bank, that belongs to you, and had belonged to your relatives, before they disposed of them?"

I replied: "Now you have struck an idea, that also strikes me, I think, even more forcible than yourself. Yes, that does appear to me like them, and like their tricks."

Mr. King said: "It looks to me, as though the lawyers found evidence of this kind on record, and the newspaper account (No. 18) was a bold dash, to aid his widow and their child, who are, it appears, in possession of your name Eleanor; to cover and account for property revealed on Record, that belonged to you by inheritance or will; to shield his widow, the said Jennie E. Griswold; to shield his daughter, Mrs. L. S. Burchard; to shield his prominent son, Walter Gerome, the prominent ex-councilman of Oakland; who, according to his personal in the same paper, (No. 58) now advertises his place of residence in San Francisco, and leaves the G. out of his name. I wonder if any of your gang have caught on to some of our inquiries going to Illinois? It is beginning to appear like it. I think we had better send a letter to Vermont, to see what we can find out about the ancestry of the prominent G. W., who worked on the famous Erie Canal before he was born. How would you write the letter to catch what we wish to know?"

I replied: "Arouse their curiosity. Tell the party we have some valuable information to impart to relatives of two brothers who disappeared during the '60's in the West, who we are in search of; that we are in search of relatives of Chandler Manuel and David Manuel, brothers; and have heard that a family of Manuels had lived in your town, County and State, for several generations. If you know of any Chandler and David Manuel

brothers, who disappeared from Vermont during the '60's, or at any prior time, who yet have any relatives living in your town or State, please send us the names of all the men of this family, according to their generations, and names in particular of all the relatives of the same family of Chandler and David, and names of those who came West; that is if you know them, or they can be obtained without any difficulty. Please give facts, for we wish to be sure that they are the family we are in search of, before we impart the information."

Mr. King wrote the letter according to my dictation, addressed it to "Sheriff of North Troy, Orleans County, Vermont;" from which we received a reply in due time, which was No. 34. When No. 34 came, we were very much excited and entirely confident that we had found relatives of my missing father and uncles, David and Chandler Manuel; and from No. 34 we obtained the names and addresses of Chas. C. Manuel and Lorenzo Manuel, to whom I wrote and registered my letters; of which No's 35 and 36 were the answers; that were also registered letters.

No.'s 37 and 38, were answers to letters Mr. King wrote at my dictation for information about Manuels, Griswolds and Thompsons; that was addressed to the Chief of Police, Aurora, Kane County, Illinois. There are acknowledgments in them that evidence my true story, as to what Laura taught me, whether true or false. In view of their contents, the letters Mr. King wrote, and the fact that they were both handwritten, lead me to think that they are deceptive letters dictated or written by my gang, to baffle and to carry out their deceptions they taught me. I doubt if the same Chief of Police ever saw the same letter written by Mr. King, or knew anything about the contents of No.'s 37 and 38.

Mr. Samuel W. Childs, an elderly gentleman, of honest and truthful reputation, by chance, saw me with Mr. King on Snake River Ave., Lewiston, one day, and a day or two after, asked Mr. King what my name was before it was Mrs. King.

"Why do you ask that question?" said Mr. King.

"I knew a young man years gone by. Mrs. King has a face that so much resembles the face of that young man I knew, that she brought his memory back to me; and I have wondered if

Mrs. King could have been his daughter, since I saw her with you."

"What was the young man's name?" Mr. King inquired.

Mr. Childs replied: "His surname was Manuel. His given name I would know if I heard it, which I cannot, just now recall to memory."

Mr. King anxiously and eagerly volunteered: "I will call over several names of men, to see if you can identify the name when you hear it: George, Dave, Harrison, Hiram, Chandler, Leonard,"

"There! that is the name," said Mr. Childs, when Mr. King said Leonard. "Leonard Manuel was the name of the man I knew, whose face resembled your wife's."

After some further conversation, Mr. King hurried home and excitedly announced: "I have found a man that knew Leonard Manuel, on the Fresno plains, in 1858. Then Mr. King related the foregoing and continued:

"Mr. Childs told me Leonard Manuel told him then, that he had just married, or was going to get married—Mr. Childs could not remember which, and that Leonard Manuel said something about some relatives he expected would join him in California, before long; though he could not remember any more Leonard Manuel told him about his marriage or relatives. Your memory was all right when a child. I asked Mr. Childs the names and location of some persons who knew Leonard Manuel in California and where he lived, to be sure that the same man was a brother to Chandler and David, and Mr. Childs told me that he left the Fresno plains and neither saw or heard any more of him until after 1864; that Leonard Manuel was traveling most of the time in California, buying and selling cattle; and he knew very little about his personal or family affairs; that he was well known in '58, in the southern part of Calaveras County, (that would now be Tuolumne County); and it might have been the same Leonard Manuel's home—he was not certain; but said he knew that Leonard Manuel went to Napa, Sacramento, San Francisco, Vallejo, the Fresno and San Joaquin plains, and up around Marysville and that vicinity, buying and taking cattle to market; that from what he had seen, knew and heard, this Leonard Manuel was an extensive land and cattle owner in California; was a

personal friend of the Frost brothers, who lived on a ranch near Stockton, on the Stanislaus river, California; where Leonard Manuel often stopped over night, and sometimes spent a week at a time with them. I asked Mr. Childs what kind of a looking man Leonard Manuel was? Mr. Childs said Leonard Manuel was a stout, robust, rosy-cheeked, light-complexioned young man; a white man, who according to what he had heard of him, was popular among those who knew him; whose reputation was that of a jolly, good-natured and energetic young man."

"Did Mr. Childs ever hear, know, or have any idea what became of him?" I asked Mr. King.

"That is the part I hate to tell you," Mr. King said.

"You know what I already think became of him. Tell me the truth, whatever it might be," I replied. "I am prepared to hear the worst—I think."

Mr. King said: "Leonard Manuel was murdered. Mr. Childs told me that he read an account of Leonard Manuel's murder, in a San Francisco newspaper, between 1864 and 1865.

"Yes," I replied, "that was no doubt my father or uncle, I lived and traveled with, who was dear to me as any father could have been. I guess you are now as thoroughly convince as to who his murderers were, and why he was murdered, as I am."

"Yes," said Mr. King, "How could I have any doubts of it now, if I ever did have any doubts of it before?"

"I must see Mr. Childs," I said, "and see if I can find out any more about Leonard Manuel, than he has told you."

Mr. King took me to Mr. Childs and introduced us.

"Mr. Childs," I said, "I knew three sisters who boarded, roomed and were scholars of 'The Napa Young Ladies Seminary,' in 1874, named Amelia, Susie and Dixie Childs. Were they any relation to you?"

Mr. Childs replied: "Yes, they were my brother's children, and my nieces."

We three then had a talk about the missing Manuel brothers, when, and how I missed the woman I thought must have been my mother, and the identification of the picture of one I believed was my missing Father, Leonard Manuel.

"Mr. Childs," I said, "I remember a Mr. Frost, who called to see the woman who raised me, after my mother disappeared. I was little then, and do not know the year exact, yet I know by other incidents, that it was within the years of 1864, 1865, 1866, when a Mr. Frost I knew and recognized, came several times to the old house by the Napa river, and signed some papers Laura handed him, then disappeared from my sight. This was the last I saw or heard of him. If you ever knew the man, I think you will remember him by my description. I described the Mr. Frost who is described in SKETCH 1.

"That is one of the Frost brothers who lived on the Stanislaus river, who Leonard Manuel used to visit with," said Mr. Childs. "You must have known Leonard Manuel; and I certainly believe if Leonard Manuel had a daughter, you are that daughter, or Leonard Manuel was your uncle. You must have lived with Leonard Manuel, to have known and remembered from so small a child, his associate, the Frost brother. Alvisa Haywards was also an associate of the same Leonard Manuel now I remember, when I knew him on the Fresno plains, in 1858. Alvisa Haywards is a capitalist, and is well known in California. There ought to have been a bank account to Leonard Manuel's credit, before and after the cattle were sold, that he was the owner of. They were worth considerable money without counting anything else that belonged to Leonard Manuel at the time of his murder, that was at some date I cannot now remember, between 1864 and 1865. Nothing was said in the San Francisco newspaper from which I read an account of his murder, as to the cause or who was guilty of the crime, that I have any recollection of."

"Did you ever know, or hear of any one or more persons going by the surname of Freeman, when you knew Leonard Manuel on the Fresno plains?" I inquired of Mr. Childs.

"I did know one, Bill Freeman," said Mr. Childs.

"What kind of a reputation did he have there, and did you ever see or hear of him being with or talking to Leonard Manuel when Leonard Manuel was on the Fresno plains?" I asked Mr. Childs.

"Yes, I did," Mr. Childs said. "This Bill Freeman I knew on the plains, had the reputation of being a doubtful kind of a character, with no visible means of support, and I have seen him

myself, hanging around Leonard Manuel's camp and have seen him talk to Leonard Manuel, when they were on the plains."

Mr. Samuel W. Childs was elderly, feeble, and in poor health when we talked to him, and this was all the definite information we could obtain from him in regards to Leonard Manuel. Mr. Childs also explained much, if not all, to the Hon. J. D. McConkey, Justice of the Peace, of Lewiston, Nez Perce County, State of Idaho, and swore to an Affidavit for us, that was witnessed by Hon. J. D. McConkey. No.'s 47 and 48.

I think it was during the year 1901—I am not positive of the year exact—when ex-Congressman James W. Reed, stopped on Snake River Ave. a few minutes, because he was going to prepare for a banquet at the Masonic Temple that evening.

"Take my advise and don't go, Mr. Reed," I said. "You have aided me in obtaining Court Records from California that shows guilt of dangerous criminals, and I believe you are going to run the risk of your life, if you are not careful about how and where you eat. I cannot show you proof of all I tell you now, but that does not prevent my knowing that you are running a risk by eating or drinking at any banquet, for the time being. If you eat at that Masonic Banquet tonight, I am afraid it will be the last of you."

"There is not the least danger, Mrs. King. I am a brother Mason, and they will be expecting me tonight, where I am anticipating an enjoyable time. You do not understand Masonic obligations. There will no harm come to me from them, whatever danger I might be in elsewhere."

Very much to our regret, it was openly reported by 7 o'clock the following morning, that ex-Congressman James W. Reed, perished that night from poison, placed in his food or drink, at the Masonic banquet; and we have never heard this report disputed, or that any other person was poisoned at the same banquet.

I saw by our correspondence, newspaper accounts, etc., that members of my said relatives added, dropped and changed letters and initials in their names as they saw fit, and I did some inquiring, to find out who the family of Coburns were, who lived in the house located where the man disappeared who entered our house on Snake River Ave., feigned drunkenness, whom Mr. King chased down Snake River Ave., in hopes of overtaking and

turning over to the Officers of the Law. From these inquiries, I was informed by old-timers of Lewiston, that Mr. C. P. Coburn, then a Justice of the Peace, of Lewiston, Idaho, came to Lewiston in 1865; that the same Mr. Coburn had two brothers living in California, one of them a resident of Ukiah, Mendocino County, California; that the same Mr. Coburn married a Mrs. French, whose given name was Susan; that when the same Mr. Coburn first came to Lewiston, he spelled his name Colburn; but later dropped the l out of his name and spelled it Coburn. Mr. King knew them by name and sight in Lewiston, some time before I saw or heard of any Coburns living in Lewiston, without any suspicion that they knew or were related in any way to my gang. I saw and recognized two of these Coburns of Lewiston, whom I remembered I had seen when a small school girl in Napa City; namely, Albert and Horatio, whom my said step-father, Henry S. Colburn, told me in Napa, California, were his nephews. They were said to be sons of C. P. Coburn, of Lewiston, Idaho; which connects them with my true story.

According to the population as given, North Troy, of Orleans County, and Richford, of Franklin County, State of Vermont, are old and small towns, where some families have been known in their generations. It should not therefore, be difficult to trace and give a straight account of one's relatives who had been residents in a town like North Troy, of several generations, that No. 18 represents the said G. W. Manuel (one of the four), of 678 Fourteenth and Castro streets, Oakland, California, to be from; which should be taken into consideration, when reading No.'s 34, 35, 36, 39, 40, 41, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 61.

When we had read No.'s 39, 40, 41, 45, that were handed to Mr. King from the Lewiston Postoffice, I declared to him:

"Jim, it appears very much to me now, as though my gang have contrived to intercept our letters, or get some one to do it for them, and are composing answers to our letters addressed to C. C. Manuel, Richford, Franklin County, Vermont, as they think necessary to deceive and baffle us in obtaining true information and evidence against them. These letters do not sound to me like the composition of the persons who dictated and wrote the first, and I am thinking, the only letter we have

yet received from C. C. Manuel, of Richford, Vermont. Some of their contents are mean, insulting, and are not like letters written about missing relatives; particularly one like me, after what I have told and explained to them. That letter signed John Young, pretending to be written in the interest of C. C. Manuel, of Vermont, is using the argument of "hallucination" against me, representing that I am a resident of Omaha, to conceal my whereabouts, and to discourage us from making any further search for the missing David, Chandler and Leonard Manuel brothers, and the land and property they owned. This would be to the interest of the four said Manuels of California, and their gang. And what did I ever write in any of my letters to C. C. Manuel of Vermont, to give him or any intelligent Attorney, the impression that I am bug-house? That letter signed John Young, sounds to me like such an argument as the gang would dictate against me for their defense, to prevent us from getting aid or evidence against them."

"Ditto!" Mr King shouted. "It wouldn't surprise me, if you keep on writing letters addressed to C. C. Manuel, Richford, Vermont, to see you get a letter with the same man's name signed to it, saying Dave and George were back in North Troy, going to school. I think it will pay us to keep up the correspondence until we get something more definite as to who is responsible for intercepting our letters addressed to C. C. Manuel and returning answers with his name signed to them."

And it can be seen by comparing No.'s 46 and 55, that Mr. King guessed closely. North Troy is not far from Troy, and in the same County and State; though No. 18 says G. W. Manuel (who was one of the four said Manuel brothers of California), was born and lived in North Troy, Orleans County, Vermont, of ancestry of several generations.

Mr. King had written several letters, that he had addressed to officials of Gallatin, Daviess County, Missouri, to find out if Chandler and David Manuel brothers lived in Daviess County, Missouri, during the '50's? From these letters he received no answers, and Mr. King said:

"I am going to try a different plan, to see if I can get an answer from the Sheriff of Daviess County, Missouri. I feel sure according to the circumstances, that David and Chandler

Manuel brothers lived in the same County at some time during the '50's, and I believe they owned land there, and the Manuels of the four, of California, decoyed Chandler out to Napa, and murdered him in Dave's blacksmith shop, in 1867, to prevent his coming against them for the murder of his two brothers, Leonard and David, and to get the proceeds of land in Daviess County, Missouri, that belonged to two or more of the Manuels formerly of North Troy, Vermont; namely, Chandler Sr., and his three sons, Chandler Jr., David and Leonard; the last of whom the four said Manuel brothers of California, disposed of when he came into Dave's blacksmith shop and 'got the blow on his head that felled him to the ground'; from which he never regained consciousness to tell who he was. As 'Chan' was expected when the murder took place, it appears very evident, that Chandler Manuel Jr., was the man murdered, who was a stranger in California. It was only a few weeks after this murder when you heard George W. say to Laura: 'We will send Shaffer and Barnett back, to hold the land for us, and to answer all questions to satisfy the public.' Accomplices of the four, of California, Shaffer and Barnett, took possession of land during the '60's, that had beonged to a David Manuel during the '50's; and are yet in possession of it, according to the letters of Webber & Rutherford and the letter of John C. Leopard, Prosecuting Attorney of Daviess County, Missouri." No.'s 15 and 21.

Mr. King wrote a letter to the Sheriff of Galatin, Daviess County, Missouri, inquiring if brothers named Chandler and David Manuel lived there at any time during the '50's? This envelope was placed in another envelope with a special request, that the letter be delivered to the Sheriff of that County, which outside envelope was sealed and addressed to the "Editor of Gallatin Democrat, Daviess County, Missouri." The answer to this letter was No. 49.

After we read No. 49, Mr. King found a man who said he had elderly relatives living in Daviess County, Missouri; that at Mr. King's request he would write them a letter and see if they remembered or could find out if there were men living in the same County and State at any time during the '50's, four men, namely: Chandler Manuel Sr., and his three sons, Chandler Jr.,

David and Leonard; and if any of them owned land there? This man gave Mr. King the letter he had received in answer to these inquiries, of which No. 50 is the original of all that pertained to our inquiry. At my request and dictation, Mr. King answered No. 49, from which 51 is the answer. Mr. King wrote a second letter to William Manuel, from which No. 52 was the answer. This was the last letter Mr. King addressed to William Manuel, Gallatin, Daviess County, Missouri. After this, we both talked to a man who informed us that white men by the names of Chandler, David and Leonard Manuel, known as brothers, had lived in Daviess County, Missouri, during the '50's. We also talked with another man, who told us that he had heard Chandler and David Manuel brothers described and spoken of, while they lived in Daviess County, Missouri, during the '50's.

"They were jolly, good-natured men, just such men as make friends, who folks liked to talk to," said one, "And when I returned to Daviess County after the war in 1866, Chandler was then getting ready to go to California to meet his brother David, who had already gone to California. This was the report among Gallatin folks. I never saw or heard of Leonard Manuel, that I remember."

Both of these men described the Manuels of the '50's and early part of the '60's, of Daviess County, Missouri, and California, as such Manuels as I had known and lived with, prior to when I was taken by the couple in the old house by the Napa river, strangers to me then, who taught me to address them, Laura and Dave. The Manuels I knew and missed, were younger looking men than Dave and George, two of the four said Manuel brothers I knew, and the men who told us about the Manuels of the '50's of Daviess County, Missouri, said they were young men, unmarried, so far as they knew or heard, when in Daviess County; that if any of the Manuels during the '50's of Daviess County, had any wife or child with them, they would very probably have heard of it, in a thinly populated place as Daviess County was then; that they were white men.

WILLIAM MANUEL, DAVIESS COUNTY, MISSOURI.

I hold a letter and envelope as evidence in my defense, that is not copied in this book, to show when inquiries are made by letters about the missing Chandler, David and Leonard Manuel brothers and land they owned in Daviess County, Missouri, that Barnett, the County Clerk, withholds this information; which may account for my not hearing the names of Chandler and Leonard Manuel spoken, after the murder was committed in Dave's blacksmith shop in 1867.

It appears to me, that Charlotte and Dave instructed their eldest son William Manuel, in regards to the missing Manuels, they and their gang have disposed of, and the land that had been owned by the missing Chandler Jr., David and Leonard Manuel brothers and their Father, Chandler Manuel Sr., in Daviess County, Missouri, and after the last of these four men from Missouri, and formerly of Vermont, Chandler Manuel Jr. was decoyed out to California expecting to meet at least his brother David alive, was directed unsuspectingly into the blacksmith shop of the said D. A. Manuel (one of the four), and there treacherously and brutally murdered; which then gave the gang access to the land in Daviess County, Missouri, owned by one or all, namely: Chandler Manuel Sr., his three sons, Chandler, David and Leonard. All three of these brothers having been disposed of by this time in California by the four said Manuel brothers and accomplices, they sent accomplices Shaffer and Barnett, to Daviess County, Missouri, not many weeks after the same murder in 1867, "to hold land for them, to answer all questions to satisfy the public."

The contents of William's letters show his anxiety, which he is endeavoring to conceal, in answering a letter addressed to the Sheriff of the same County coming from Mr. King, inquiring about Chandler and David Manuel, and his eagerness to have Mr. King inquire of no one but himself in regards to them. According to No.'s 34, 35, whoever the person is, representing himself to be William Manuel in Gallatin, Daviess County, Missouri, is using the names of Manuels named in their generations of Vermont, to represent his father, uncles and grandfather, to Mr. King, namely: Charles C. Manuel

of Richford, Vermont; Chandler, the given name of one of the three missing Manuel brothers, to represent his father; Wilder Manuel, to represent his grandfather; Henry Manuel, to represent one of his father's brothers; Leonard Manuel, the name of one of the three missing brothers to represent a brother to his father and his uncle; and has himself, the name of one of Wilder Manuel's sons, of Vermont. It appears that Mr. King's inquiry of Chandler and David Manuel so far back as 1860, and other questions, that he did not, and would not answer, alarmed him.

William says in No. 52, "I want to be plain." William says in No. 51, there is no doubt about Chas. Chandler and David A. Manuel being brothers. Chandler and David both preempted land in Daviess County and David A. Manuel sold part of his to Shaffer who you speak of. To impress Mr. King with the understanding that the David and Chandler Manuel brothers who owned land in Daviess County during the '50's were his relatives and to conceal and deceive Mr King in regards to the true identity and relationship of the true owners, according to his own letters and No.'s 34, 35, and to account for them to Mr. King, William says in No. 52: "but will say, that in looking over Father's old letters I find a letter written by David Manuel from Napa City, Napa Co., California, dated March 1875. In this letter he stated that he left Missouri in 1863, and he and his wife had parted and he had four children by his first wife, and his first wife had also married again; he also mentioned his first wife's name as Laura and he was married when he left here and he is the same David Manuel, who sold his property to David Shaffer."

William here acknowledges that David A. Manuel and David Manuel, are one and the same man, a brother to his father and a brother to Chandler, and to be the same man who sold the land owned by David Manuel during the '50's, a brother to Chandler. The David and D. A. Manuel, who sold the land of David Manuel to Shaffer, represented by William, living in Napa City, California, in 1875, was no other than the husband of the woman known as Laura, in Napa City, and later, the husband of Charlotte, also known in Napa, and the said father of George and Nellie, and the father of Louis and Augustus, and the father of William and Fannie. This same man whom William

represents as David and D. A. Manuel, was not a white man, was a pockmarked man, was known in Napa as one of four brothers, could neither read nor write, according to what his wife Laura told me, which I saw evidenced, and was no other than the said and alleged brother to George (later known as G. W. Manuel, of Napa City, and 678 Fourteenth street, Oakland); Hiram (later known as Hiram C. Manuel, of Sonoma); Harrison (known in 1867, as a brother to the three preceding brothers, and remembered as the man who committed the mysterious murder of the stranger in his brother Dave's blacksmith shop, on a corner of Third and Brown streets, Napa City); all of California. It is plain enough to be seen now, that the same alleged David; David A., David C. Manuel, one of the four, described in the preceding, represented to the Courts of Napa County, State of California, himself to be the David Manuel, who bought and preempted land during the '50's, in Daviess County, State of Missouri, described in No.'s 15, 21, which land both the same man, his wife Laura, and later the same man and his wife Charlotte, deeded away and sold to their accomplices whom they sent back "to hold the land for them, to answer all questions to satisfy the public," Shaffer and Barnett; which is witnessed by William Manuel, one of the gang, No.'s 49, 51, 52, and No. 21. It appears also, that their accomplices Shaffer and Barnett, represented the same alleged David Manuel, one of the four of California, who deeded and sold to them the same land in Daviess County, State of Missouri, described in No.'s 15, 21, to be the David Manuel (who was a white man) who was the brother of Chandler and Leonard Manuel, to people in Daviess County, Missouri, and the same David Manuel and his brothers Chandler and Leonard, to be alive at the dates the same land described, was sold; which appears from the circumstances and No. 50, 34, 35, and William's letter No. 51, whose relationship he confused with other names of the said Manuels of the four in California and some of the family names of Manuels of Vermont, No.'s 34, 35, to conceal the true identity and relationship of the David Manuel who owned the land in Daviess County, Missouri, during the '50's, from Mr. King.

No. 50 is witness that William Manuel tells a different story about his Manuel relationship in Gallatin, than he wrote to Mr. King, in No.'s 49, 51, 52. To get a true understanding of No. 50, it must be understood, that Mr. Calbert wrote for us to his relatives in Gallatin, Daviess County, Missouri, inquiring of them, if Chandler Manuel Sr. and his sons, Chandler Jr., David and Leonard, at any time, lived in the same County and State? No other Manuels were inquired of. Therefore, Chandler Sr., Chandler Jr., David and Leonard, are the Manuels referred to, by Mr. and Mrs. Mallory, in their letter to Mr. Calbert, No. 50; which can be seen by their answers, when understood. No. 50 says, we saw one of David Manuel's sons, William Manuel. He told Mr. Mallory quite a good deal in regards to your inquiry. Those men all once lived in Daviess County, and Chandler Manuel owned land here. He is dead, and his sons live here. Those other Manuels are his uncles; one which lives in Oakland, California, which I believe is Leonard. The one here, is William. If you write to him he will give you what information he can.

To Mr. King, in No. 49, William represents himself to be a nephew of David Manuel, and writes, that "David Manuel, left here some time after 1860, * * * I can not give the exact date he left, nor where he went."

To Mr. Mallory in Daviess County, Missouri, William is a son of David Manuel, and David's brothers are his uncles; William represents to Mr. Mallory, that David's brother Leonard, is alive in Oakland. William acknowledges that Chandler Manuel Sr., Chandler Jr., David and Leonard, the men inquired of, all once lived in Daviess County, Missouri. There were only three brothers of them, and why would the Manuels of the four, be claiming them for fathers, uncles and cousins, if there was not some plot, crime and conspiracy about it? The contents of William's letters, are evidence of his guilt, and it appears that William represented himself, or was represented to be, a son of Charles A. Manuel. William acknowledged to Mr. King in one of his letters, that G. W. Manuel of Oakland, California (one of the four), was his uncle, and therefore, William did not give the full list of his uncles, as they are known in California. It can be seen also from No. 54, that the said Hiram C. Manuel (one of the four), is claim-

ing to be a brother to Leonard Manuel, one of the missing and murdered brothers, claiming to be of the Manuels of Vermont, as also William is representing himself to be.

No. 55, was so baffling, insulting and aggrivating to the Attorney Charles L. McDonald, in view of the letter he wrote, that he gave up our case, saying that we could have the letter if we thought it would be any good to us; that it was too mean a plot and too much tangled, for him to try to do anything with, without more means than he possessed.

We wrote many letters to places where some one or more of my said Manuel relatives lived, to the effect: If there was any land owned by any one by the surname of Manuel, between the years of 1857 and 1866? If so, to please write the full name or names of the persons on record; or, was there any land or property on record in the name of David, or David A. Manuel, between 1857 and 1867? These letters were mailed at the Lewiston Postoffice. No answers of these inquiries came to us from Napa, Sonoma, Tulare, San Joaquin, San Francisco Counties, California; and as a result of an inquiry of this kind, came No.'s 22 and 23. These were the best results we could get from Fresno County, California, of this kind. To mention the name of Leonard Manuel, after he had been openly advertised in any San Francisco newspaper to have been murdered, we thought might interfere with our finding the gang in possession of his land, or finding out other information we thought ought to be on record in some of the preceding named Counties. To get any more information through the Lewiston Postoffice about Chandler, David, or Leonard Manuel, or the Manuels of Vermont, named in No.'s 34, 35, through the Lewiston Postoffice, was appearing now to be hopeless, and we quit—quit the Lewiston Postoffice—quit other Postoffices in the surrounding vicinity, after the said Hiram C. Manuel's letter reached us "in haist." (one of the four—a sign of the gang.)

SKETCH 38.

SOME ACCUNTS OF OUR TRIP IN BRIEF TO CALIFORNIA.

Attorneys advised us to proceed to California; saying they thought with our explanations and evidence, that any Court of

California ought to recognize that we had a case against my said Manuels of the four. We arrived safely in San Francisco, California, the 30th of May, 1903; where we rented housekeeping rooms, and the day after our arrival, proceeded to John Curtain's Detective Agency and had a talk with Mr. Bolanger, the General Manager, who agreed after reading some of our evidence, that we had a case on the Manuels of the four, and there was all to indicate that I was the true heir to land and property, they and their accomplices had in their possession, or had had the benefit of, and that he would take our case on a contingent fee, if we would give him a week to see if he could find any definite Records that would establish me as the true heir to property in their possession beyond any question or doubt; to which we agreed, as this was the only consideration by which we could induce the detective to have anything to do with our case. At the expiration of a week's time, Mr. Bolanger requested us to accompany him to a lawyer's office, where he said he would like to get the opinion of the lawyer on some law points, before drawing up any agreement to proceed further on our case. Mr. Bolanger took us to a prosperous apparently, and swell office, where he introduced us to the prominent Attorney Mr. Countryman. I recognized the name. I had heard it when a small girl, when I practiced running up and down the Napa river, that stirred up my recollections for the time being, to the wail of distress and grief that called my name from the Napa river; and I was in the most unfavorable mood to listen to the proposition that was ready for us, from the detective and Mr. Countryman, the prominent Attorney. Mr. Countryman told me that he lived in Napa County when a small boy, and his parents had lived there. There were only four of us in the room that were visible, but it must be taken into consideration that Attorneys and detectives of Mr. Countryman and Mr. Bolanger's practice, experience, and prominence, are very apt to be prepared against whatever might be said and told in their private interviews, consultations, and propositions, and I will, therefore, relate no more in explanation, than to announce, that during this supposed private interview, when I had expressed some small amount of my opinion about the proposition advanced to me that I had not expected, I said:

"Gentlemen, our business is ended, so far as Mr. King or I have any more to say. Please understand that I have no evidence for sale—at any price! Come, Jim, this is no place for us!"

As we were going through the doorway, Mr. Countryman said: "Mrs. King, I admire your character."

Mr. King and I were much disappointed with our termination with the detective, who gave us no information or hint about what he had found on record; though from the proposition made, we thought he must have found some positive evidence on record, that I was heir to money or property, somewhere. We decided to go to Napa City, and at day-break the morning of our departure, we felt such a shock of earthquake, that we hurried to the windows and saw people running frightened into the street.

"Hurry, Jim!" I said, "Let us get out of this place to a firmer foundation. We can go to Oakland and wait for the afternoon train to Napa, and while there, I will introduce you to several who will tell you that I am the real Nellie Manuel I have told you about, who used to be an employe at the **Pacific Press**; and we will walk two blocks further, where you can take a look at the residence of the late G. W. Manuel, who deprived me of my father."

We were soon ready, and departed from San Francisco very early in the morning to Oakland, where my promise was carried out, and more. We went in the railway train from Oakland, the same Sunday afternoon, and arrived in Napa City in the evening, June 12th, 1903, where we went to a hotel. Monday forenoon, we went to the Court House, where I was recognized by Recorder Deweese, Deputy County Clerk George Lawrence, and others in the Court House, to be the same Nellie Manuel, they knew in Napa, prior to when I left there in 1876; to whom I introduced Mr. King. We met and had a talk with Deputy County Clerk, N. W. Collins, who told Deputy Lawrence that he could attend to the Records for us, then withdrew. We were not permitted to go into the vault to handle or search for any records ourselves, and could only see such evidence as the Deputy would hand us. All records I asked to see prior to the years of 1868, some of the same year and some of later date, I was told by the Deputy, might be in the Court House, but if they were, that he could only show us such Records from the vault, as were in their

proper places. It can be seen, that this excluded me from finding the evidence that we were in search of, in regards to finding trace of any land owned by the missing David and Leonard Manuel, any and all that might have been willed to me from them or my grandfather, Chandler Manuel Sr., or any proof from the Records of Napa County, that I was related to them. Deputy Lawrence told us that Records revealing the true identity of heirs to property or lands, were sometimes kept among other Records out of their proper places, and thereby concealed; and advised us to procure some attorney we thought could be trusted, to search the Records for us. Mr. King was angry about the matter, but I advised him to give the officials of Napa no chance at us, under any circumstance, saying:

"Jim, my uncle Chandler, my mother, I believe without any doubt were murdered here, and how many more of my relatives, is a question; and it is better for us not to stay here any longer than necessary. This is how I feel about it."

Deputy George Lawrence showed us Records of the Court House of Napa County, evidence that the lands described in No.'s 15 and 21, were on Record as the property of David and David A. Manuel (one of the four), and his wife Laura C.; and that the lands described in Daviess County, Missouri, were deeded and sold, according to No. 21. We asked to see the Marriage Certificate produced in evidence of the marriage, during the divorce proceedings of Dave and Laura.

"There was no marriage certificate produced, or any other evidence of their marriage," said Deputy Lawrence. Dave's brother George, got up and took an oath that he was present at their marriage, and the Court let it go at that."

Deputy Lawrence showed us Records, that evidenced that the contents of No. 20, was on Record in the Napa County Court House, without any evidence produced that they were who they represented themselves to be, or that they were ever married in McHenry County, Illinois—no more than the say of G. W. Manuel, their aid in their plot and conspiracy of perjury and crime.

Tuesday, we had a lengthy and earnest argument with the District Attorney, Raymond Benjamin, who represented to us, that because of his youth and inexperience, that he ought not to

take up such a complicated case as ours without the aid of some other Attorney and the consent of the County Commissioners, who would not meet for about six months. Through our request and persistent arguments, he told us he would look over some Court Records and see what he could find there, bearing on what I had related to him, and asked us to call on him Thursday afternoon.

Wednesday, we went to view the Napa river and the old house where I lost My Mother, or, the woman I loved, missed and mourned for, as I never did any other. We took a walk around the three-cornered block, that was then filled with houses that I was taught, belonged to my said uncle, the said G. W. Manuel and his wife Lucy, during my existence with Laura in Napa, California. We also hunted for people who knew about the murder in Dave's blacksmith shop, in 1867, to whom I introduced Mr. King; from whom we gathered information from persons reliable, that the same murdered man was a stranger, was dressed in overalls, with his skull crushed, and unconscious, when he was brought to Frank Rainey's Hotel, across the street from the blacksmith shop of D. A. Manuel; that the same fatally injured, was a young-looking man, white man, full-faced, having no appearance of being an Irishman, or from his hands, one who was accustomed to doing any kind of hard physical labor; that the same man was moved from Frank Rainey's Hotel, where he died the same night without regaining consciousness, from the most brutal kind of a blow on his head, and was buried in the Napa Cemetery as, "The Unknown," People we talked to, corroborated much that I had told Mr. King about my said Manuel relatives, who were well known as residents of Napa, and told us to the effect:

"We never did think Nellie was any relation to any of them, and do not see how any intelligent person could think so. It always has been the talk here, that there was some mystery about her being with them, and about the murder committed in the blacksmith shop; and now that you have given us some explanation of it, no one could change our opinion."

We asked for a copy of the warrant for the arrest of the said Harrison Manuel, the accused of the murder in his brother Dave's blacksmith shop in 1867, which we were told was somewhere in

the Court House—they thought was somewhere in the Cupola—that would require days and maybe weeks to find.

We called at a newspaper office in Napa City and asked to look over old files of the paper; to which the proprietor politely and readily gave his consent; our object being to find items about my said relatives, when they were residents of Napa City, that they were so careful to conceal from my knowledge; particularly, items in regards to the murder of 1867. To our surprise, the old files were literally cut to pieces from clippings that had been taken from them, and we found no mention of any of my said relatives that I knew, or the murder committed in Dave's blacksmith shop in 1867; though we were surprised to find how generally the same murder was known, and how well it had been remembered by the residents of Napa.

We called on the District Attorney Raymond Benjamin, again Thursday, p. m.; who told us there were other links in our case that we ought to have, and that from what he had found on the Records of Napa Court House, could be supplied, he thought, from the Fresno Court House; said they were valuable to us, and we needed them to complete our evidence; advised us to go there and get them. I thought of the experience we had had, about seeing or getting any copies of Records from the Napa Court House, and told Mr. Benjamin I was doubtful that the Fresno officials would either allow us to see the Records we would expect were there, or let us have copies of them; but the District Attorney said he had a relative by marriage living there, who was Mr. Frank Short, an able attorney, who could, and would, he had no doubts, supply them for us, with a letter from him; and that he would write us a letter of introduction and explanation to carry with us to the same gentleman, on our arrival in Fresno. Seeing no prospect of our learning anything more definite from Mr. Benjamin in regards to what he had found on records in our favor more than the preceding, and our remaining in Napa to find out if the County Commissioners would consent to his taking action on our case, being out of all consideration with us, the District Attorney's apparent anxiety to have us depart from Napa, we consented to accept the letter from him and try Fresno; hoping we would be more successful in Fresno, than we had been in Napa. No. 62 is a copy of the wording and

spelling of the letter the District Attorney, Raymond Benjamin, wrote in his own handwriting for us:

No. 62.

RAYMOND BENJAMIN

District Attorney

Court House, Napa Cal., June 16, 1903

Hon Frank H. Short

Fresno, Cal,

My dear Sir:—

This will introduce to you Mr. & Mrs James W. King. They have related to me an exceedingly strange and interesting story and have with them many convincing proofs of the truth of the story. I recommend their story to your consideration. Some extensive property rights are involved, as well as the names of many people.

I shall be pleased to assist you in investigating this matter. I have advised them that in the present state of their evidence—with so many links as yet unsecured I could not act upon the criminal phase of the case.—yet it must be that these links could be supplied.

I direct them to your attention not only for the fact that much of the property and some of the people are in your vicinity, but also by reason of our distant relationship through marriage, my wife being a daughter of G. M. Francis of this City.

After you have heard their story and considered the letters and papers they have, I would like to hear from you, for I am much interested in their history.—There are some records on file here that bear to a certain extent upon the case, and I shall be glad to furnish them to you if you desire.

Very Truly Yours,

Raymond Benjamin

We embarked on the Steamer “Zinfandel,” a Napa river steamer, in the evening of June 16th, 1903, where we were pleasantly entertained by young Captain Wulff, until late in the evening; arriving in San Francisco the following morning.

It was at, or near the hour of 5 p. m., June 17th, 1903, when we went aboard the Steamer **Onisbo** at San Francisco, for Stockton. On this occasion we brought a lunch aboard, fearing we might be poisoned if we ate supper on the Steamer. We both felt gloomy on account of our danger, though we tried to keep up our courage.

I explained to Mr. King:

"I believe the gang would be fiendish enough to attempt to wreck this steamer we are on tonight and run the risk of destroying all on board, to get rid of us, if they thought they could accomplish it without getting caught, or the crime being traced to them. They must know by this time that we are openly accusing them of murder, wherever we go. They know I would not do this without reasons and evidence, and they have done me too much wrong—besides the murder of my parents, to think of there being any chance of compromising the case with me. Those guilty of murder, no doubt, would take their own lives before they would face a Court with the kind of a case we have against them, though they might work some deception to make it appear they die, should we attempt to have any one of them arrested. To get any one of them arrested and into Court, will be where we will win out, if there is any justice done. They know they are guilty, and might take chances to destroy this boat."

"I think we will get through all right," Mr. King said. "It is not such an easy matter to wreck a Steamer, as you may imagine. Cheer up and think of the good prospects we have of putting a stop to their persecution and attempting our lives continuously. That is what you want to think about."

"I think we had better walk around on deck awhile," I said, "I feel too restless to go inside now."

We walked the decks keeping a lookout until dark and chilly. Mr. King said he thought it would be better to go in the social hall a little while, where it was warm. There were more than a dozen of the passengers in the social hall where we took seats. As I sat thinking, thoughts came to my mind as forcible, as though some person was arguing and urging me to warn the passengers about the sinking of the Steamer. It frightened me to think about it, and I dreaded to tell them; though it seemed I could resist no longer, and I addressed the passengers to the effect:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I very much regret to notify you, that my husband and I are on our way to southern California, to inform on people who for years have carried on crime. I am strongly impressed that a movement is now in progress to sink this Steamer and destroy all on board, for the ostensible purpose of destroying my husband and myself, to prevent us from reachnig

our destination and to destroy evidence, they probably think we have with us. They would be guilty of attempting it, if they could accomplish their purpose, without getting caught or having the crime traced to them. In case there is anything going on of this kind, which I hope is not the case, we might save ourselves or avert the calamity, by keeping a lookout and not any of us taking off clothing."

I saw the passengers leaving the social hall, one by one. Before they had all gone, Mr. King looking pale, excited, said: "Let us go into the after cabin."

We were the only occupants there, and Mr. King laid down on a seat to rest, while I sat on guard. We were like two awaiting a death-trap, having very little to say. It was near the hour of midnight; we were then at, or near the Suisun Bay. The depth of the water under us, according to reports, was 120 feet. It did not seem to me that our time in the after cabin could have exceeded fifteen minutes, when the severe jolt of the Steamer **Onisbo**, told us to our horror, that she had struch. Mr. King sprang out of his seat, rushed to the door and took a quick look-out, immediately retacing his steps to where I was sitting like one stunned without moving, when he barely escaped from being killed by a heavy water cooler falling from its place to the floor. Mr. King had no more than escaped, when the Steward of the **Onisbo**, pale and wild-eyed, came hurrying through, calling out:

"Go forward and get on life preservers! No time to lose! The Steamer is going down!"

Hurrying forward, we found passengers collected, other collecting rapidly midship. It was a cruel and trying ordeal for us all. The crying, screaming and excitement of the passengers, was awful to listen to. There were calls for the life boats.

"They are full of cracks and cannot be used!" came repeated shouts. Put on life preservers!" others called, "Be quick about it—the Steamer is sinking!"

Men were coming up stairs from the freight deck calling out: "She is filling with water!"

Amid the excitement, Mr. King and I were excitedly contending about life preservers, as to which one should first put on a life preserver. "Let me put your life preserver on first," said Mr. King.

"I must see one on you first," I said, "If you are to perish, I must go with you! It will be better for me."

"Let me put yours on first!" he said, "There's time enough to get mine on, when I see yours on!"

When the consternation was at its height, and we were expecting any minute to take to water, cries rang out:

"Don't be frightened! We think we can beach her before she goes down!"

This quieted the passengers to some extent, and we soon felt the "**Onisbo**" touch the rocks beneath us.

All that saved the Steamer from sinking in deep water was that the tide was at its height, and the Steamer near a reef of rocks that ran out from shore, that was covered with water at high tide. As the tide receded, we could hear and feel the loud crashing of the Steamer settling down on the reef.

The passengers forward, said they saw the steamer running full speed towards an iron ship, that was anchored; that they warned the Pilot, but no response came from their cries of warning; that they saw the **Onisbo** crash into the same ship, which broke a hole in her bow; that they ran to the Pilot house, found the pilot wheel securely tied with a rope, and the Pilot gone; which was evidence enough that the sinking of the steamer had been premeditated and planned. The Captain, they said, was the one who saved us all, by losing no time to dress, his presence of mind and skill. The passengers were excited and angry at the wrecking of the steamer, and taking it as a matter of course, that the Pilot was the person responsible for the wreck, searched the Steamer thoroughly to find the Pilot; but the Pilot was not to be found, anywhere about the Steamer, was their report.

While in the after cabin, before the **Onisbo** struck, Mr. King and I heard light walking above our heads on the hurricane deck, followed by a splash in the water. Soon after we heard the splash in the water, we felt the jolt of the steamer when she struck, that we learned was caused by her striking an iron ship at anchor in the bay. It was a dark night—too dark to see the object that caused the splash. By the use of lanterns, a roadway of planking and whatever the Steamer afforded, was prepared over the rocks, on which the passengers walked aided one by one, from the wrecked **Onisbo** to shore. We were all, I think, thankful to the

Captain for our rescue, but the passengers were angry and did considerable talking about the murderous plot to destroy all on board, by sinking the Steamer; that took place not far from where the said Hiram C. Manuel lived at Sonoma, and Sonoma Landing. From the wreck the passengers had between two and three miles to walk to the town of Benicia, to board another Steamer to Stockton. During this walk, the Captain of the wrecked **Onisbo** was our special escort and company, whose account of the wreck to us was in brief, as follows:

"I left the Pilot at the wheel, and retired to bed," said the Captain. "I was asleep, when I felt the jolt of the Steamer, that woke me instantly, when I knew by the feeling that we had struck, and I ran to the Pilot wheel without stopping for any other clothes. I found the Pilot gone, and the wheel securely tied, that I cut loose with an ax. I saw that the Steamer was out of her course; that we were near the shore, where I knew was a reef, that was covered at high tide, and to our good luck, the tide was at its height. By presence of mind and careful management, I succeeded in getting her onto the reef, before the water was too deep in her. This was what saved us, and you know what followed."

The Captain appeared to be very much distressed over the whole affair, and often repeated to us during this walk:

"How sorry, sorry I feel about this affair. How I do hate to report to the Company, and tell them the Steamer is wrecked!"

When we were gathered at the depot at Benicia, the Captain of the **Onisbo** acknowledged that the Steamer was sunk because I was on board of her, and calling the attention of the passengers to me, addressed them:

"This lady has more cause to complain than any of us, yet she has complained the least; has regarded my feelings, and both her and her husband, have treated me with respect; for which I acknowledge my thanks."

When we went aboard the Steamer, **The pride of the River**, from Benicia to Stockton, Mr. King and I were ignored by the crew of this steamer. Civilities extended to whites, browns and Chinamen, were not extended to us. When the officers of the same steamer and newspaper reporters interviewed the passengers about the wrecking of the **Onisbo**, neither Mr. King nor I

were spoken to by them, and were completely ignored by them; and so far as we could learn, our names did not appear among the list of passengers published in the Stockton newspapers. We have never read nor heard, whether the Pilot of the **Onisbo** was ever found; and have since wondered, if the perpetrators of the wreck of the **Onisbo** were assassins, who struck the Pilot a blow on the head, causing insensibility, and threw him overboard, to perish in the water?

We remained in Stockton from two to three days, to get composed, before proceeding to Fresno. While in Stockton, we called to see and have an interview with Mr. T. H. Manuel, of 414 E. Main Street, from whom was Letter No. 28. Neither of us ever saw the same Mr. Manuel at any other time, that we know of, who had the appearance to us, of being from some dark race of people, either Portuguese or Mexican; and as I was in search of relatives when we sent letters to Mr. T. H. Manuel, our interview was brief.

SKETCH 39.

FRESNO, FRESNO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

We arrived without any more difficulty, safely in Fresno, June 21st, 1903; where we soon got busy. To give a complete account of our doings, experiences, etc., in Fresno, would require an extra book. I will, therefore, be brief, and relate no more than necessary to connect the links of mystery in my true story, and the results of our efforts to bring out our case in Fresno, California.

We met people in Fresno, who identified and recognized me to be the same Nellie Manuel they had known in Fresno, compositor for The Fresno Republican, prior to 1886. They expressed much surprise at seeing me alive again after so many years, believing me to have died a short time after I left Fresno in 1885, as they told me I had been reported dead. People of Fresno informed both Mr. King and I, that Mrs. L. C. Colburn, her husband Henry S. Colburn, George S. Manuel, Louis Manuel and Augustus Manuel, were yet alive; that Mr. and Mrs. Colburn and Louis Manuel, were yet living on a corner of L and Merced streets; that Daisy Mitchell, George S. Manuel's step-daughter, owned several houses and lots across the street from Mrs. L. C. Colburn, and was then living in one of her houses;

that Augustus Manuel was also living in Fresno City with his wife and children, in his own residence. George S. Manuel, they said, sometimes visited his step-daughter and relatives on L and Merced streets, but his place of residence was unknown to them. In regards to Geneva Colburn, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Colburn, the general report brought us by people who had known her, was that she was dead; had married a man by the name of Al. Anderson, and had left one child, that was living with her mother.

Geneva Colburn, they said, had been raised in idleness, extravagance and luxury; had saddle horses, horses and buggy, and though Geneva could not sing a tune, had no ability as a musician of any kind, her mother had bought a piano for her; had sent her to dancing school, to try to make a dancer out of her, and Geneva was a failure as a dancer. The open report in Fresno was, that Geneva Anderson (who was Laura's only beloved daughter) led such a life of debauchery, that it was thought to have been the cause of her early death.

When Mr. King saw Louis and Augustus Manuel, my said brothers and inquired about them, he said I had never misrepresented them to him in the least. From all I could gather from reports in Fresno, Louis Manuel's civil engineering, was mostly a farce advertisement; that neither Louis nor Gus grew weary working to earn money, or had amassed any property as business men or shrewd speculators, by their own ability or efforts; which reports were correct, as I saw them and had known them.

We were told by citizens of Fresno, that Mr. M. J. Church and wife were dead; that George E. Church, said to be a cousin of M. J. Church, was then Superior Judge, in the Court House of Fresno, Fresno County; that M. J. Church (deceased) had other cousins, attorneys, and some studying to be attorneys, in Fresno, that his sons and daughters, grand-sons and grand-daughters, relatives, and relatives by marriage, were alive and many, in Fresno County. It all appeared evident enough to convince the skeptical, from the circumstances, what we could observe with our own eyes, with what others told us, that Mrs. L. C. Colburn, of L and Merced streets, had been a liberal provider with money and property for her son-in-law Al. Anderson, her sons and families, as well, during my reparted-dead absence of years, from Fresno. We found the gang in a flourishing condition in Fresno.

I did not need any letter of introduction to the attorney Frank Short; his brother was J. W. Short, Editor of "**The Fresno Republican**", when I resided with Mrs. L. C. Colburn, on the corner of L and Merced streets, near where the old well and its secrets had been covered so many years. Mr. J. W. Short was now the Fresno City Postmaster, and I knew his brother prior to when I left Fresno in 1885. True to my promise, I called and had an interview with Attorney Frank Short, who greeted me friendly, but the gentleman was so firm in his refusal to procure any certified copies of Records from the Fresno Court House for me on my case, from my first mention of the subject to him, that I thought I might need the letter of introduction from his relative, the District Attorney of Napa, and reserved it as evidence.

It was a necessity with us to keep up our expenses while in Fresno, and Mr. King was very anxious to find some kind of an occupation where he could safely get acquainted and talk to Fresno people in general, about the murder phase of our case; and to thoroughly convince them that we had a case against my said Manuel relatives of Fresno. When a resident of Fresno prior to 1886, I had some acquaintance with Mr. George Pickford, who I always heard spoken of as an industrious, honest and reliable young man; who was now a proprietor with Mr. George Kohler of Fresno, in the largest and most general restaurant of Fresno City. From Mr. King's experience and capabilities as a Steamer Steward, and other capabilities, I thought, perhaps, we might make arrangements with the same proprietors, to let Mr. King have a place in their restaurant. This, I thought, would be the safest and best for Mr. King's purposes in Fresno. Mr. Pickford greeted me friendly when we met, whom I introduced to Mr. King. For old-time's sake, I said to Mr. Pickford. I had called to ask him to do me a friend's favor. We three had a social talk, and Mr. Pickford invited Mr. King to come to his restaurant the morning following, take items and get his hand in. After several days' experience in the restaurant, Mr. Pickford said he would like to take a trip away from Fresno for a change of climate and health, and put Mr. King in his place. Mr. King made acquaintances and friends, and became popular in the restaurant business in Fresno City.

A week or two after our arrival in Fresno City, I hunted for and found an attorney, who had been recommended to us for truthfulness, and found him. In fact, I had sent him a letter in advance. I will relate some brief amount of our interview, to show the collecting links of mystery and their unveiling, in my true story.

Said the Attorney: "You say your relatives on L and Merced streets have defrauded you out of that property they are living on. Mrs. Colburn is your mother, is she not?"

"She took an oath to that effect in Court," I replied.

Said the Attorney: "I know that property on L and Merced streets where she is living, was in the name of Manuel, way back, years ago, and Mrs. L. C. Colburn was married to a Manuel before she was married to Henry S. Colburn, was she not?"

"She was known as Mrs. Manuel, before she married Henry S. Colburn," I replied.

Said the Attorney: "Your brothers have the name of Manuel, and the property was in the name of a Manuel back years ago, and has passed down from one member of the family to another. Your mother and brothers are living on the same property; how then do you claim they have defrauded you out of it?"

"Well, are you not mistaken about that property having been in the name of a Manuel, before her marriage to Henry S. Colburn?" I inquired.

Said the Attorney: "No, I am not mistaken. I know that same property was in the name of a Manuel a long ways back. I made out an abstract of the same property for a man a short time ago, and I know I am not mistaken."

"If you are so sure about it, then what was the full name of the Manuel, who owned that property so far back?" I inquired.

Said the Attorney: "Leonard Manuel was the name."

"Would you like to take my case for me?" I asked.

Said the Attorney: "I have been trying to find out if you have a case."

"I am no relation to Mrs. L. C. Colburn, her former husband, nor her children," I said. "They are no relation to Leonard Manuel. If Leonard Manuel was once the true owner of that property they are living on, on L and Merced streets, was my father or uncle, or I the nearest heir, would I not have the first right and claim to his property?" I asked the Attorney.

Said the Attorney: "Can you prove that?"

"Try me, and be convinced yourself," I replied.

Said the Attorney: "Do you mean to say those people on L and Merced streets are no relation to you?"

"No relation whatever," I replied.

Said the Attorney: "How did they get possession of Leonard Manuel's property?"

"By plot, murder, fraud and perjury," I replied. "I want to be sure, before I explain further and produce evidence. How much would you charge to get certified for me, that the same property was in the name of Leonard Manuel, and the last year it was in his possession?"

Said the Attorney: "I can have it here tomorrow afternoon for you for five dollars."

"Then I will call for it," I replied, "and we can then talk over my case and make arrangements." Which the Attorney agreed would be satisfactory to him.

The next day I called on the Attorney, accompanied by Mr. King.

"Was that property where Mrs. L. C. Colburn is living with her family on L and Merved streets, once in the name of Leonard Manuel?" Mr. King inquired.

"Yes," said the Attorney.

Did you get that certified with the date he owned the property?" Mr. King asked, "I'm on hand with the money."

"I did not get it," said the Attorney.

"Why not?" asked Mr. King.

Said the Attorney: "Five dollars would not pay me to run the risk of getting shot in the back."

"How much money do you want, to get it for us?" Mr. King asked.

Said the Attorney: "No amount of money."

"Why not get the item and take up the case for us?" said Mr. King.

Said the Attorney: "There is too many of them here in power. I could not win your case for you in this County—no matter how much evidence was produced. It would not pay me to attempt it. I did not understand the case, when I promised to get the item for Mrs. King. I don't want to have anything

to do with you people—it would not pay me at any price,” was the Attorney’s final answer, which ended our business.

I went to the Court House the next day, and asked for a book that was not to be found in its place, which was not produced for me. From the Court House, I proceeded to the “Fresno Abstract Company,” and found Mr. Jarvis Streeter, of No. 22. Addressing Mr. Streeter, I inquired:

“Mr. Streeter, will you please inform me, if there appears on your abstracts the names, Wilder Manuel, David Manuel, Leonard Manuel, owning land at any time in Fresno County?”

Mr. Streeter’s answer to this question was:

“I think the name Wilder Manuel, appears on our abstracts, and I am sure David Manuel and Leonard Manuel, do.”

“Will you certify for me, that Leonard Manuel owned land in Fresno County, and the year the land was last in his possession? I requested

“Yes,” said Mr. Streeter. “I can have it ready for you by this time tomorrow.”

“All right, I will call here tomorrow and settle with you for it,” I replied.

When I had turned to go out the door, in came one of the Court House Clerks I had been talking to about the book that was not in its place at the Court House. I called, accompanied by Mr. King, at the “Fresno Abstract Company,” according to the agreement I had made with Mr. Streeter, the day preceeding:

“I have brought Mr. King to pay for the item you promised to have ready for me today,” I said.

“We don’t give abstracts back of Crocker,” said Mr. Streeter.

“I supposed you made your living by selling abstracts,” said Mr. King.

“You don’t need any,” said Mr. Streeter.

“How is a person to know that Crocker’s title is good?” Mr. King said. “I want an abstract back to the Government. I am willing to pay for it, and have brought the money with me.”

After some argument about the matter, Mr. Streeter’s final answer to both Mr. King and I was: “You cannot get the abstract you ask for, from me.”

The day after this refusal, I called at the “San Joaquin Abstract Company” of Fresno, and tried to persuade the man I met

there, to get me the certified name of Leonard Manuel, with the date he owned land in Fresno County. This they also refused to do.

Both Mr. King and I went to the Court House at various times together in search for Records, where the books were occasionally missing from their places; which, when inquired for, were not produced for us.

We were informed that the prosecuting Attorney of Fresno County then, was Jones; and his deputy, Frank Kauke. I called several times to have a talk about my case with Prosecuting Attorney Jones, and was met by his deputy, Frank Kauke; who informed me that the same official was busy, absent from his office, or did not wish to talk to me; and I never did get to talk to him.

By careful management and energy, we were permitted to appear before the Grand Jury of Fresno County, during the fall term, 1903. My nerves and health at this time being worse than Mr. King's, we agreed that he was to explain some of the criminal phase of our case to the Grand Jury; to which Mr. King will answer for himself, as follows:

MR. KING APPEARED BEFORE THE GRAND JURY.

"I, J. W. King, appeared before the Grand Jury of Fresno County, State of California, during the fall term of 1903, where I explained, according to our evidence, about the three Manuel brothers of Vermont and Missouri; their disappearance in the State of California, and the appearance of the four said Manuel brothers who appeared in Napa City, Napa County, California, after the murder of Leonard Manuel and the disappearance of David Manuel; the latter of whom, the alleged and said David Manuel, one of the four, represented himself to be; whereas, it would be an impossibility for him to be who he represented himself to be, and has been represented to be. I explained how that perjury and fraud had been committed, and some Court Records falsified by members of the gang in Napa County; how that after the disappearance of the three Manuel brothers, that the four said Manuel brothers, by the aid of their accomplices Shaffer and Barnett, had taken possession of land in Daviess Coun-

ty, Missouri, soon after a stranger had appeared in the blacksmith shop of the said D. A. Manuel, one of the four, who, it appeared, according to the circumstances, was the last surviving of the three Manuel brothers from Daviess County, Missouri, and there murdered; that records evidenced that the said D. A. Manuel, one of the four, had deeded away and sold land that had belonged to the missing David Manuel, one of the three Manuel brothers, who came to California and disappeared; that both Mrs. King and myself had been poisoned and persecuted under circumstances as we knew them, entirely conclusive, that these four said Manuel brothers, their wives and other accomplices, were the cause of it.

As my wife had explained to me, I gave them a synopsis of how she had been treated from a child by her said mother, then Mrs. L. C. Colburn, of Fresno; how the four said Manuel brothers had acted about her: how members of their families had treated her; how that she was poisoned when a resident of Redding, Shasta County, State of California, her death certificate signed and her trunks containing most of her personal effects, disposed of.

I told them about books being absent from their places when we were in search of Records; that we had reasons to think that my wife's death certificate had been produced and read before the Court in the Fresno Court House, and was being withheld to prevent us from getting evidence of the guilt of the guilty parties.

When I was through with my explanations to the Grand Jury, the Foreman asked the Deputy Prosecuting Attorney what was required to indict the four said Manuel brothers, their wives and Mrs. L. C. Colburn, then of L and Merced streets, Fresno, for murder?

"Only one item," he said, "a deposition from Vermont, that there were no more than three of the Manuel brothers."

The Foreman asked the Deputy how long it would require to get the deposition from Vermont?

The Deputy replied: "From two to three weeks."

The Foreman said they were only allowed to hold forty days, and would be adjourned before they could procure the

deposition, and told the Deputy Prosecuting Attorney to procure the deposition from Vermont, and take up the case.

J. W. King."

I, Mrs. Eleanor Manuel King, represented to the Grand Jury of the City of Fresno, that I was a victim of a plot and conspiracy; that Mrs. L. C. Colburn, of 1459 L street, Fresno, was my said mother, and was not my mother: that she had misrepresented my true age, according to what I could remember, had heard her and others say, and had concealed from people who knew me, the true identity of my parents; that I was old enough to run around and talk, before I first saw her. I requested them to summons her before them, and that she be compelled to tell who my true parents were, and how I came to be in her control. The Foreman of the Grand Jury, Mr. William Holland, a merchant of the city of Fresno, instructed Deputy Frank Kauke to have Mrs. L. C. Colburn my said mother, to appear before them within four days,

It was reported in the city of Fresno, which reports were brought to us, that my said mother, Mrs. L. C. Colburn, of 1459 L street, died Jan. 4th, 1904, the day before she was to appear before the Grand Jury. Thus she escaped. Then followed accounts of her death and will, advertised in Fresno newspapers. The following is a copy of the wording of her will, as appeared in a Fresno city newspaper:

"MRS. COLBURN'S WILL.

The will of Mrs. Laura C. Colburn was filed for probate yesterday by her sons, Augustus and Louis Manuel, who are named therein as executors. The property consists of lots 1 to 3, inclusive, in block 92, and lot 17 in block 129, and lot 26 and north 5 feet of lot 25, block 113, Fresno city, valued at \$9,500. Besides this real estate there is furniture valued at \$500 and 150 cash. All the property is bequeathed to Louis Manuel in trust, the rents and profits to go to her husband, Henry S. Colburn, during his lifetime, and at his death the property is to be divided among her children, Augustus, Louis and George Manuel and Mrs. Nellie M. King, and her granddaughter, Geneva Anderson, share and share alike. M. K. Harris is attorney for petitioners."

Though the preceding will says "share and share alike," it can be seen from the reading of it, from my true story, and from No.'s 34, 35, 20, 49, 50, 51, 52, 62, that the same will was designed

to defraud me out of my rightful share of inheritance as a daughter of the said Laura C. Colburn, and conceal on Records the true identity of my true parents and relatives, to deprive me of any and all rights as an heir to any and all lands or property that might have been willed to me, or was mine by rights as their heir.

When looking over the records of the Fresno Court House, Mr. King and I found that one Amos Griswold, was paying taxes on acres of land in Fresno County, before Fresno was a town or city; that 160 acres of land situated on the King's river in Fresno County, was in the name of David A. Manuel. When we endeavored to trace any lands we found on Records owned by persons with the surname of Manuel to when they were first in possession of them, books containing such records, were not to be found by us in their places, and were not produced to us at our requests. As appeared from the tax records we saw in the Fresno Court House, George, Louis and Augustus Manuel, had been paying taxes on 40-acre tracts of land in Fresno County, and taxes on property in the city of Fresno, during my reported-dead absence; indicative, that they had been liberally provided for, years before 1903; whereas, no house, lot, acre of land or money, was deeded, willed, or set aside for me, that we found on record in the Fresno Court House.

From when we entered the city of Fresno, June 21st, 1903, and January 4th, 1904, neither Mr. King nor I had seen, called to see, or had spoken to my said mother, Mrs. L. C. Colburn. No word, protest or request of any kind had come to either of us from her—no more than if she had never known me, or had heard of our presence in Fresno. Neither had any of my said Manuel or Colburn relatives called to see us, or had spoken to Mr. King, during all of this time, and neither of us had sent any written or spoken word to them. My first to see any one of my said Manuel brothers, since leaving Fresno in 1885, was January 3rd, 1904; when I met and saw by accident, my said brother Louis Manuel, in a drugstore; who spoke to me and notified me that his mother was dying. These facts were noticed and commented on, together with what we had related openly in the city of Fresno to people in general, who said they were con-

vinced that my said relatives of Fresno, were no relation to me. And from the fact, that not one of them had entered any protest to disprove any or all that we had said about them—accusing them of murder continuously from the date we had entered Fresno, June 21st, 1903, at our offer to them to prove to the contrary in the Fresno Court, if they were not guilty of murder and criminal conspiracy as we were accusing them to people in general; which was convincing to people of Fresno, that my said mother and my other said relatives of Fresno, were guilty of what we said they were. And this was our defense and protection with careful management and caution, that prevented my gang from doing us up in Fresno; which I had foreseen, planned, and we had followed out, from the beginning of our arrival in the city of Fresno. For there are thousands of people now in Fresno County, California, who are not criminals, and do not approve of the kind of criminals that we convinced them my gang were.

OUR INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE S. MANUEL, MY ELDEST SAID BROTHER.

Several days after our notification of the funeral of my said mother Mrs. L. C. Colburn, which we did not attend or go near, George S. Manuel called at the house where we were rooming, and told the proprietress he wished to talk to his sister, Mrs. King. This request was repeated to Mr. King, who first met him in the hall.

"It will be better and safer for you, not to talk to my wife, or me either, unless you have excellent control of your temper and nerves," Mr. King advised him.

George continuing his request, Mr. King notified him to the effect: "You can only talk to her in my presence, and the presence of other witnesses. I warn you before hand, you must keep your control and a civil tongue in your head, regardless of whatever my wife or I may say to you. You must avoid all false or suspicious moves, or you run a dangerous risk of soon regretting it—that is—if you value your life to be worth anything. You will be treated civilly, while you keep this rule. If you think you are sufficient for the ordeal, I will immediately arrange our interview."

To this, George consented and agreed, and our meeting was arranged with Mr. King and three other witnesses present.

George meeting me, pretended to be friendly, offered his hand, which I refused; saying it was no friendly meeting.

"I supposed I was meeting my sister," said George.

"I am no relation to you," I replied.

Mr. King sat facing George, with one hand in a coat pocket on a revolver; though the revolver was not visible, and there was no mention of it to George, during our entire interview; yet George, evidently, was as well aware of Mr. King's precautions, as if he saw the revolver openly in his hand. The following will be some account in brief, of what was said during this interview:

George said that Mrs. Colburn was dead; had left a will, in which I was named one-fifth heir, asking if he could read it to us? Giving our consent, George opened wide his coat pocket, from which he took the will, and read it: that was worded like the preceding account of the newspaper.

I explained to George: "The true valuation of the property as stated in the will, is a long distance below its correct value, to begin with. The other heirs have it in their possession, control and management, and possession is all with them, so far as I am concerned. They can so scheme and manage as to derive their benefits from it, which is plain enough to be seen on the face of it, without magnifying glass or arguments; and retain possession of the property, allowing that I outlive Mr. Colburn, to get some small fraction of the one-fifth that is willed to me; which has only been willed to me to defeat what is fair, right or just, any way it can be considered, according to the circumstances, and so far as I am concerned, is not worthy of being called a will. You, Louis and Augustus, say I am your sister. Why do I not receive some house, lot, or acre of land from your mother, as you boys have? You know too well that your mother has never treated me like a daughter or friend, and you know that your mother has instructed all of you that I am no relation to you. Your treatment of me, is evidence of it. The will is only a device to conceal the identity of my true parents; to defraud me out of all that may be willed to me from them or other relatives, and all that belongs to me as heir to their property, and is falsifying Court Records. And how can there be anything more aggravating than to have it go on record

that I am a daughter of a woman who has been guilty of attempting to murder me, has helped to deprive me of my parents, other relatives, and now this will be brought to deprive me of all that rightfully belongs to me from my parents and relatives.

"This is all news to me," said George, "I would like to hear some explanation of what you are telling me."

"I will give you a certain amount of explanation," said Mr. King, "enough to convince you that we are in the right; but first I would like to have you answer a few questions for me."

"Ask them," said George.

"How many brothers did your father have, and what were their names?"

"Dave, George, Hiram and Harrison, were all I ever heard of," said George.

"Was Harrison the one who committed the murder in the blacksmith shop?" Mr. King asked.

"Yes," said George.

"Did your father have a brother named Chandler?" Mr. King asked.

"This is the first I ever heard of it," George said. "Four of them are all I ever heard of, no more, and no less."

"Do you think your father, David Manuel, is the kind of a man who would commit murder?" Mr. King asked.

"Yes, I think he would be capable of most any crime," said George.

Then Mr. King explained to George about the three missing Manuel brothers of Vermont and Daviess County, Missouri, two of whom came to California and disappeared; that the man murdered in his said father's blacksmith shop in Napa, in 1867, was very conclusively, the last surviving of one of these missing brothers; that soon after this murder, his said father and uncles of California, had sent accomplices, Shaffer and Barnett to Daviess County, Missouri, who took possession of land belonging to these missing Manuel brothers, who had represented his said father to be David Manuel, one of these missing brothers, to whom his father had deeded and sold Shaffer and Barnett land there of this missing David Manuel, brother to Chandler and Leonard Manuel.

"It is all news to me," said George. "This is my first to hear of it. It is horrible, as you represent it."

"You admit that your said father was a bad man?" Mr. King said.

"I never knew any worse," George said.

"Do you know the State and year of your birth?" Mr. King asked.

"I was born in the State of Illinois, in the year of 1851, so my mother, Mrs. Colburn, taught me," said George.

"How much older are you than Nellie?" Mr. King asked.

"I am not less than eight years older, and might be more," George replied.

"How old a man did George W. Manuel look to be in 1866?" Mr. King asked.

"He did not look to be less than tharty-five," George replied.

"Do you know that your mother took an oath in Court that she was married to David Manuel, on or about the 17th day of March, 1852?" That it stands that way on the Napa Court Records? According to this account, your birth would have taken place prior to their marriage," said Mr. King.

"No, I never heard of it before," said George.

"Do you know that your mother took the oath in Court that you were no more than four years older than Nellie?" said Mr. King.

"No. If she did, it was not true. I think I am eight years and a half older than Nellie," George said. "It might be proven yet, that I am no relation to them."

"Where did you first see Nellie?" Mr. King asked.

George would not answer the question—no response came from him.

"How old was Nellie when you first saw her?" Mr. King asked.

"You were old enough to know when your said parents first got her, that she was not their child, and was not your sister," said Mr. King.

George would not answer a word to give a clue to the identity of my parents, and seeing Mr. King's anger rising on account of it, took his departure.

The Court House Square, of Fresno City, was used as a park. One Sunday, while Mr. King and I were seated in the park, an elderly man came and sat on the same seat, who soon

became engaged in conversation with us. Learning that he was an old-timer in that part of the country, I inquired of him:

"Did you ever pass through this part of the plains where we are today, at any time between the years of 1863 and 1866?"

"Yes. I was a cattle man then," said the man.

"Would you remember the land, the houses as they were then, if you heard them described?" I asked.

"There is no doubt but I would," he said.

Then I described to him SCENE II. The plains, the weatherbeaten house on the low, long hill—a rise of ground; the house where I was looking out of the door, the water, the whole scene as described in SCENE II, asking if he ever saw houses and a place of the same description?

"This was the place," said the man. "You have described the grounds and the two houses accurately. You must have been here to be able to give such an accurate description of the place. The old house you saw on the low hill, then stood nearly on the same spot where the Court House now stands, before they lowered the hill by grading it. The water you saw then flowing at the base of the hill, was the overflow from Dry Creek."

I carried with me at the time, a picture of G. W. Manuel, one of the four, which I showed to the man, inquiring if he had ever seen or had known the original of the picture prior to 1867?

"Yes," said the man, "I saw him near Bakersfield, Kern County, in the spring of 1865, selling off cattle."

"What was his name?" I asked.

"I knew him then as George Young," said the man, "but the same man disappeared from there, and came back a year later, under the name of George Manuel. This man I knew had Indian blood in him, and he might have had some other kind of a mixture in him. He was as dark as an Indian. He slept out of doors nights with the cattle he had herded together to sell, hollered and yelled in his sleep, and acted like he had committed some crime that was haunting him."

We waited, and could get no definite reply or satisfaction, as to whether the Prosecuting Attorney of Fresno or his Deputy Frank Kauke, had sent, or was going to send to Vermont, for the Deposition that "there were no more than the three Manuel brothers," or that they ever intended to take up our case, as they had been told to, by the Grand Jury. I therefore tried to get

other attorneys of Fresno one after another, to take up our case for us. Some of them said I had a good case, had been wronged, and badly wronged; but they did not think they could win the case in Fresno for me, no matter what evidence might be produced. Finally one suggested:

"Henry Brinkley is an able attorney. I think if there is any attorney here who will tackle your case in Fresno County, that Henry Brinkley would be the one. He has more courage about tackling cases in this county than any attorney I know of. If he refuses to take your case, then I don't think it will be worth your while to spend your time in search of another here."

Mr. King and I called on Attorney Brinkley and talked to him part of an afternoon on our case, who said he would first go and look over records in the Court House and see what he could find there, and told us to call on him the following afternoon. We kept our appointment, and Attorney asked if we had copies of our evidence? We told him we had.

"Bring them this afternoon, if you can," he said, "and let me read them."

When Mr. Brinkley read our evidence, he said he would take our case on a contingent fee, and furnish all money needed to carry it through the Courts, saying:

"Bring copies of your letters and Affidavits in the morning, and I will put my typewriter to work on them."

We brought the copies of evidence, and the next afternoon had the pleasure of seeing the typewriter at work on them. We also called several afternoons in succession and had private consultations with our Attorney, preparatory of our case. We had reasons to be pleased and proud of our Attorney, his ability and courage; and we liked his style of doing business, besides liking him personally; but we learned from his conversation that he had been in the habit of driving to and from home some miles from the City in the country, unaccompanied; about which Mr. King and I thought and talked seriously, after we had gone from his office, and called on him again the next day, being exceedingly anxious that no harm would befall Mr. Brinkley from the gang, for his own sake, as well as ours. We instructed, advised and warned him of his danger from the gang; particularly about driving to and from the city unaccompanied; to give no chance for any one to dispose of him, which would very prob-

ably be attempted, to stop him from carrying our case through; which would be done in such a manner that nothing could be proven against those guilty of the crime. Mr. Brinkley said he was so well known in Fresno and County, that we had so generally exposed our said relatives in Fresno, that he had no fear of them attempting to do him any bodily injury. It was the second or third evening after this warning, that Mr. King read a short item in a Fresno newspaper, of a Fresno attorney who had been held up the evening previous, by highwaymen. No name was mentioned.

Anxious and excited, we both spoke together: "What if that should be our attorney?"

Neither of us could sleep or rest that night, and I went to inquire in the morning if our Mr. Brinkley was all right, hoping to hear that he was not the injured attorney. To our sorrow and regret, it proved to be our Attorney; whose injuries proved to be too serious to continue with our case.

Readers, I recommend to your sympathy and respect, our honorable young Attorney, Mr. Henry Brinkley, of Fresno city and county, California. The following is an account of his attempted murder, as it was published in a Fresno newspaper:

A FIENDISH CRIME

HENRY BRINKLEY SANDBAGGED AND THROWN ACROSS TRACK

The Whistle of the On-Rushing Owl
Aroused Him to Semi-Consciousness
And he Saved His Life.

That Henry Brinkley's anatomy is not a Loyd puzzle on the morgue slab awaiting identification is almost providential. As it is, the well known young attorney ex-newspaperman, past-president of the Native Sons and man-about-town, is telling his friends of a harrowing experience he had Sunday night, one such an experience being ample for a long lifetime. Brickley was sandbagged into unconsciousness out in the country and carried to the Southern Pacific railroad track to be ground to pieces by the train. He heard the whistle of the on-rushing Owl, and still dazed, he aroused himself sufficiently to throw himself off the track, and as he did so, the train whizzed by. Brickley, only half conscious, sat bolt upright beside the track, as he gazed in

bewilderment at the flashing windows as the train thundered past. Was it a dream or a reality? He didn't know which, but picked himself up, and not knowing why, he walked and walked and all he saw or knew was a line of ties—an endless number, he thought. Occasionally he would see a little path and he would trudge along it awhile returning to the hopeless treadmill of the ties. And knowing nothing else, he walked and walked, about five miles, to the roundhouse, near town, and the lights of Fresno for the first time claimed his attention. And then his mind began to work. Slowly it all came back to him. He remembered driving along the road on his way home after spending Sunday at the ranch. He was jogging liesurely along the by-lane back of the Estrella vineyard, as he had done perhaps a thousand times, and he remembered a voice that he heard in the darkness. It simply called out, "Hey, there" His mind was preoccupied, and, never thinking of a highwayman, he drew his horse up, turning the horse in the direction of the voice and waited a moment for the man to come up. He thought some one might wanted to inquire the way, to ask a ride to town, or for some small favor as to borrow a match.

Just as the fellow who had hailed him stepped up and before a word was said, Brinkley felt a terrific blow on the side of his head. He knew nothing more until the whistle of the Owl brought him sufficiently back to consciousness to scramble off the track. He did not fully regain his senses, however, until he nearly reached town, when he discovered that his watch was gone, and his pocket was devoid of about \$14 that he had. The thugs left him 27 cents—a quarter and two pennies. He reached town about 1 o'clock in the morning, and he went to the Excelsior stable to report the loss of the rig, when he was told that the horse had returned to the stable himself with the buggy in good condition.

"How I got on the track I don't know, said Brinkley yesterday in speaking of his experience. "It may be that in my dazed condition I wandered on to it and lay down, but that seems hardly probable. I believe those fellows, thinking perhaps that they had killed me carried me to the railroad track and laid me down there, thinking that the first train would mangle me so that all evidences of assault would be done away with. As for the men, I did not see the one who sandbagged me at all, and I just caught a passing glance at the other and paid no particular attention to him. He seemed, as he stepped into the moonilgt, to be clean shaven and had a light suit on, with a light or brown hat. I did not notice anything peculiar about him, and he seemed to be of ordinary size.

The left side of Brinkley's face plainly shows where he received the blow. His eye is nearly closed, and his face is bruised

and scratched. One of his thumbs is either sprained or dislocated, sustained probably as he fell from the buggy or was pulled from it.

THE NAPA RIVER DISCLOSES THE AWFUL SECRET,
WE BELIEVE, OF WHAT BECAME OF MY MOTHER,
I MISSED AND LOST FROM THE OLD
HOUSE BY THE NAPA RIVER

It was only a small item, only several lines, in an obscure place, published in a San Francisco newspaper, during the year of 1904, which we read, and hundreds, perhaps thousands have read the same, that was worded according to the following:

“A DREDGER WAS AT WORK IN THE NAPA RIVER, A SHORT DISTANCE BELOW THE STEAMER LANDING, WHERE THE SKELETON OF A SMALL WOMAN WAS TAKEN UP ON THE DREDGER, FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER; WHERE IT HAD BEEN A LONG TIME. THIS SKELETON WAS WRAPPED WITH WIRES AND CHAINS, AND WAS WEIGHTED DOWN WITH CHUNKS OF IRON.”

Mr. King and I had been secretly warned and advised to leave Fresno County and the State of California, before we were murdered. The persons who gave us the warnings, we had reasons to think, knew much more about what was on Record concerning my case, than we were given a chance to know, saying that neither of us, very evidently knew, or had any correct idea, as to what we had come against in Fresno. Some advised: “Go away and write a book and educate people in general, in regards to the kind of a case you have, then perhaps something can be done for your rights and protection.” When people’s attentions were drawn to the earthquakes and their results, of California, in 1906, Mr. King and I very unexpectedly slipped away from Fresno, and arrived in Seattle, State of Washington, the 9th of July, 1906. We have since remained residents of Washington, and are now residents of a town not far from Seattle, called Pacific.

As I have explained in this, with previous SCENES and SKETCHES, that both Mr. King and myself openly advertised to people in Fresno, by declaring to them, that my said mother, Mrs. L. C. Colburn, of 1459 L and Merced streets, was not my

mother; had come into possession of property from my true relatives, by murder, fraud and perjury. This we did six months before this said will of Mrs. L. C. Colburn was made, wherein I was named one-fifth heir, after her other children had been liberally provided for—the records of Fresno showed—years before my last return to Fresno. This will was made, published, probated, and went on record without our consent. I wish it understood, that my belief was, and is, that any and all of the land named in this will of Mrs. L. C. Colburn, I was the rightful heir to, from my true relatives, who had been murdered and disposed of; and to accept any portion of this property willed to me, was only accepting some small fraction of what I had been defrauded out of, and was mine by true right of inheritance from my true relatives.

After we became residents of Pacific, Mr. King was told that my said step-father Henry S. Colburn, was dead. Needing extra money preparatory of this book for publication, besides extra proof to give people some idea as to what my said Manuels of the four were, and are, to me, I got Mr. King to search for some attorney of Seattle to collect the one-fifth due me from the said will of the same said Mrs. L. C. Colburn, deceased. This was difficult to do, when explained to any attorney what he was going against, to collect the one-fifth in money, due me from this will, which had to be done. Finally, by agreeing with Attorney Tworogers, of Seattle, Washington, to allow him one-half of any amount of money he could collect of this one-fifth, we entered into a Contract; of which the following is a copy of the wording and spelling:

OUR AGREEMENT WITH TWOROGER & WINKLER.

“This agreement made this 16th day of July, 1910, between Nellie Manuel King and J. W. King her husband, as parties of the first part, and Tworoger & Winkler, Attorneys at Law, practicing in Seattle, Washington parties of the second part; WITNESSETH:

The said Nellie Manuel King is the devisee under the last will and testament of one Laura C. Colburn, late of Fresno, California, of one-fifth of all the real estate and personal property of which the said Laura C. Colburn died seised, and;

WHEREAS; the said Nellie Manuel King and the said J. W. King, have this day executed a deed of one half of all the said property to Tworoger and Winkler, for the following consideration and on the following conditions; The said Tworoger & Winkler shall forthwith and without delay proceed to render all legal services necessary to secure to the said Nellie Manuel King all her rights under the said last will and testament of the said Laura C. Colburn, at their own expense and without any costs or charges to the said Nellie Manuel King.

The said Tworoger & Winkler shall also hold the said Nellie Manuel King, harmless from any and all liability, cost and expense under a certain agreement made by her with one S. H. Steele, dated the 25th day of April, 1910.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the parties hereto set their hands this 16th day of July, 1910.

Tworoger & Winkler

by P Tworoger

In presence of
M. Rosenblat

Mrs. Nellie Manuel King.
James W. King.

My one-fifth share of this will, should not have been less than seven thousand dollars (\$7,000); but the fraction of the one-fifth of this will, paid to me as my share of the same will, was \$1,200—a mere pretense. When our attorneys Tworoger & Winkler, were paid their share, I had remaining, \$600; yet I do not question that our attorneys did their best to succeed in the collection of the mere pretense. I have not yet, during my lifetime to date, September 11th, 1913, been given, received, or have signed, to the extent of a five-cent piece in money or property of any kind, from my said father, who is or was, the alleged David and David A. Manuel (one of the four), of Napa City and Calistoga, Napa County, California.

I hold glaring evidence that this criminal conspiracy is yet in progress; which I have withheld from publication. According to a copy of some Court Proceedings I hold from Napa, California, the names of the sons and daughters of the alleged D. A. Manuel (one of the four), and his wife Charlotte, are namely: William Manuel, Mrs. William P. Cook, Grace L. Manuel, Jessie R. Manuel, Paul L. Manuel, Frank D. Manuel. I do not know any of these persons by sight, and never heard of all of them, until we were residents of the State of Washington, after 1906,

While looking over records issued from the Patent Office, Washington, D. C., Mr. King found the names of two of the four said Manuel brothers of California, recorded as inventors of plows and gang plows, namely, G. W. Manuel and D. A. Manuel, according to the following:

Patent No.

- 78111, issued May 19, 1868, to G. W. Manuel, for Gang Plow; Attorney, Thomas T. Everett, Washington, D. C.
- 137697, issued April 18, 1873, to G. W. Manuel, for Gang Plow; Attorney, C. W. M. Smith, San Francisco, California. Associate attorneys, Dyer, Beadle and Company, Washington, D. C.
- 85746, issued January 12, 1869, and
- 127495, issued June 14, 1872, to D. A. Manuel, for plow; Attorney in both cases, George E. Brown, Washington, D. C.

The U. S. Patent Office has furnished photographs of the signatures attached to the original applications for patents on the inventions of G. W. Manuel and D. A. Manuel; which photographs show evidence undisputable, of forgery and perjury, in claiming the said two brothers, D. A. Manuel and G. W. Manuel, to have been the inventors. One of these photographs we have had reproduced as evidence, which is on the following page. This reproduction shows that the person who signed his name as the true inventor, D. A. Manuel, was a practiced writer, though he neither knew how to spell the name Manuel, or was in the practice of signing the name Manuel, when he signed the name represented to be his, D. A. Manuel. Please notice also, by the dates of the foregoing, that these patents were not applied for, until after the stranger had been murdered in Dave's blacksmith shop in 1867.

I, James W. King, witness, that all herein as related and quoted in regards to myself by my wife, Mrs. Eleanor Manuel King, is true, and with my consent.

READERS, thanking you for your interested attention,

Very Respectfully, Adieu.

(my husband and hero) Mr. James W. King.

(myself) Mrs. Eleanor and Nellie Manuel King,

(author, composer and writer).

OCT 2 1913



PETITION.

To the Commissioner of Patents.

The Petition of David A. Marshall

of Napa County

in the county of

Napa

and State of California

RESPECTFULLY REPRESENTS—

That your petitioner has invented a new and useful right and left hand Revolver which he verily believe has not been known or used prior to the invention thereof by your petitioner. He therefore pray that LETTERS PATENT OF THE UNITED STATES may be granted to him therefor, vesting in him and his legal representatives, the exclusive right to the same, upon the terms and conditions expressed in the Act of Congress, in that case made and provided; he having paid Fifteen Dollars into the Treasury, and otherwise complied with the requirements of said Act. And he hereby authorize GEORGE E. BROWN & H. W. BEADLE, to act as his Attorneys in presenting the application, and in making all such alterations and amendments as may be required.

David A. Marshall
Inventor

DATE.

State of California

County of Napa

On this twentieth day of September, 1868, before the Subscriber, a Notary Public in and for said County, personally appeared the within named David A. Marshall and made solemn Oath that he verily believe himself to be the original and first inventor of the within described right and left hand revolving Revolver and that he does not know or believe that the same was ever before known or used; and that he is a citizen of the United States



J. H. Pond
Notary Public

Napa County

The Applicant will sign this Petition, in the presence of two subscribing witnesses, and make oath of invention before a Notary Public, Justice of the Peace, or, in a foreign country, before an American Consul.





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